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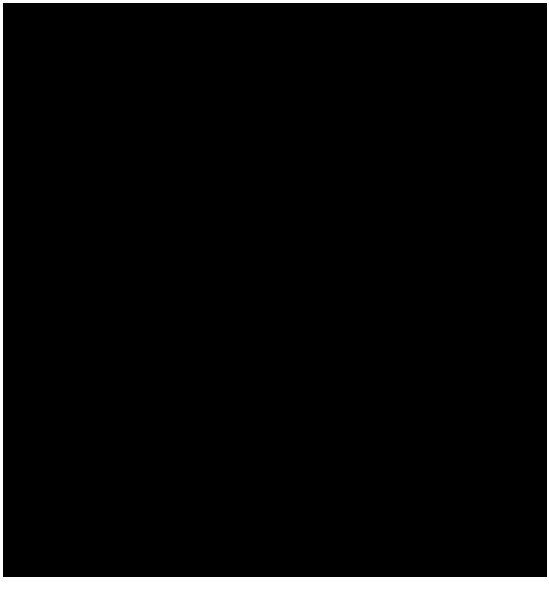
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JOSEPH JENKINS;

OR,

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE

OF A

LITERARY MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS,"

&c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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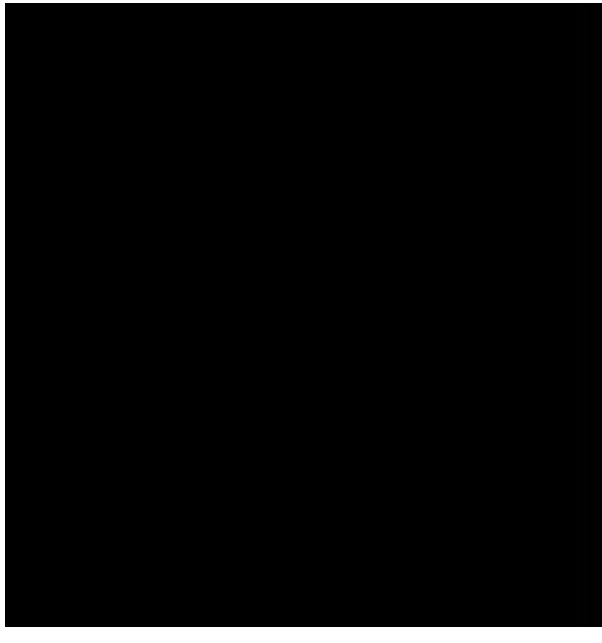


PREFACE.

THE Author appears, on this occasion, in a new walk of literature. The hero he has chosen for his volumes has little of that romance in his character which is usually to be found in the heroes of modern novels. Such personages as Joseph Jenkins are everywhere to be met with; and that is the main reason why the Author has made him the hero of his pages. The leading design of the book will, it is hoped, be evident to all. It is to point out the necessity of moral and religious principles, even to present happiness. It only remains to be added, that though

the incidents recorded in these volumes did not take place in the precise order which the Author has assigned them, nor, in every instance, in the experience of the persons with whom he has connected them—they have this recommendation in their favour, that they are, one and all, founded on fact.

London, Nov. 1842.



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CHAPTER XVIII.

JOSEPH JENKINS.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory notice of our hero—Death of his mother—His arrival in London—The impression which the external aspect of the metropolis makes on his mind.

JOSEPH JENKINS was born in a small village, which it is needless to name, in the county of Moray, a district in the north of Scotland equally remarkable for the beauty of its landscapes and the salubrity of its climate. The lowland portions of the county possess an aspect of loveliness, in that season of the year when the trees are loaded with foliage, and the fields are luxuriant with corn and grass, which is hardly to be surpassed, and seldom equalled, by any scenery within the limits of our sea-girt shores. And, from some of the more elevated

situations in Morayshire, the prospect is as extensive as it is pleasant. From the summit of the hill, now called Quarrywood, though its original name was Quarrelwood, the eye can take in, at one glance, no fewer than nine counties. Nor is its vision, even then, circumscribed by the intervention of physical objects: it is only because the eye possesses not the power of extending its vision farther, that its range is thus limited: it literally loses itself in the immensity of space.

Having a lively perception, and an exquisite

with all the brightness and beauty of colour exhibited by the rainbow. He looked through the vista of futurity, and it was as pleasant to his mental eye as the lovely landscapes which graced the place of his nativity, were to his physical vision. He dreamed not of the possibility of his path of life containing so much as one solitary thorn; he pictured it to himself as a path which, from the beginning to the end, he would find strewed with flowers, soft to the feet, delightful to the eye, and fragrant to the smell.

And yet he had no independency on which to rely; he had not even a moderate competency to which he might look forward, as sure to afford him a refuge from want. He had been educated, and hitherto supported, on an annuity of 120*l*., which his mother received from Government, in virtue of her deceased husband having been an officer in the army. Being an only son, he was the idol of his mother's heart; every comfort which her means could procure was enjoyed

by him; and in the north of Scotland, where provisions of all kinds, fuel, house-rent, &c., are exceedingly cheap, a little sum, with judicious management, can be made to go a great length. If even in England, where living is more expensive, Goldsmith's poor curate was passing rich with his forty pounds a year, it may easily be believed that, with three times that sum, Joseph Jenkins and his mother were able to make a highly respectable appearance in a remote part of Scotland. With the latter, however, the pension died; and, as she had lived

and when the graves of departed friends can scarcely be said to be closed on our view, we are not only insensible to those solemn considerations which are associated with the uncertainty of life, but even entirely overlook the fact that our death, and the deaths of surviving friends, must, sooner or later, succeed the dissolution of the friends that have gone before us. The author of "Night Thoughts" represents unreflecting man as considering himself immortal, while aware that all others are mortal. The observation admits of a more extended application. We often fondly fancy that the friends we most ardently love are immortal, as well as ourselves; or, which is practically the same thing, we forget that they, like the rest of mankind, must one day sicken and die, and vanish from our society and our sight.

But though the loss of Joseph's father, and the daily dissolution of others around him, never opened his eyes to the possibility of his mother's being some day suddenly snatched from

him, and to the *certainty* of the event which happeneth to all, happening one day to her; his forgetfulness of that event did not defer it for even one little hour. She died within ten days of the twenty-fourth anniversary of his birth.

Thus thrown on his own resources, the question now forced itself, for the first time, on his serious attention—What was to be done to procure a livelihood? He had, as has already been remarked, a taste for literary pursuits; he was a young man of accurate and varied information, and he possessed considerable facility

He therefore resolved on repairing to London, and trusting for a subsistence to the produce of his pen.

He reached the metropolis in 1821, with twenty-five pounds in his pocket, which was all that remained of the proceeds of his mother's furniture, after discharging a variety of trifling debts which she owed, and providing himself with the needful supply of apparel.

Coming from a quiet, unpretending village, six hundred miles north of the metropolis, it may easily be imagined how much he was impressed with what he witnessed in London, as well as with the place itself. He was charmed with the novelty, and dazzled with the splendour, of what everywhere met his eye, as he passed along the great thoroughfares. Regent Street, however, possessed peculiar attractions to him. And here we may pause for a moment, though it will slightly interrupt the flow of the narrative, to make the observation, that not only no part of London, but nothing in Lon-

don, possesses the same permanent charm to a stranger as Regent Street. Buckingham Palace, the Parks, the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's, the Thames Tunnel, and a score of other places which it is unnecessary to name, may all rely upon receiving an early visit from him; but nobody ever hears of his expressing a wish to see any of them a second time. With Regent Street the case is different. The charm which it possessed in his eye when he first put his foot in it, continues in all its original bright-



Street a place of perpetual interest and attraction to the stranger, and which, it might be added, prevent its becoming uninteresting or unattractive even to the eye of him who has been for years a resident in the metropolis.

The bustle of Cheapside and the other crowded streets in the city contrasted strongly, in Joseph's view, with the stillness and repose of the peaceful village which he had left. He wondered whether the streets could be always as crowded as when he was proceeding along them, or whether there might not be some particular cause for the moving masses of human beings which he beheld passing to and fro whenever he chanced to be out. He was scarcely less confounded at the multitudes of horses, omnibuses, coaches, and other vehicles, which he saw in every direction. The whole scene was beyond anything he had ever conceived. It surpassed all his ideas of the business and bustle of the metropolis. It was with difficulty he could persuade himself that it was not all a

dream. Could it be real? Did not his senses deceive him? And if not—if what he saw was an actual scene—if it was only an every-day sight, whence could the vast concourse come from? Where were they proceeding to? What were their modes of earning a subsistence? How could they pursue their respective avocations amidst so much bustle and confusion? These were questions which obtruded themselves on his mind; and the more he meditated on them, the more was he perplexed at the mysteries of metropolitan life.



had every now and then to encounter in consequence of the crowd, he might have passed along without discovering that he had not the pavement to himself: so powerful are the effects of habit.

CHAPTER II.

Visits Cogers' Hall—Account of the origin, appearance, and nature of the place—A ludicrous incident.

EVERY day of the first fortnight was diligently improved by Joseph in visiting the principal places of resort for strangers. But he was not one that would be satisfied with seeing the ordinary sights; he wanted to witness human na-



He did not remember the name of the place, but his description of the character of the proceedings, enabled an acquaintance at once to point out the debating assembly into which he was desirous of being introduced.

"Oh, it is the Cogers' Hall you mean," remarked his friend.

"That is the name of the place," observed Joseph. "In what part of London is it?"

"In the neighbourhood of St. Bride's Church."

"Let us go together," said Mr. Jenkins.

"I have no objection," returned the other.

"Shall we go to-night?"

"If you wish it; but this being Thursday, will not be a good night."

"Is, then, one night better than another?"

"Oh, yes, there is a very great difference."

"Which is the best night?"

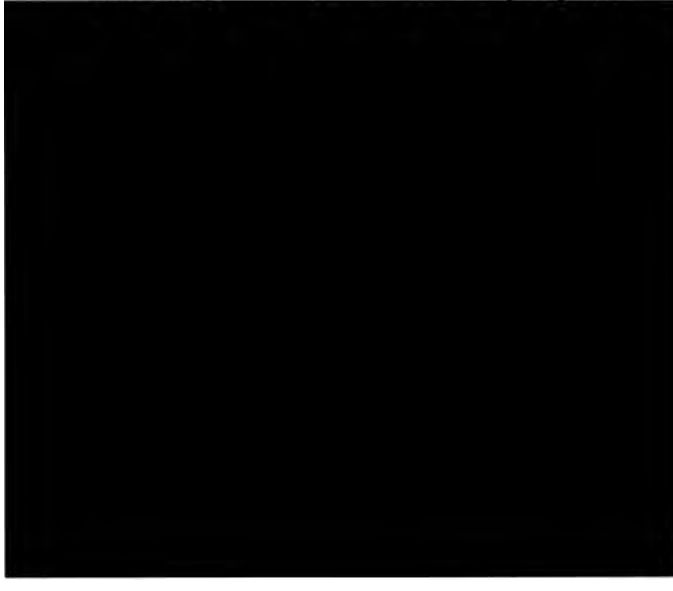
"Saturday night. On that night the place is crowded. In fact Saturday night is always a field night in the Cogers' Hall."

"Suppose, then, we appoint Saturday night next."

"Agreed."

Joseph's friend kept his appointment, and to the Cogers' Hall they proceeded. But, before following them thither, let us pause for a little, and endeavour to give the reader some idea of the place.

Cogers' Hall can boast of a very respectable antiquity; perhaps there is no other place in the country appropriated to discussions of the same kind, that has existed for an equal period.



gitators, or reflectors, on the political events of the day.

A number of individuals, who have afterwards risen to great distinction, have made their first appearance, as public speakers, in Cogers' Hall. Among these may be mentioned the name of the late Mr. Alderman Waithman, twice Lord Mayor of London, and for many years one of the Members for the city.

The room in which the Cogers meet is not large. It is not capable of containing more than from fifty to sixty persons, with any degree of comfort, though a much larger number often cram themselves into it.

The Cogers always muster most strongly on occasions of great political excitement. On such occasions, even on the evenings of the other days of the week, as well as on that of Saturday, the Hall is often crowded in every part. Every one is naturally anxious to express his opinions on the state of public affairs in all great political conjunctures. It is only at such seasons that

the inveterate political character of the Cogers is seen in its proper light. Nothing can exceed the earnestness of their manner in commenting on the conduct of public men, except in masticating their chops, steaks, Welsh rabbits, or any of the other good things which grace the ever amply-supplied larder of the landlord. In ordinary circumstances, a few of the fraternity rejoicing in the reputation of crack speakers, are allowed to monopolize the greater part of the oratory to themselves. Not so when there is great political excitement out of doors,—the



vote by ballot, the extension of the suffrage, the shortening of the duration of Parliaments, and, indeed, against all farther progress in the road to additional reform. That was a circumstance which could not fail to call forth the Cogers from the retirement of private life. Accordingly there was a numerous attendance, all eager to denounce the conduct of the then Home Secretary; and yet, paradoxical as the position may appear, the very excess of the general —I may say, universal—anxiety which prevailed on this occasion in Cogers' Hall, to play the orator, almost entirely prevented anything worthy of the name of public speaking taking place. We may be asked, "How could this be?" We will answer the question in as few words as possible. Well, then, the truth was, that so eager were the Cogers to give vent to their Radicalism at so momentous a national crisis, that they endeavoured to speak by the dozen at a time. The only evil was, that the audience, not having individually a couple of dozen ears, so as

to lend two to each orator, could not hear a word of what was said. Sometimes, indeed, it seemed as if the speakers actually outnumbered the hearers. The Babelish character of the eloquence was such, that hardly any of the speakers themselves heard what they were saying. The evil, consequently, soon cured itself; and eventually, from having twelve or fourteen orators all at once endeavouring to engage the attention of the remaining Cogers, there were scarcely any speaking at all.

Here let us state a fact which is highly in

the moment "My Grand" opened his mouth, there was a profound and universal silence in the Hall. He made some pointed observations on the conduct of Lord John Russell,—which observations were loudly cheered. These were divided into three speeches. The first was delivered standing, and was as long as the remaining two; both of which were uttered while he retained his sitting posture in the chair. It should also be stated that, while delivering himself of the two short orations, "My Grand" kept the pipe in his mouth, and continued, by some means or other, which are probably unknown to anybody but himself, to speak and smoke at the same time; and this part of his duty he performed as well as if the capability of doing it had been one of the ordinations of nature,—which everybody knows is not the fact. It was impossible to help admiring the regularity with which the president of the Cogers took advantage of the necessary pause in his oration, while the Hall was resounding with the plaudits

with which his eloquence was greeted, to emit the inconveniently large collections of smoke which had "taken place" in his mouth. It was as gratifying to us to witness the "smoke which so gracefully curled" above "My Grand's" head, in these pauses in his orations, as the cheers of the Cogers must have been to him. It is pleasant to hear him speak; but half the pleasure of hearing him would be lost, if his audience did not, at the same time, see him. He never comes to what he conceives a point, without accompanying the last word with a

wit in others. "My Grand" speaks repeatedly himself, and is the cause of oratory in his brother Cogers. When he is anxious for a discussion on any given point, he has only to commence it himself, or (as he calls it) give "a toast," to insure a regular succession of speakers. There can be no question that, but for him, there would not be half the oratory in Cogers' Hall which is heard in that interesting locality. The occupation of the members, were he unhappily absent, would chiefly consist in masticating Welsh rabbits, and swilling Boniface's bottled stout; which last article the Cogers, to a man, declared to be unrivalled. Those who were present on the occasion, will remember that on one evening in November, 1838, seeing an unwonted dulness in the Hall, and a manifest indisposition in the countenances of the Cogers to play the Demosthenes of the evening, "My Grand" started to his legs, and, after a few introductory observations, proposed, as the subject of discussion, "The

Reform of the Reform Bill." The announcement was received with thunders of applause: its effect, indeed, was electrical. Cogers started up to speak in such rapid succession, that you would have thought at one time they would "stretch to the crack of doom." Did we say succession? That is not the proper word. They started up in half-dozens, and a most interesting and animated discussion ensued. There is one indication which "My Grand" always gives of his intention to speak, about half-a-minute before he begins, which is, putting his

speak in the course of the evening—invariably adjust his pipe in the particular way we have mentioned.

When it happens (which it seldom does) that neither "My Grand" nor his deputy enters the Hall in time to take the chair, any person present is eligible to the office of president for the evening, in the event of a motion for his being chosen to it, being made and carried. On such occasions, if a stranger be in the room, a hoax is played off at his expense, by his being elected president for the evening, and then made to pay a certain penalty for the honour. A short time ago, a Yorkshireman, remarkable for his money-getting and money-keeping propensities, who had heard a great deal about the Cogers, and was consequently anxious to see what sort of animals they were, determined, on the very first night of his arrival in town, to pay a visit to their Hall. He was accompanied by two friends—one of them, Mr. Huggins, as celebrated for his waggeries as for his literary

abilities, which are certainly very great. Seeing the chair empty on their entrance, and it being past the usual time of "My Grand's" arrival, the wag had scarcely taken his seat when he rose and said—"Gentlemen, seeing the chair unoccupied, I have infinite pleasure in rising to propose that we choose, as our president for the evening, my very worthy and esteemed friend, Mr. John Rogers, who sits on my right. He has never been here before; indeed, this is the first day he has ever put foot in the metropolis."

will make an admirable chairman. (Loud cheers, amidst which Mr. Rogers, as he himself afterwards remarked, blushed "profoundly," and held down his head.) Without one word of farther preface, therefore, I propose that Mr. Rogers do take the chair."

"I second the motion with all my heart," said the other friend of Mr. Rogers.

The question was put, and carried amidst acclamations, which almost threatened to cause an explosion of the Hall.

The artist then took Mr. Rogers by the hand, and conducted him to the chair with an edifying observance of etiquette.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Rogers, betaking himself to his legs, after he had graced the chair for a few seconds in a sitting posture—"gentlemen, I do assure you that this is a most unexpected, as it soortainly is a most undeserved, honour. When I coom to Lunnun this morning, I never dreamt of any such distinction being conferred upon me. I will, gen-

... you have done me.

"Mr. Chairman," said Mr.]
have great reason to be proud ‹
honourable position to which ;
elevated by the unanimous vot
the loudest acclamations, of this
able—indeed, I may say philos‹
blage."

Mr. Rogers made a low bow, p
his breast, while his physiognon
of very ample proportions, de
from ear to ear, and from the ‹
brow to the lower extremity of hi

"But, Mr. Chairman," continu
gins, "something more than m
always expected [illegible]

Mr. Rogers started at the word penalty, and then looked marvellously grave.

"A small penalty is always imposed on any gentleman who has, for the first time, conferred upon him the distinguished honour which you have this evening received, amidst universal and deafening applause. That penalty is"——

Here John looked as if he would burst, from the intensity of his anxiety to learn what the nature and amount of the penalty were.

"That penalty, Mr. Chairman, is the placing of five guineas in the hands of the treasurer, for the purpose of getting your portrait taken to hang on the walls of this room."

Mr. Rogers stood aghast. He was too confounded to utter a word.

"But," resumed Mr. Huggins, with the greatest possible gravity—"but, Mr. Chairman, if, from delicacy or other considerations, you have any objection to your likeness being taken and affixed to these walls, you can escape that penalty by submitting to another, which,

considering that less than the usual number of members are present to-night, will prove much lighter than the one already mentioned."

Mr. Rogers began to breathe more freely.

"That penalty, Mr. Chairman, is, that the gentlemen now present have the privilege of ordering anything of the waiter they please, to the extent of a shilling each, at your expense. It is for yourself, Mr. Chairman, to make your choice."

"Moost (must) I pay either penalty?" groaned Mr. Rogers.

accept the latter alternative at once. And you may think yourself exceedingly fortunate that there is not a full attendance to-night; as, in that case, you would have had, instead of fifty shillings, to pay five pounds."

"If you take my advice, Mr. Chairman," said John's other friend, "you will decide in favour of the latter penalty at once; for see," he added, pointing to the wall, "out of the many hundreds who have been chosen as you have this night, and, consequently, incurred the penalty annexed to the high honour, only those three chose to have their portraits taken; all the others preferred the second alternative.

"Yes, and those three would have done the same, only they knew they had exceedingly handsome countenances, of which they were very vain. The portrait of any one not having a handsome face would look horrible, by contrast, if placed beside them."

This decided Mr. Rogers; he hesitated no

longer. He was the proprietor of one of the most ugly visages which anybody ever witnessed, and, what was more, was sensible of the fact. "Waiter!" he shouted most lustily, though the functionary wanted was within a few yards of him. "Waiter!"

"Coming, sir."

"How many gentlemen are there here?"

"Besides yourself, sir?"

"Besides myself."

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten——forty-nine, sir."

"Waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me a glass of brandy-and-water."

Mr. Rogers paid his £2 10s., with a trifle to the waiter. The usual speechification was proceeded with; but the expenditure of his money deprived him of all the pleasure which he would otherwise have derived from the distinction of being chairman. He vacated the chair at an early hour, resolved that he would never again cross the threshold of Cogers' Hall, and inwardly heaping maledictions on the heads of the friends who had "taken him in" in a double sense.

CHAPTER III.

Joseph, seeing the necessity, resolves to do something for his own support—Determines, with that view, on the publication of a poem entitled "The Universe"—Calls on the prince of publishers, to offer him the manuscript—Is disappointed in not obtaining an interview—Returns home, and sends the manuscript for the bibliopole's inspection—The result.

BEFORE Joseph had been many weeks in the metropolis, he discovered that his limited funds

disappearing, and feeling that he was thrown entirely on his own resources, began to think seriously of what he was to do. He had written a poem, when in his twentieth year, on a very comprehensive subject, and one, moreover, of universal and enduring interest: the subject was "The Universe," and that he proposed to be the title of the book. Hitherto, the poem had lain in undisturbed repose in his trunk: it had never been offered to any publisher; in fact, there was no publisher in the north of Scotland to whom it could be offered. The only individuals who had seen "The Universe," were a few private friends, and, as is always the case, they were rapturous in their admiration of it. They were unanimous in the opinion, that it was destined at once to raise the author to the highest distinction at which a literary man could aspire—to place him, indeed, on a level with Shakspeare and Milton; and to procure him that competence, if not fortune, which is the usual accompaniment of a

first-rate literary reputation. He therefore resolved on applying himself, in the first instance, to the disposal of his manuscript to a "respectable publisher;" not doubting that the name it would get him, immediately on its publication, would at once insure him a market for whatever else he might write, whether in poetry or prose.

Joseph therefore determined on calling personally, next morning, with his manuscript, on the prince of poetic publishers. Who that gentleman is, need not be more particularly indi-

that were the shades of Shakspeare, Pope, Thomson, and others—Milton, having been blind in his latter years, is necessarily out of the question—cognizant of the elegance with which modern works are brought out, they would wish that the period of their appearance in the world had been deferred until near the middle of the nineteenth century. But this is a digression.

Joseph, according to the resolution he had formed, called, the following morning, with the manuscript of "The Universe" in his pocket, on the Leviathan bibliopole. He found two cabriolets and a carriage at the door of his business premises, which, as every one knows, are situated in a fashionable street at the West End. He entered, and inquired whether Mr. Harold was at home.

"Your name, sir, if you please," said a gentlemanly-looking young man behind the counter.

"I only want a few words with him," remarked Mr. Jenkins.

"Perhaps you would send up your card, sir," suggested the other.

Joseph had no card to send up. In the north of Scotland, cards are not very common among young persons, not even among the younger branches of the better orders of society; and he was not aware, that in London a card is almost as indispensable to a person with any pretensions to respectability, as a coat or hat.

"My name," said Joseph, ingeniously avoiding the subject of the card, "is Mr. Jenkins."

"Tell Mr. Harold that Mr. Jenkins wishes to

"I should like to see Mr. Harold himself: it is about a matter of great importance to him, as well as to me."

"He is very sorry, sir; but he is particularly engaged at present."

"Could you mention any other hour at which I should be likely to see him?"

"It is quite impossible to say; the claims on his time are so many and urgent."

"I wish to make him the *first* offer of a poem."

"A poem, and by *a* Mr. Jenkins! a name unknown to poetic or any other kind of fame!"

Both the individuals in the employ of Mr. Harold felt instantaneously relieved.

"Hadn't you better *write* to Mr. Harold on the subject?" suggested the elder of the two.

"That would be your best course," remarked the other.

"Very good; well, I shall write to him. Good morning, gentlemen."

"Good morning, sir."

Joseph returned home with his manuscript. The polite conduct of the young men prevented his seeing anything unpromising in the interview with them; while nothing unfavourable could be inferred as regarded Mr. Harold himself, he being not only so pressingly engaged as to be inaccessible at the time, but ignorant of the great poetic prize which Joseph meant to place within his reach. Had he only known that it was Mr. Jenkins, the author of "The Universe," who was desirous of seeing him, and that the purport of his presence in his

him at Periodical Street, but found him too deeply engaged to be accessible. He added, that the object of his visit was, to offer him the manuscript of "The Universe," a poem which would extend to 300 pages, and would sell for half-a-guinea without illustrations, but for which a guinea might, with propriety, be charged, if liberally and tastefully illustrated. He now begged to send the manuscript for his inspection, and would be glad to hear from him in the course of a few days, stating what he would be disposed to give for it.

On the third day, Joseph received a note from Mr. Harold, along with his manuscript, thanking him for the offer of his poem of "The Universe," but regretting that it was not in his power to avail himself of it.

Joseph was confounded at this. Not in his power to avail himself of it! Why, what was to prevent him, if he felt so inclined? It could only be the want of will, not the want of power, that prevented his acceptance of the

offer. And that a man should be indisposed to avail himself of such an opportunity as might never again present itself, was, indeed, passing strange. "There must be some mistake in the matter; indeed there must," reasoned Joseph. "Ah!" said he, suddenly dropping his hand on his head after a few moments' abstraction—"ah! I see how it is; he has not read the manuscript; he has too hastily inferred that it is of the same common-place character as most of the poetry of the day. He must be undeceived; indeed he must."

positively declining the publication of the work; and adding that, though the whole of the poem had not been read, *enough* of it had been perused to justify the resolution not to undertake its publication.

The rejected manuscript arrived, on this occasion, at a most unseasonable moment; for, just as the energetic knock of the messenger who brought it was heard at the door, the author was in deep debate in his own mind as to whether he ought to accept £500 for it; assuming that Mr. Harold would be so deficient in liberality as to offer so moderate a sum.

It will not, therefore, surprise the reader to be told, that he felt considerably mortified at the result of his second application to the prince of publishers. He had no doubt of speedily meeting with some more discerning bibliopole, who would feel but too happy in bringing out a work which would not only prove the source of ample profit to him, but

raise his reputation as a publisher. Still he could not divest his mind of the unpleasantness arising from the reflection, that the work would not possess the advantages and the *eclât* of being ushered into the world under the auspices of him who had brought out the works of two of the greatest poets of the age.

CHAPTER IV.

Though disappointed with the result of his first effort to dispose of his poem, Joseph renews the attempt with another eminent publisher—Waits on, and is admitted to an interview with, the latter—His mode of dealing with authors—The nature and result of the interview.

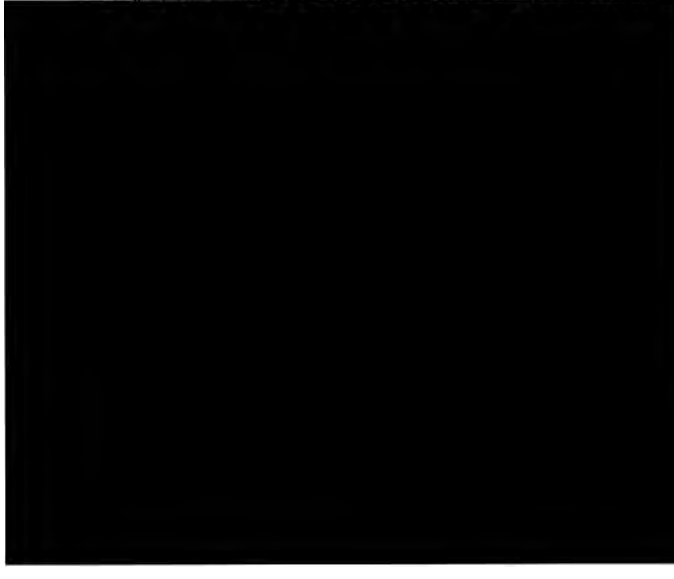
While the fruitless attempt which we have just recorded was being made to induce Mr. Harold to purchase the manuscript of "The Universe," the finances of the author, as will be easily supposed, were becoming lower and lower every day. As a question of pounds, shillings, and pence, and wholly without reference to the reputation he so confidently expected to obtain for it, it now became a point of urgent importance that Mr. Jenkins should lose no time in procuring a purchaser. He therefore resolved to renew the effort without delay. Accordingly, on the following day, he

called on Mr. Fiction, another publisher of celebrity, to submit his manuscript to him. Mr. Fiction's plan of doing business differed materially from that pursued by Mr. Harold. Proud of his aristocratic connexions, the latter made it a rule not to see any person who was not himself the possessor of a title, or who came without an introduction from some aristocratic acquaintance. Mere merit was nothing in his eyes. Even a second Shakspeare, coming to him without the recommendation of some nobleman or person of family would not

there might be merit in a book, though no noble blood ran in the author's veins. In support of this hypothesis, he was in the habit of musing over, in his own mind, the names of many of the greatest men that the world ever produced—all of whom had no distinctions of birth or rank to boast of.

His plan, therefore, was, to grant personal interviews to all who called upon him, lest some of them—and, possibly, the least likely in appearance—might have some "happy idea" to suggest, or promising proposal to make. But, in order that there should be no undue expenditure of time with literary men, from whom, after hearing their propositions, he saw no reason to expect "anything to his advantage," he had given standing orders to one of his clerks to enter the apartment precisely five minutes after the interview had commenced, and to say, "A gentleman wants to see you, sir." If the work which the other party had to propose for publication did not appear to Mr. Fiction a promis-

ing speculation, he desired his clerk to usher the imaginary gentleman "into an adjoining room," adding, "I'll be with him this moment;" and then rising, and turning to the author, he would make a low bow, and express a hope that he would excuse him. Of course there was no alternative for the poor literary man, but to walk himself out of the room, Mr. Fiction politely accompanying him to the door. If, on the other hand, the bibliopole liked the "idea"—for that is the technical word when an author has any promising work to propose for publication



take courage, and try to make for himself the best terms he can.

Joseph presented himself on the morning formerly mentioned, outside the counter of Mr. Fiction's bibliopolic premises. His name was intimated in the usual way; and the party making the intimation immediately returned, and desired him to walk up to Mr. Fiction's room. He was ushered into the presence of the enterprising bibliopole, and politely asked to take a chair.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Fiction."

"You have come, I presume"——

"I have come to propose to you the publication of a work"——

"A work of fiction, in three vols." interposed the spirited bibliopole.

"No, sir, a work of a very different description," said Mr. Jenkins, with a slight dash of self-importance in his manner, as if he considered a work of fiction to be unworthy his genius.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," remarked Mr. Fiction, apologetically; "a work of travels, perhaps."

"No, sir; certainly not, Mr. Fiction. It is a work on a theme of universal and enduring interest, and not referring to any particular country or time."

"A *theme*," ejaculated Mr. Fiction to himself. "A theme! That is a word which very few of *my* authors ever use. 'Plots,' 'stories,' 'incidents,' 'heroes,' 'heroines,' 'denouements,' and so forth, are quite familiar to my ears;

whether 'The Universe' be the subject or the title of your proposed work."

"It is both, sir," said Mr. Jenkins, emphatically.

"Oh! And how many volumes do you propose making it?"

"Only one."

"Only one! We are not fond of publishing works in only one volume; we always prefer three; because the expense of advertising three volumes is no greater than the expense of advertising one. Could you not, at any rate, spin it out to two volumes, supposing that, on examination, I approve of the work?"

"Oh, dear no, sir; I could not do that. Spin it out! Why, to add a single line to it would completely spoil it."

"It is a work of light or miscellaneous literature, is it not?" inquired Mr. Fiction, half dubiously.

"Certainly not, sir," replied Mr. Jenkins, mouthing the words in a particular manner, and

looking as if he deemed the question an improper reflection on the constitution of his mind, and the purpose to which he had applied his talents.

"Not a work of fiction; nor a book of travels; nor consisting of light or miscellaneous literature! Pray, then, Mr. Jenkins, will you be good enough to inform me what *is* the nature of your proposed work?"

"It is a poem, sir; the volume will consist of one great poem, sir," replied Mr. Jenkins, emphatically, and with a dash of self-consequence

of an ordinary class; neither, I flatter myself, is the subject treated in an ordinary manner. The manuscript has been seen by a number of competent judges, and they, one and all, declare that they never saw anything that could"——

Joseph was interrupted in the delivery of his sentence by the abrupt self-introduction of the clerk, with the usual announcement, "A gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

"Show him into another room; I'll be with him presently," said Mr. Fiction.

And, as he spoke, he rose from his seat; which, of course, Mr. Jenkins understood to be a signal for him to do the same.

"Then, Mr. Fiction," observed Mr. Jenkins, slowly taking up his hat, "you do not think it advisable to undertake the publication of 'The Universe.'"

"We never publish *any* poetry."

"Then, good morning, Mr. Fiction."

"Good morning, Mr. Jenkins."

CHAPTER V.

Makes a third attempt to get a purchaser for his manuscript—Fails as before—Resolves to publish the work on his own account—Some secrets worth knowing respecting authorship and publishing—Extent of the sale of "The Universe."

THIS looked ominous; and, sanguine as was Mr. Jenkins' temperament, he began to have serious apprehensions that, after all, he should not succeed in procuring a publisher for "The Universe." Not that he thought one jota the

to the publisher and to himself, but procure him a name in the literary world, which would induce the bibliopoles of the metropolis to pour in their solicitations to him to honour them with the publication of his future works. Besides, the daily decreasing condition of his funds rendered it necessary that he should lose no time in getting his book brought out. He therefore, on the following day, called on a third publisher, in the hope that he should be more successful with him than he had been with either of the former two. An interview was asked for, and promptly obtained. Mr. Jenkins stated the purport of his visit. The bibliopole smiled. "Ah, sir, I perceive you're not much acquainted with the literary world yet. You'll soon see the folly of writing poetry."

"I don't understand what you mean, sir," observed Mr. Jenkins, pettishly.

"Then you soon will, depend on it. You'll excuse me, sir, but I'm very much engaged this morning."

Of course this was a hint, which there was no mistaking, that our hero's presence could be dispensed with, and he accordingly quitted the place.

The unfeeling manner in which the bibliopole spoke to Joseph, made a painful impression on his mind. And no wonder; for, to a young man just entering on metropolitan life, and wholly unacquainted with the ways of the world, it was a piece of gratuitous harshness. He might not only have civilly declined the

pleasant treatment which authors too often receive at the hands of their publishers. Those who would like to see some striking specimens of such treatment, ought to consult D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

Mr. Jenkins, though still on equally good terms with himself as a poet and as a man of general talent, and not thinking a whit less favourably of his poem on "The Universe," now began to feel something approaching to despair. Still, the necessity of doing something with the poem—that is, as he fancied, getting something for the manuscript—not only continued as pressing as before, but became more and more urgent every hour. While deliberating that night, as he lay restless on his bed, and when, with a less anxious mind, he would have been sound asleep, as to what he should do on the following day, it occurred to him, that he had heard of authors publishing their works on their own account. He was delighted with the thought. He had no doubt

of the success of the book: it could not fail to be admired wherever read, and, if admired, to command a remunerating sale; while there was this most grateful reflection, that it would no longer be in the power of publishers to insult him. He therefore called on a printer, and received an estimate of the expenses of paper and printing for 1000 copies; the volume to consist of thirteen sheets, post octavo, which, as each sheet consists of twenty-four pages, would make 312 pages. The estimate given by

called, one morning, on Mr. Figure, a publisher in the city. "Mr. Figure, I believe," said Mr. Jenkins, on entering the shop of the former.

"Figure is my name," remarked the bibliopole.

"My name is Jenkins. I have come to propose a work of mine for publication."

Mr. Figure remained silent for a few seconds, looked at the counter, and then inquired, "What is the nature of the work, sir?"

"A poem, entitled 'The Universe.'"

"Oh, sir," said the bibliopole, with a significant shake of the head, and transferring a book, which was lying on the counter, to one of his shelves, "Oh, sir, I should no more think of publishing a poem than of attempting to fly. Money thrown in the streets, sir—money thrown in the streets. Though Byron himself were to rise from the dead, and come and offer me the manuscript of a new 'Childe Harold, I would not accept it as a present; it would fall still-born from the press. There is no such thing now as a"——

"But this," interposed Mr. Jenkins, "is a poem of a very peculiar character."

"No matter; it is all the same. *Any* poem would drop still-born from the press. There is no taste for poetry now-a-days. No publisher, depend upon it, will undertake its publication."

"But I did not mean that it should be published at *your* expense," said Mr. Jenkins.

"Oh! ah! I see—you mean to publish it on commission;" and Mr. Figure's countenance brightened as he spoke.

"I do, sir."

"And you account to the author for all sales at trade price, after deducting ten per cent."

"Just so, sir."

"But you quite dishearten me, Mr. Figure, by telling me that *no* poem can now-a-days succeed."

"Well, perhaps I spoke too rashly and without due limitations, on that point. More strictly speaking I ought, possibly, to have said, that poetry in *general* does not now succeed."

"So that you think there is, at least, a *chance* of my work succeeding."

"Oh, certainly, there is a chance."

"Well, I'm glad you say so."

"When, Mr. Jenkins, will the work be ready?"

"In about a fortnight."

"I hope you have chosen a happy title."

"Every one assures me that the title is undeniably good."

"Pray what may it be?"

"'The Universe.'"

"Oh! excellent! admirable! Nothing could be better," exclaimed the bibliopole, now cheering on the luckless wight of a poet, and having an eye to the profits which would be derived from the advertisements, and the service it would be to himself, by keeping his name before the public, even should not a single copy be sold.

"Of course you'll advertise it well," continued Mr. Figure.

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Jenkins, "I'll do everything I can that way to bring it fairly

"Why," remarked Mr. Jenkins, "that is more than I can conveniently spare. At any rate, in the first instance, suppose we say half the sum?"

"Very well, I will lay it out judiciously, as far as the amount will go."

"Then I will call with the money in two or three days, and you can begin advertising immediately."

"Very good," said Mr. Figure; and Mr. Jenkins wished him a good morning.

The ten pounds were handed to Mr. Figure, and a succession of advertisements appeared in the leading daily and weekly papers. The work itself followed in due course. By this time the resources of Mr. Jenkins had completely dried up; and knowing that, however successful the work might be, some weeks, at least, would elapse before he could expect any return from his publisher, he bethought himself of applying to a friend in Scotland for the loan of ten pounds for a few weeks. His application was success-

ful; the money was immediately remitted to him; and he resolved, as he expressed it, to "rest on his oars" for a season, to watch the progress, which, in his view, was but another name for the triumph, of his work. "The Universe" was extensively reviewed. The opinions of the critics were as diversified as it was possible for opinions to be. Some of them, in the plenitude of their admiration of the poem, gravely asserted that it was superior to "Paradise Lost," or to anything which ever proceeded from Milton's pen. Others, less lofty in their

ments, but was expressed by one or other of the critics with whom the metropolis abounds.

Regarding it as the more dignified course not to make any inquiries at the publisher's as to what reception, in the way of sale, his poem was meeting with, until after it had been some time before the public, Joseph resolved not to call on the former until the expiration of the six weeks, the term for which he had obtained the loan of the ten pounds. Even then he would have made no inquiries as to the sale of "The Universe," had it not been that he prided himself on his punctuality, and on his faithful fulfilment of any promise he had made. He felt that his countryman in Scotland, who had generously advanced him the ten pounds, at a time of great emergency, had the best right to expect a moiety of the first profits of the work. In six weeks he accordingly called on Mr. Figure to inquire how matters stood; having, by this time, fully decided, in his own mind, as to the best way of disposing of the proceeds of the sale,

after he should have remitted his friend's ten pounds. Mr. Figure was all civility to Mr. Jenkins. "And how is 'The Universe' doing?" inquired the poet. "It has been extensively reviewed, and in several journals in most gratifying terms," he added.

"I'll show you presently," answered Mr. Figure, advancing to his desk, and snatching up his ledger.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself to refer to your book; I only want a rough guess," said Mr. Jenkins.



Mr. Jenkins eagerly glanced his eye at the folio to which the bibliopole directed his attention, and read as follows:—

Francis Figure,

Dr. to Mr. Joseph Jenkins.

To three copies of "The Universe" (trade price 7s. 2d.)	£1	1	6
To commission (10 per cent.)	0	2	1½
Amount due to Mr. Jenkins	0	19	4½

The blood rushed to Mr. Jenkins' face; his eyes were seized with partial blindness; a sudden dizziness overtook him, and it was with difficulty he could retain his equilibrium. When he had slightly recovered his self-possession, he said, "Mr. Figure."

"Sir."

"Surely there must be some mistake here."

"No mistake, Mr. Jenkins."

"You don't mean to say that these are all the copies of 'The Universe' you have sold."

"I do, sir."

"It's impossible."

"It's true," remarked Mr. Figure, with imperturbable coolness.

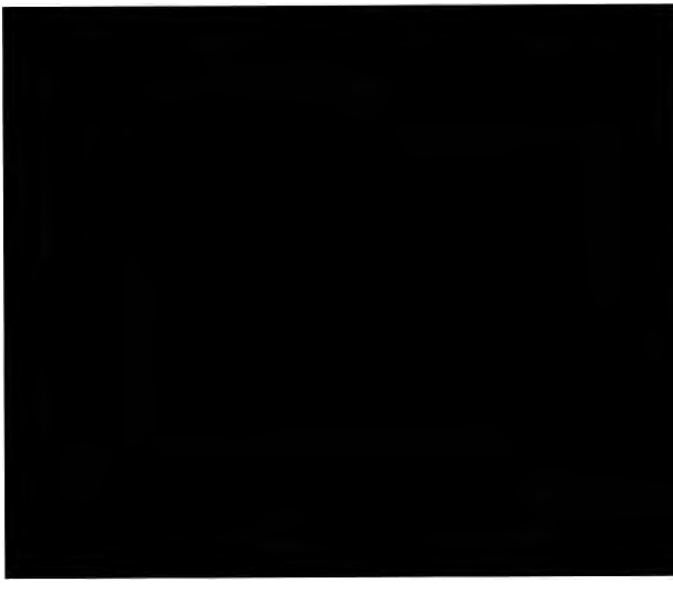
Mr. Jenkins inwardly groaned.

"Shall I pay you the nineteen and fourpence farthing just now?" said Mr. Figure.

"Mr. Figure, do you mean to insult me, sir?" answered Mr. Jenkins, with considerable indignation.

"Not at all; by no means; only a business question, sir," remarked the bibliopole, with the most perfect nonchalance.

"We can settle at some other time. You



"What can be the cause of so decided a failure?" pursued the poet.

"Oh, it is very obvious."

"Pray what may it be?" said Mr. Jenkins, eagerly.

"Why, sir, simply this—that your poem is *too* good: you are a century in advance of the age."

Mr. Jenkins drew his hand across his chin, and delivered himself of a "Hem!" He felt that this was praise, certainly; but, then, what was praise without pudding? He could not live on his publisher's praise.

"Your poem, sir," resumed the bibliopole, "will be admired by posterity; it will call forth unqualified"——

"But, Mr. Figure," interrupted Mr. Jenkins, never questioning the soundness of the bibliopole's judgment, nor doubting the truth of his predictions—"but, Mr. Figure, what am I to do in the meantime? I cannot subsist on the admiration of posterity; I cannot live on prospective praise; I must have"——

"Is Mr. Figure within?" inquired a stranger, who had entered the shop, before Mr. Jenkins had completed his sentence.

"My name is Figure," answered the bibliopole.

"I have called for the purpose of consulting you about the publication of a volume of poems."

"Mr. Jenkins, would you do me the favour to call upon me any time to-morrow?" said the bibliopole, addressing himself to the author of "The Universe." The latter, perceiving at once

CHAP. VI.

Mr. Jenkins determines for ever to abjure writing poetry, and never again to publish on his own account—Wishes to become a parliamentary reporter.

The result of our hero's literary speculation, was a determination never to indite another line of poetry; and never again, in the event of his becoming the author of any prose production, to be his own publisher.

He farther determined that he would not, for some considerable time, again turn his thoughts to authorship of any kind. The little taste he had already had of that, was sufficient to inspire him with a distaste for it, at least for a season. He saw, judging from the experience he had had, abundant reason to believe, that authorship on his own account, was as likely an expedient as any he could have recourse to, for getting into debt; but he could not perceive the

most slender probability of its providing him with the means of living.

With his little resources not only completely exhausted, but having, by his literary adventure, got himself considerably into debt, it became a matter of urgent and absolute necessity, that he should turn his attention to some occupation which would afford him the means of obtaining a certain livelihood, however humble it might be. The only question was, how or where could he meet with such an occupation? As for him-



in all this vast metropolis, from whom he conceived there was a chance of obtaining assistance, or even friendly advice. Mr. Lovegood was not only remarkable for his kindness of heart, but was, moreover, himself a literary man—the author of various successful works—which made Joseph calculate still more confidently on his sympathy and friendly counsel. Nor was this all: Mr. Lovegood was also a *Christian*, in the most comprehensive acceptation of the term. He not only constantly sought to perform right actions, but to perform those actions from proper motives. His was the religion of the thought, as well as the word—of the heart, as well as the life. The good he did was not the result of any desire to obtain the applause of men, but was purely the consequence of a conviction that, in doing all he could to benefit his fellow-creatures, he was discharging an obligation imperatively imposed upon him by the Divine command. The inward consciousness that he was doing the will, and, conse-

quently, receiving the approbation, of his Creator, was all the reward he ever sought to obtain for the performance of acts of kindness and benevolence. The judgment of the world was, in no instance, the rule of his conduct. The tribunal by whose decisions he was always guided, was one which had been set up in his own breast,—the tribunal of conscience, enlightened and regulated in all its decisions by the revealed will of the Almighty. To his Maker he felt that he was placed under a solemn and

conscientiously upright in all their transactions with their fellow-men from a feeling of pure selfishness.

Mr. Jenkins was received by Mr. Lovegood with the greatest cordiality. He apologised for the liberty he had taken in calling to ask a favour from one on whose friendship he had no claims; but was told that no apology was needed. Mr. Jenkins then mentioned the position in which he was placed by the unfortunate result of his literary adventure; and Mr. Lovegood, so far from rebuking him for his folly, inquired whether he could name any other way in which he could act the part of a friend to him.

Mr. Jenkins suggested that, if he could procure an engagement on any of the daily papers, either as reporter or stated contributor, he thought he might yet be able to make his way in the world.

"An engagement as stated contributor to a daily journal is," remarked Mr. Lovegood, "very

rarely to be met with. The situation of a reporter might, probably, with a great deal of exertion and influence, be procured; but it is a most arduous and harassing situation."

"I am well aware of that," replied Joseph, "but I would willingly submit to any amount of labour, and encounter any measure of fatigue, to be put in the way of earning a livelihood for myself."

"Do you think," inquired Mr. Lovegood, "you are competent for the situation of a parliamentary reporter? I do not mean in a

paper," observed Mr. Lovegood, "is one of great respectability, though gentlemen of the press do not rank so high in public estimation here as in France. It is one, moreover, which furnishes, perhaps, better opportunities for obtaining an insight into the manifold mysteries of metropolitan life, than any other that could be named. But that very circumstance only renders it the more perilous in a moral point of view. You have to meet with all sorts of persons, and mix in all descriptions of society; and, unless one's mind be well fortified with right principles, he is in great danger of being damaged by the contact."

Mr. Jenkins remarked, in an unassuming tone, that he trusted his mind and conduct were under the government of moral principles.

"Moral principles," remarked Mr. Lovegood, "are very good in themselves; but they do not constitute a sufficient protection to any one, especially a young man, when surrounded by powerful temptations to stray from virtue's

paths. Thousands of young men yearly bring with them to London irreproachable moral characters, who, in the short space of ten or twelve months, become so thoroughly contaminated by the corrupt practices of those with whom they associate, as to cease even to do outward homage to virtue, and to glory in the very things which, before they launched on the ocean of London life, they could not have contemplated without horror. Unless that divine grace which is brought to light by the Gospel,

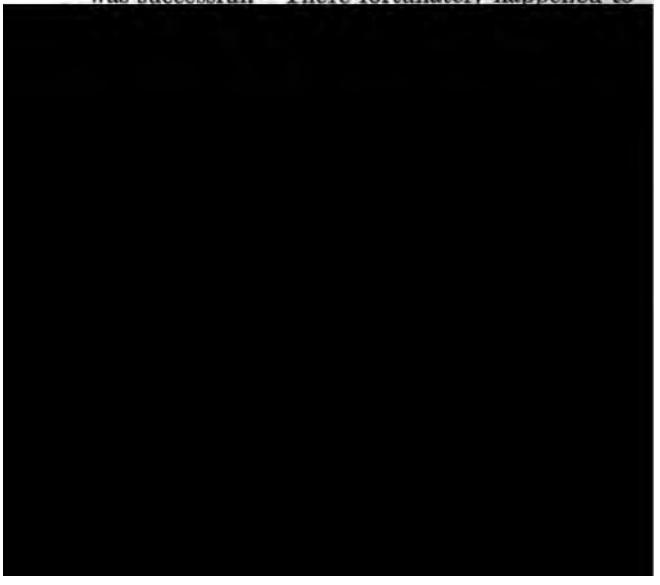
you; and I have no doubt that, should there be now or soon afterwards, a vacancy on the establishment with which he is connected, he will be happy to give you an opportunity of testing your competency for the situation."

Mr. Jenkins heartily thanked him for the many striking proofs he had afforded of his friendship, and took his leave.

CHAPTER VII.

Is received on trial for the situation named in the previous chapter—Feelings consequent on a first attempt at parliamentary reporting—Succeeds in getting a permanent engagement.

MR. LOVEGOOD'S application to the editor of the morning journal to which he had alluded, was successful. There fortunately happened to



situation in an efficient manner. Intimation was made to him to that effect, accompanied with the gratifying observation that he might consider his engagement of a permanent character.

Those only who have been put on their trial in the gallery assigned in the House of Commons to the reporters for the daily press, can form the slightest notion of the arduous nature of such a trial. Only imagine a young man—and reporters when commencing their career, are, almost without an exception, young in years—entering a place in which he never was before, if, indeed, he ever were in the House of Commons at all; entering it, too, for the special purpose of noting down, in order that it may be forthwith transferred into a morning paper, every word which shall fall from the lips of those who shall address the House. Let it be farther remembered, that he enters this strange place—a place well calculated to overawe and flurry the mind of any person unaccustomed to the scene—

with the painful consciousness resting on his mind, that on the way in which he acquits himself depends the alternative of his being either ingloriously rejected, or permanently engaged. Let all this be distinctly and deeply borne in mind, and then say whether there be room for any surprise, that the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons should be entered for the first, or second, or third time, with fear and trembling. Many a young man, of great talents and distinguished scholastic attainments, has entered that perilous place and completely failed,

exemplifications of this. Some, indeed, of the most illustrious names in modern literature might be mentioned, as affording illustrations of it in their own persons.

Mr. Jenkins, however (as has been already remarked), came triumphantly through the fiery ordeal, and received the reward of a regular engagement.

CHAPTER VIII.

Duties of a parliamentary reporter—Joseph attends the meetings of a political association—Character of the leading speakers—Amusing incident—Close of the public career of the principal demagogues.

A PARLIAMENTARY reporter, when not employed in the gallery of either House of Parliament, is liable to be sent to public meetings, to public exhibitions, to the theatres, and to various other places where the proceedings of pub-

some of those meetings, he was in the habit of witnessing very amusing scenes. One, which was held monthly in the north of London, was particularly prolific of ludicrous incidents and of rich exhibitions of human character. This monthly meeting was held for the purpose of carrying out the schemes of a body of persons calling themselves the "Association of North London Liberals." These political meetings were always very numerously attended. Taking their own word for it, the persons who played the part of orators at these meetings, were all patriots of the first order. They cared not for themselves at all: their solicitudes and anxieties—so unselfish was their patriotism—were wholly reserved for their country. Its sufferings they wept over; for its degradation by a tyrannical Government, they deeply blushed; and they were willing any day, should the necessity ever arise, to submit to martyrdom for their principles. Energetically and often did one and all of these self-elected redressers of their country's wrongs,

declare their willingness to die, rather than compromise their principles in the slightest degree, or forego one particle of their indefeasible and inalienable rights. The majority of the usual speakers at these meetings, were a set of desperate men, severally affording, in their own persons, one more illustration, in addition to the countless number previously given, of the truth of Dr. Johnson's remark, that "every scoundrel takes refuge in patriotism." There was one exception to the justice of the remark. Mr. Frederick Freeman, in becoming one of the regular speak-

him to give him a seat in either branch of the Legislature, he would have immeasurably outshone the most distinguished of our Lords and Commons. It was, no doubt, very unkind of Fortune not to raise him to the distinction of a legislator, and he never forgave her ladyship, not even in his dying hour. As Mr. Freeman was thus denied the opportunity of shining in what he himself always called his proper sphere, he was compelled, unless he chose to hide his light altogether, to shine in whatever sphere was accessible to him. He preferred the North London Liberal Association to any other arena which was open to him at the time; and accordingly gave its members, and the mixed multitudes that used to attend its monthly meetings, the exclusive privilege of listening to his eloquence.

Frederick invariably wrote his speeches at full length, and then committed them, verbatim, to memory. On one occasion, when the public mind was worked up to a pitch of extraordi-

nary political excitement, and when the general meeting, appointed to take place in two days afterwards, was consequently expected to be unusually numerous, the committee met to make the necessary preliminary arrangements. Frederick gave sundry hints, too broad and too often repeated to be mistaken, that he was prepared to make an oratorical display which would excite no little sensation among the audience, and which would surpass any exhibition he had ever before made. He was accordingly solicited by the committee to ad-

Frederick intended to electrify the meeting. Mr. Murphy abstracted the manuscript from Frederick's pocket with a care and dexterity which would have done no discredit to the most experienced pickpocket in the metropolis. It was precisely as he supposed. "He held in his hands"—to use a parliamentary phrase—Mr. Freeman's speech, written in a style of penmanship, as far as regarded legibility, which would have added to the reputation of the most renowned copying clerk in London. What was more—all the more important passages, those which Frederick thought were most likely to tell, and consequently to draw forth plaudits from the audience, were marked on the margin with a score, and the word "emphatic;" meaning that they were to be delivered with peculiar emphasis. Mr. Murphy instantly bethought himself of having a joke at Frederick's expense. He resolved to commit the whole of his speech to memory, not neglecting to obey the instructions given on the margin, as to the passages

which were to be delivered with the greatest emphasis. Mr. Freeman having previously got every word of his speech by heart, and having a memory so retentive that it never failed him, had no occasion to refer to his written oration during the interval between the preliminary meeting of the committee and the great meeting itself; and, consequently, never missed his manuscript. His only feeling was one of impatience for the arrival of the hour at which he was to astonish the huge mass of his fellow-men who there could be no doubt would be present

(though for what reason he was so particular on that point, no one but himself had any idea), that he should be intrusted with the seconding of the second resolution.

Mr. Onward, who had taken the chair amidst deafening acclamations, opened the meeting in a decidedly democratic speech, every sentence of which—and sometimes before the sentences were half finished—was lauded to the echo. He concluded, by calling on Mr. Headlong to move the first resolution, which that gentleman did in a manner which did not belie his name. The resolution was appropriately and energetically seconded by a Mr. Leveller, and unanimously passed amidst plaudits, which, when at their height, were calculated to produce a stupifying effect. Then came the moving of the second resolution, which was also of a thoroughly democratic, or rather destructive character. With the spirit and tendency of this resolution the speech of the mover was in admirable keeping. Never did a resolution and the remarks with

which it was introduced, more thoroughly accord together. Then came Mr. Murphy's turn. "Mr. Murphy, *gentlemen*" (the most worthless and ragged mob that ever congregated for the purpose of doing all in their power to annihilate the most valuable institutions in the country, and to throw society into a state of perfect chaos, are all, while listening to demagogues, undeniable *gentlemen*)—"Mr. Murphy, gentlemen," said the Chairman, "will second the resolution." Mr. Murphy accordingly rose and

my very able and excellent friend, Mr. Freeman, does not now stand in the place which I occupy. He would, I am sure, have done ample justice to it; pouring, in strains of unrivalled eloquence, a flood of light on every aspect which the great principle involved in the resolution can be made to assume."

Here Mr. Freeman looked blushingly on the floor of the platform, while the spacious room rang with the plaudits with which the sentiment was received.

"My only consolation, gentlemen, is—and I am sure you will receive the announcement with ecstatic delight—my only consolation is, that my worthy friend, Mr. Freeman, is to move the next resolution. (Loud cheers.) I will not, therefore, deprive you of the pleasure of listening to his spirit-stirring and truly patriotic oratory, by detaining you at any length."

To the latter clause of the sentence Mr. Freeman inwardly uttered an "Amen."

"Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen, it was justly

remarked by the celebrated Lord Chatham—one of the few noblemen who have conferred a lustre on the order to which he belonged—it was, I say, once remarked by that distinguished man, that there are times and seasons when a nation are called on, by the most sacred considerations, to present a bold and determined front to the aggressions of tyranny."

Loud cheers followed this sentence, in the midst of which Mr. Freeman was observed to look somewhat surprised, as he directed his eye towards the speaker. It struck him as a very

during which Mr. Freeman several times moved his chair, gazed with evident astonishment at the speaker, and, indeed, exhibited every conceivable sign of surprise and uneasiness.

"Yes, gentlemen, the country has now arrived at a most terrible crisis; and it is the bounden duty of every Englishman, of every man who has the slightest particle of patriotism in his breast—of every man who has a spirit within him, to abhor and to spurn at slavery—of every man who values freedom, and *would be free:* it is, I say—and would that my voice could reach the ears of the tyrants who seek to enslave us, who would fain grind us beneath the iron hoof of oppression—it is the duty of every *Englishman*; it is the duty of every one that now hears me; it is, gentlemen, *your* duty, to arise in all the majesty of men—in all the lofty dignity of those in whose bosoms the flame of a pure and ardent patriotism burns and blazes with an unquenchable energy, to resist the daring encroachments of despotism."

Here the immense assemblage simultaneously rose from their seats, took off their hats, and gave expression to their feelings in plaudits which were literally deafening, and which lasted for some minutes. Mr. Freeman now put his hand into his pocket, and, for the first time, missed his manuscript. Unable any longer to restrain himself, he rose, and vociferously exclaimed, "Stop the speaker. Gentlemen, that is *my* speech."

"Gentlemen," resumed Mr. Murphy, "the time is gone by for mincing matters. The

out;" "Chuck the fellow over the platform;" "Order, order," &c.; when some one who sat beside him, seized him by the tails of the coat, and forcibly reseated him in his chair. Order being eventually restored, Mr. Murphy resumed.

"I was proceeding to observe, gentlemen, when so unaccountably interrupted by my friend, Mr. Freeman, that if the despotism which is evidently destined for us by the tyrants in power, is to be averted at all, Englishmen must throw all their minor differences to the winds of heaven; and, forming themselves into one cordial and compact confederacy, promptly afford our oppressors a specimen of what a united and determined people can do, when attempts are making to rob them of their rights, and to despoil them of all that makes life worth possessing."

Here there was another burst of tremendous applause, in the midst of which Mr. Freeman started from his seat, and, springing like a tiger at Mr. Murphy, seized him by the breast of the

coat. He was torn from the speaker by a person on the platform, amidst the universal uproar of the meeting. "Why don't you turn him out at once?" shouted one. "He's mad," exclaimed another. "Send him to a lunatic asylum," cried a third. Order being once more partially restored, Mr. Murphy resumed.

"I appeal to you, Mr. Chairman, for protection against these unseemly interruptions. The conduct of Mr. Freeman is most extraordinary. If he will only have patience, it will be his turn next to address the meeting; and I pledge my-

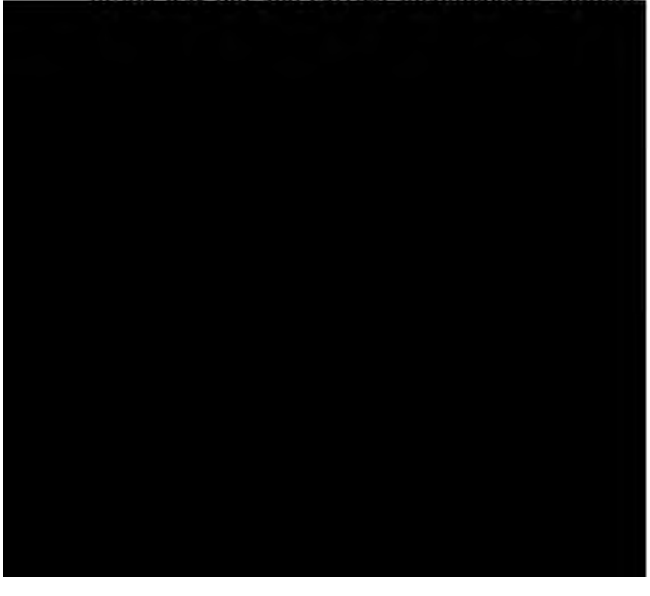
mediate action. It has been remarked by one of the most illustrious philosophers which this or any other country, which this or any other age of the world, ever produced, that a people resolved to maintain their freedom, never can be made slaves. Gentlemen, *are you resolved to maintain your freedom?*"

Vociferous shouts of "We are! we are!" accompanied with deafening cheers, proceeded from all parts of the meeting. Mr. Freeman, however, instead of joining in the universal response to his own patriotic sentiment, audibly groaned.

"Gentlemen, I anticipated that answer. I know that there beats not a bosom before me that is not ready to peril his all—that is not prepared to risk his liberty; ay, and even his life itself, in the boundlessness of his zeal for his country."

Here another shout of tremendous applause burst from all parts of the meeting. While its tones were resounding through the place, Mr.

Freeman, who by this time had been worked up into a paroxysm of passion, which made him look like an infuriated maniac, started from his seat, and was again about to spring at the speaker, but was prevented by those beside him, who, seizing him by the arms, once more dragged him back to his seat, in which he was kept by sheer force, during the delivery of the remainder of the speech. Mr. Murphy having resumed his seat amidst applause which seemed, for a time, as if it would never end—the reso-



all present, with the single exception of Mr. Murphy.

Mr. Freeman kept his word; and happy was it for him that he did so. Formerly, when in the habit of spouting democracy, and often something worse at the meetings of the North London Liberal Association, he neglected his business, and was known by all his friends, if not by himself, to be rapidly running to ruin. His fortune began to retrieve as soon as he broke off his connexion with the violent men composing the committee of that Association; and he eventually became a man of the highest respectability in his sphere of life. Very differently did the career of his democratic companions terminate. Mr. Onward soon afterwards was obliged to seek an asylum on the Continent, to escape the consequences of certain swindling transactions of the most aggravated character, in which he was deeply implicated. Mr. Headlong was doomed to undergo a long period of imprisonment for grossly assaulting his wife; while

Mr. Murphy, then only in his thirty-fifth year, was sent across the seas, at the public expense, for forging, to a large amount, the name of a friend to whom he was under the deepest obligations for previous services.—There was another leading demagogue (a Mr. Bullet) in the Association, of whom no notice has been taken, but to the close of whose political career, some slight reference ought to be made. With his deep moral criminality, there was mingled a dash of the romantic. Mr. Bullet had long, to use



a very effective declaimer, he rose at once to the rank of a leading man among the orators; and he and Mr. Bullet became, in less than a fortnight, inseparable friends. Braggs was a married man, and the father of four children. He surpassed the whole of the declaiming fraternity to which he belonged, in the frequency and seeming earnestness of his advocacy of private morality. He dealt out his invectives, with "liberal" hand, on all those who, professing to be the denouncers of public abuses and legislative corruption, could yet indulge, in private, in practices which were severely condemned by those principles of morality which have existed in all nations and ages of the world, and found an abode in every well-regulated breast. One evening he surpassed himself in the vehemence and eloquence with which he enforced his virtuous views. Next morning he abandoned his wife and family, and decamped with the mistress of his friend and fellow-patriot, Mr. Bullet. The latter gentleman, in the plenitude of his sym-

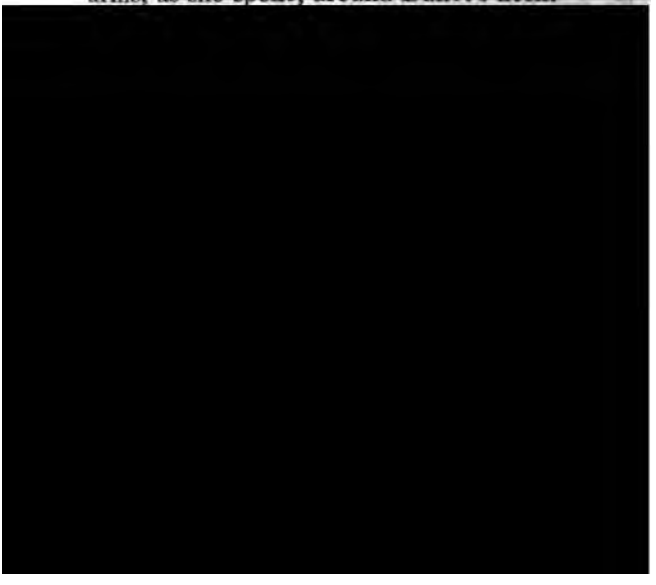
pathy for Mrs. Braggs, went, on the evening of the same day, to condole with that lady, and, at the same time, to express his virtuous indignation at the faithlessness of him on whom he had lavished so much kindness.

A fellow-feeling, every one knows, makes us wondrous kind; and nothing, it is an equally well-ascertained fact, has a more powerful influence in drawing out people's affections to each other, than a similarity of sufferings or circumstances. Bullet denounced Braggs in terms of unlimited indignation; and Mrs.

peated his visits at intervals much shorter than those of angels' visits to the earth. So much did the two enter into each other's feelings, and so strongly did they sympathise in each other's wrongs, that, in ten days after the elopement of the first pair, they followed their example, leaving Mrs. Braggs' four children to the tender mercies of the parish. By and by, however, Mr. Braggs' means became exhausted, and, with their disappearance, came a return of Miss Dogget's fond affection for Bullet. She wrote to him from Manchester, expressing her deep regret at the steps she had taken, and throwing the whole blame on "the brute (Braggs) who had taken advantage of her simplicity." She implored Bullet's forgiveness, though she could never forgive herself; assuring him that her heart was broken at her folly, and that her eyes had been in a complete ocean ever since she had quitted his (Mr. Bullet's) roof. Bullet at once forgave her, and entreated her to return to his heart and his

arms, both being equally open to receive her. She was in his embraces within forty hours of the receipt of his note; and, in as many hours thereafter, Mrs. Braggs was turned into the streets, to live if she could, or to die if she could not. "Sophy (Sophia was her name), Sophy, will you ever leave me again?" said Bullet, looking the lady, with an aspect of tenderness, in her face.

"Never, never—oh, never!" was the energetic response of Miss Dogget, throwing her arms, as she spoke, around Bullet's neck.



place, and I should have been spared the misery I have since felt, and now feel."

And Miss Dogget, as she spoke, very dramatically again entwined her arms around Bullet's neck, and thrust her head into his bosom—bathing his waistcoat with her tears, and filling his ears with her sobbing and her sighs. The effect was altogether irresistible. "Sophy," said Bullet, raising her face from his bosom, and looking touchingly at her; "Sophy, you shall be my lawful wife; all I have"—and Bullet was the proprietor of £150 in bank notes, which were lying in his desk, to say nothing of some valuable articles of furniture—"all I have shall be yours."

"Oh! James, "sobbed Miss Dogget—James being Bullet's Christian name—"oh! James," and she again gracefully dropped her head on his breast.

The latter kept his word. In less than a fortnight Miss Dogget was lawfully and truly Mrs. Bullet.

A fortnight more passed, and Mr. Bullet had occasion to go, for two days, into the country. He begged "Sophy" to accompany him. It would have been a heaven on earth for her to have done so; but, the moment he had made the proposal, she was seized with "a serious illness," and expressed a wish to retire to her bed.

"My dear Sophy," said Mr. Bullet, in great alarm, "I'll postpone going from home, seeing you are so ill."

"Oh, no, love, don't do that; you're going on

professed herself considerably better, but was, of course, too feeble to accompany him on a distant journey.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Bullet, "there is no help for it; I must, however reluctantly, go by myself. I trust you will be perfectly recovered by the time I return."

"I'm quite sure I shall," returned Mrs. Bullet, in affectionate accents.

The hour for starting arrived; and Mr. Bullet, after being affectionately embraced by his wife, quitted home in pursuance of his journey.

"Punctual as a lover to the moment sworn," he returned at the time he had promised. He knocked at the door, and, knowing that his wife could always distinguish his knock from that of anybody else, he confidently calculated on her opening the door and welcoming him herself, as it was the first time he had been absent since their marriage. His servant, however, let him in. "How is your mistress?" inquired he eagerly, fearing that, as she was not

to be seen as he entered the house, she n
have had a relapse.

"Don't know, sir," answered the serv
in a feeble and faltering tone.

"Don't know! What do you mean?"

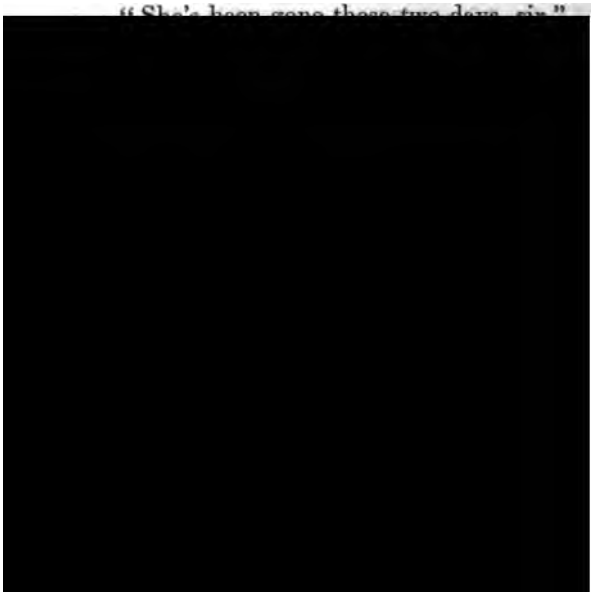
"Missus is not in, sir."

"Not in at this hour of the morning!"

It was only seven o'clock.

"No, sir."

"And pray, how long has she been out?'
quired Mr. Bullet, in great consternation.



"Was there anybody with her when she left?"

"Yes, sir," replied the maid, hesitatingly.

"A man or woman?"

"A man, sir."

"A man! And do you know who he was?"

"It was Mr. Braggs, sir."

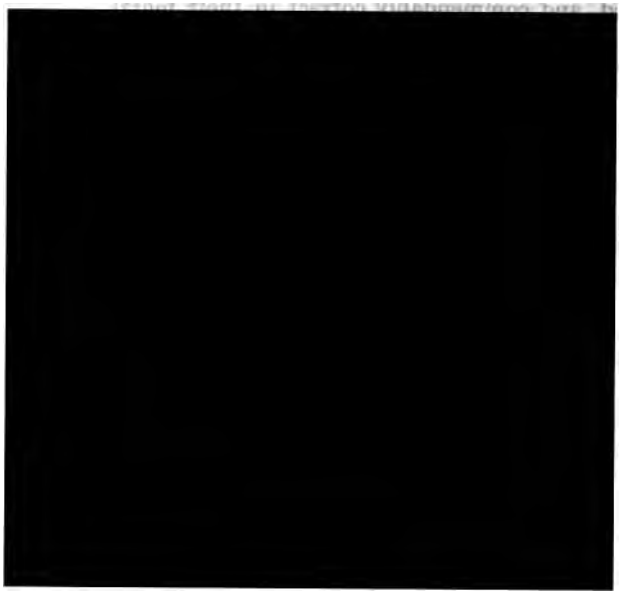
Mr. Bullet groaned aloud, and, staggering with difficulty to the sofa in the parlour, sank down in a state of stupefaction.

As soon as he had recovered sufficiently to be able to speak, Mary mentioned to him that "missus" had left a letter for him in her bedroom.

"Bring it down."

It was brought down and read. It intimated that Mrs. Bullet had eloped with Mr. Braggs. The writer farther said, that her object in wishing to be married to Mr. Bullet was, that she might have a legal right to plunder him; and that, availing herself of that right, she had taken with her the £150, and all the portable

articles of any value in the house. She conclude by protesting that she never had the slighte regard for Mr. Bullet, but was devotedly a tached to Mr. Braggs, with whom she woul live and die.



CHAPTER IX.

Importance of a proper religious education—Joseph's want of it—Consequences of neglecting the outward means of religion—Conversation with Mr. Lovegood on the subject.

No man can have lived any time in London, without being struck with the number of young men who, though what is called religiously educated, and commendably correct in their moral conduct, lose every sense of religious obligation before they have been many months in the metropolis. Their course of retrogression begins by their absenting themselves from a place of worship, and neglecting all the external observances of religion. When once they have proceeded thus far, their downward progress is rapid and inevitable. They rarely stop until they have plunged themselves over head and ears in the mire of moral degradation.

There is no disguising the fact, that such is the history of great numbers who have been carefully instructed, by pious parents, in the distinctive doctrines of the Christian faith. It will, however, be found in the vast majority of such cases, that the parties have not, in early life, been thoroughly grounded in evangelical truth. Their parents have contented themselves with teaching them by mere rote—perfectly satisfied if they could repeat, from memory, the answers given in catechisms and other

he will feel that he has nothing to oppose to the antagonist force with which he comes into collision.

It was the misfortune of Joseph Jenkins, that his religious education—if, indeed, such education deserve the name of religious—was of the nature to which we have just referred. In Scotland, he had been regular in his attendance in his parish church; he was an amiable and interesting youth; he possessed several excellent qualities; his moral conduct, indeed, was unexceptionable. He was, moreover, in a merely notional or theoretical point of view, intimately conversant with the details of the Christian scheme. His religion, however, was confined to the head; it never, in the remotest degree, affected his heart.

The result was, in his case, what it has been in the case of unnumbered individuals before him. For a season, after coming to London, he was exemplary in his attendance in a place of worship in connexion with the Presbyterian

establishment of his native land. There was, too, an external propriety in his moral conduct which it was pleasing to witness. As, however, he began to form acquaintances in London, and to feel that he was in a fair way of making a competent livelihood, his attendance in the place of worship became less regular. He began by deeming it enough to go to chapel once a week. In less than a month he thought there would be no harm in occasionally absenting himself from it the whole day, provided he felt indisposed to leave his room, or was invited

convenience of being dunned, and probably being some day consigned to the care of the Marshalsea of the Queen's Bench prison. The progress he made in libertinism, was of the most marked description. He himself was the only person of all who knew him, who was not struck with it; it excited the surprise even of persons who had themselves been confirmed libertines for a long series of years. Every moment he could spare from professional duties was devoted to the indulgence of his passion for criminal pleasure; and that passion only grew in strength the more it was fed. The more he concealed to it, the greater became its demands. The first portion of his unemployed evenings was spent in the tavern or the theatre; the remainder in houses of a still more objectionable kind.

If a thought of a Supreme Being or a future state did occasionally obtain an entrance into his mind, not a moment did he lose, after the discovery had been made, in seeking to eject the

unwelcome intruder. As yet, he was no specu
lative infidel. He nominally assented to th
truths of Christianity; hence the circumstanc
of his being so eager to banish all reflections re
specting the being of a God, and the destinies o
a world to come. To a person living in guilt an
yet unconfirmed in speculative infidelity, there
can be nothing so terrible as the thought of th
Most High, or of a future state. Joseph knew
this from painful experience, limited though th
period yet was of his libertine career.



but the latter, under some pretext or other, always declined the invitation. Feeling, as he did, a peculiar interest in the well-being of Joseph, and seeing no probability of his being able to prevail upon him to call at his house, Mr. Lovegood determined on paying him a morning visit, for the purpose of remonstrating with him on the criminality and inevitable consequences, if persisted in, of his conduct. He found Joseph in bed—as, indeed, he would have done, if, instead of calling at eleven in the morning, he had deferred his visit till two o'clock; for the result of the late hours he now kept, and the habits of indolence he had contracted, was, that he rarely quitted his bed before that hour. Mr. Lovegood's presence caused considerable embarrassment to our hero, who would have given anything to avoid the interview. He, however, received his friend and visitor with the respect which his moral worth could not fail to extort from all who knew him, even from the most abandoned of mankind; and with, besides, a

sense of the deep obligations under which he lay to him. The latter, after a few introductory observations of that general kind which are usually made on one acquaintance meeting with another, stated plainly, but mildly, the purpose of his visit. He expressed the deep concern with which he had heard of Joseph's regularly absenting himself from a place of worship, utterly neglecting even the external observances of religion; and resigning himself, without restraint, to the impulses of those criminal pro-

with the greatest attention, to all that his benefactor said. He felt that every word he uttered was true; in his own bosom it all met with a ready response. He urged a variety of excuses for himself, ascribing his errors (as he called them) to the circumstance of his being professionally obliged to associate with young men who led him astray. He expressed a grateful sense of the friendship which prompted Mr. Lovegood to point out his "errors," and gave him a solemn assurance, that he would be more careful, for the time to come, as to whom he associated with, and how he acted.

CHAPTER X.

Becomes an infidel—Causes of infidelity—Wretchedness of an infidel creed—General remarks.

HITHERTO, Mr. Jenkins might be regarded as a speculative believer in revealed truth, though in his practice trampling on all its most sacred obligations. If any one had expressed or insinuated a doubt of his Christianity, he would have resented it as an unpardonable insult—an unjustifiable reflection on his character. Nay, he would have gone even farther than this; he would have entered the lists (and on repeated occasions did enter the lists) as a champion for the Christian faith when its truths were assailed in his presence. Nor, in this respect, was he a singular character. Christendom is crowded with such persons. That the parties themselves do not discern the glaring inconsistency of their

conduct is only one of the innumerable proofs that are daily furnished, of the moral blindness which sin has produced in the minds of men.

Eventually, however, a conviction began to break in on the mind of Mr. Jenkins that, if Christianity were true, the course of conduct which he had latterly pursued, was not such as to warrant a belief, that his would be a happy hereafter. On the contrary, he looked forward to a future state with apprehension and alarm. The result was precisely what might be expected: he began to wish that there were no future state at all.

No one can have bestowed any consideration on the operations of his mind, without being cognizant of the fact that, when a man anxiously wishes that any particular position in morals were true, he almost invariably, sooner or later, reasons himself into the conviction that it is true. In all such cases his mind is sealed against the admission of adverse evidence, while its portals are thrown wide open to whatever

arguments can be brought forward in its favour. So it was in the instance of Joseph. He studiously abstained from the perusal of any work which had for its object to prove the authenticity of the Scriptures, and the consequent truth of Christianity; while he eagerly sought for, and carefully read, whatever books had been written in favour of infidelity. With his mind thus filled with the leading objections which have, at various times, been urged against Christianity, while wholly unacquainted with the triumphant answers which have been given to

tude, and particularly of temporary sickness, were especially seasons of this nature. The visit, however, of a worldly acquaintance, or the occupation of his mind with literary or secular matters, usually had the effect of ridding him of such unwelcome reflections, and of causing him to relapse into his infidel notions.

Infidelity is a miserable system: no man ever yet found happiness in it. A happy unbeliever is a contradiction. Desolate, indeed, is the soul of him who rejects the revelation which the great Creator has vouchsafed to his creature man. None but an infidel can form any idea of the wretchedness which reigns in an infidel bosom. Not only have all who have been delivered from the dreadful domination of unbelief, been forward to bear their testimony to the misery of which it is the parent; but those, also, who have renounced Christianity, and embraced an infidel creed, have, even while the victims and slaves of atheism or deism—for there is, in effect, scarcely any difference between the

two—been forced to make the admission, tha misery and unbelief are inseparably associate together. The experience of Joseph afforded striking illustration of this. Though never Christian in the evangelical or legitimate accep ation of the term, he was (as before remarke a speculative believer in revelation; in othe words, was a Christian in his own estimatio And, while he continued so; while he was i the habit of attending externally to religio observances, he enjoyed a certain kind an amount of happiness, though falling far sho

this all. Though the prevailing impression on his mind was, that Christianity was false, the idea (as has just been observed) would, every now and then, force itself upon him, that there was, at least, a possibility that it might be true; and if so, where should he be?

In this respect, I am persuaded that Mr. Jenkins was only undergoing a mental process which every infidel is more or less frequently doomed to go through. I feel assured that the man never existed, provided he were acquainted with revelation, whose mind had become so steeled with infidelity, as to be impervious to even an occasional apprehension that, after all, Christianity might be a divine system. Infidels, I know, may, in the spirit of bravado, affirm that they have lived for years in the entire and constant disbelief of Christianity. I confess I cannot believe them. I should like to hear their testimony on the point, when they are stretched on their dying-beds, and are conscious that they stand on the verge of the world to come. No

instance, that I am aware of, is on record, of dying infidel having, in his last moments, glorie in the fact that he was then dying, as he ha always lived, in the full conviction that Christ anity was a system of fraud and falsehood.

At all events, Mr. Jenkins could make r such boast. He was often assailed by the a prehension that, after all, Christianity might l a revelation from Heaven. To describe th alarm with which the apprehension filled h mind; to convey an idea of the wretchedness

tual health of the mind, but in which every true believer finds his highest happiness. To be shut up in a room by himself, without books or writing materials, or any other means of occupying his mind or amusing himself, would have been, to Mr. Jenkins, a most terrible doom. His own thoughts, in his moments of sober reflection, he felt constrained to regard as his greatest enemies. Most earnestly would he have then wished that he were a believer in Christianity, were it not that revealed religion annexes the most fearful penalties to the course of conduct which he still continued to pursue.

CHAPTER XI.

Joseph extends his acquaintance with authors and publishers—A dinner scene—Unpleasant discoveries on the following day.

As it was generally known among the literary men of the metropolis, that the majority of the

of cultivated mind, pleasing manners, free-thinking opinions, and by no means encumbered with very rigid notions of morality. He kept a splendid establishment; far more splendid, indeed, than his means warranted. That, however, was nothing to him. If he could only obtain the needful credit, or, as he himself expressed it, could but "keep the top a-spinning," he cared not to what extent his creditors might suffer. He was self-willed in his conduct, and fancied, that to assume an independent bearing was to make himself a man of importance. He was in the habit of giving expensive dinners, to which Joseph was almost invariably invited. One day, about five years after the accession of George the Fourth, Mr. Norman determined to give an unusually large and splendid dinner. Being a bachelor, no ladies were present. The party included some of the most celebrated authors of the day, two or three publishers, and an officer of superior rank and high standing in the army. The cloth having been re-

moved, a gentleman who sat on the right of Mr. Norman, proposed, as the first toast, the health of the King.

"Oh, —— the King!" exclaimed Mr. Norman; "give us something else."

"Order! order!" shouted several voices at once. A hum of suppressed disapprobation was heard at all parts of the table; while Captain Royston, not knowing, in the confusion of the moment, whom the gentleman was who had uttered the offensive exclamation, cried, in

—who sat some yards distant from him—when a Mr. Sherwin, who was next to him, seized his arm, and, with inimitable coolness, while all the rest of the company were worked up to a state of great excitement, said, "Don't you think, Mr. Norman, we had better empty the bottle before you throw it?"

"Very well," responded Mr. Norman, mechanically, as if scarcely conscious of what he was saying.

"Don't you think, Mr. Norman," pursued Mr. Sherwin, after an interval of a few seconds, "that you had better not throw it at all?"

"Very well," replied the other, in the same mechanical way as before.

"Don't you think, Mr. Norman, you had better sit down?"

Mr. Norman sat down.

"I'm quite sure it has been a mistake all through," resumed Mr. Sherwin; "Mr. Norman meant no disrespect to our beloved King."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Norman.

"It was a mere thoughtless ejaculation, uttered in the forgetfulness of the moment."

Mr. Norman nodded assent.

"And I am quite sure," addressing himself to Captain Royston, "the gallant officer does not seriously mean to turn our excellent host out of his own house. It was merely a threat uttered on the impulse of the instant, and in the commendable exuberance of his loyalty."

"Hear, hear," cried a dozen voices at once; but that of the captain was not heard among the number.

"With all my heart," responded Mr. Norman.

"And I'm quite sure that our worthy host will be delighted to *propose* as well as drink it."

"The King!" shouted Mr. Norman, "up-standing, and three times three!" Mr. Norman sprang to his feet before he had completed the sentence, and all the others simultaneously imitated his example. The toast was drunk amidst deafening plaudits.

"I am quite sure," resumed Mr. Sherwin, "I only give expression to the mutual feelings of our worthy host and the gallant officer, when I say that they will be most happy to shake hands, and entirely forget all that has past."

"With infinite pleasure," responded both at once. They advanced and shook hands amidst the gratulations of all present. Harmony was then completely restored, and the remainder of the evening was spent in the most agreeable manner.

Mr. Norman had only one partner in the publishing business, and his name was Rogers

—a married man, and the father of a family. His notions on moral points were essentially the same as those of Mr. Norman and Joseph. He was in the habit, in his convivial moments, of talking loosely respecting the sacredness of the marriage obligation. Neither was he celebrated for an undue respect for the principles of honesty in his commercial transactions.

On the morning after the festive occasion to which we have alluded, Joseph called at the bibliopolic establishment of Rogers and Norman,

with "You —— scoundrel, how dare you, sir, ever look me again in the face?"

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Norman, in utter amazement, and with considerable trepidation.

"What's the matter! Your own conscience, you consummate villain, must, if you have one, tell you what's the matter."

"Upon my honour I don't understand you. What *can* be the meaning of this?"

Here Joseph withdrew, not wishing to be present at so unpleasant an altercation, especially as he had not the remotest idea of what were the circumstances which had led to it.

"If, sir, you have any regard for your own life, you will leave the counting-house directly, and never again enter the place where I am."

"Mr. Rogers, this unaccountable conduct requires explanation."

"Yours, sir, will admit of none, far less of justification."

"Your conduct perfectly astounds me."

"You ought to be astounded at your villany."

"Pray explain the meaning of all this."

"Do you, sir, know whose handwriting is?" said Mr. Rogers, showing Mr. Norman own signature to a letter, but concealing ev thing else.

"That is my signature," remarked the ot

"And perhaps that also is your writi said Mr. Rogers, holding before Mr. Nor the back of a letter addressed to Mrs. Roger



The moment the door opened, Mr. Rogers, without taking the slightest notice of Mr. Merton, hurried out of the place into an adjoining room. Mr. Merton, being intimate with both parties, was very much surprised at this; but still he took no notice of it to Mr. Norman.

In less than two minutes, the housemaid opened the door, and, advancing with tremulous step and flurried manner (caused by the excitement under which Mr. Rogers was labouring) towards Mr. Norman and Mr. Merton, who were both standing beside the desk inside the counter—she put a slip of paper into the hands of the latter; observing in faltering accents, "Mr. Rogers, sir, desired me to give you this."

Mr. Merton opened the piece of paper and read as follows, the ink being scarcely dry:—"Your conduct to my wife proves you to be one of the most atrocious scoundrels in existence; and if you do not quit the premises pre-

...ction's face, and he w
of temporary stupefaction as
ordinary note. On partiall
the confusion with which h
whelmed, he placed the sli
Norman's hands, observing, '
meaning of this? My condu
have never spoken to Mrs. Ro
fact, I have not the pleasur
even by sight."

"Oh! this is intended for
Norman, as he glanced his e
tents of the piece of paper;
for me; the maid has given
take."

Mr. M...

the precise cause of the quarrel between the bibliopolic partners. "I'll call some other time," remarked Mr. Merton, taking up his hat to quit the place. "Good morning, Mr. Norman, for the present."

"Good morning," sighed Mr. Norman.

Just as Mr. Merton was leaving the place, Joseph Jenkins re-entered, thinking the altercation between the two partners would by this time be over.

"Ah! Jenkins, this is a sad business," remarked Mr. Norman, as the other advanced to the desk.

"*What's* a sad business?" inquired Joseph, eagerly.

"Why, this affair of Mrs. Rogers and myself."

"I don't at all understand you."

"It's a horrible business."

"Pray explain."

"I may as well; it cannot be concealed any longer. I have been carrying on an improper

intimacy with Mrs. Rogers, and Rogers has found one of my letters to her, in which the fact is admitted."

"Ah! that is very awkward, certainly—a very awkward affair."

Joseph's notions of morality since his adoption of infidel principles did not dictate any stronger expression respecting the enormity of the crime of which his friend had avowed himself guilty. Of the crime itself, in fact, he felt no abhorrence at all. When he spoke of the awkwardness of the affair, he simply alluded to

Mr. Norman took the hint, instantly left the premises, and hurried to his private residence, kept by a very interesting young woman, his own illegitimate daughter. He had not been ten minutes in the house, when he formed the resolution of eloping with Mrs. Rogers. With that view he wrote a cheque for a balance of £550 belonging to the business, then lying in their banker's hands. He immediately despatched a confidential messenger to the city for the purpose of procuring the money. On the arrival of the messenger, however, the answer was, "No effects." This was unaccountable to Mr. Norman; as he had himself, on the previous afternoon, added £230 to a former deposit of £320. He leaped into a cab, and hastened to the banker's to obtain an explanation of the mystery. The explanation was given. Mr. Rogers, the moment the bank was opened that morning, presented a cheque for, and of course immediately received, the entire amount. On the same day, it was discovered

that Miss Norman was *enciente.* Her elop
ment, the next morning, with Mr. Rogers a
forded a clue to the parentage of the unbo
infant.

CHAPTER XII.

Joseph forms another engagement—Writes leading articles for two papers of opposite politics—An awkward mistake—Its consequences.

VERY few of those engaged as reporters for the daily journals confine their services to them. They look out, and in almost every instance, with more or less success, for other kinds of literary employment. In no case does the common remark, that one thing leads to another, hold more true than in that of literature. Many of those engaged on the daily press of London, average from two to three guineas per week by working for weekly papers, in addition to their stated salary, which on most of the morning journals is five guineas per week. Joseph, in the course of a few months after his engage-

ment as reporter for the daily journal which h
been repeatedly referred to, entered into a
arrangement with the proprietor of two week
papers to furnish for each a leading articl
averaging a column in length. For this he wa
to receive two guineas weekly. Beyond writin
the leading articles, he had no concern with, no
influence over, the papers. Arrangements o
this nature, though unknown in the provinces
are quite common in London. Neither of th
papers had a large circulation, and it was only
by transferring the "general intelligence" o

devoted heads of the aristocracy, representing them as a confederacy of tyrants, who lived to feed and fatten on the industry of the working classes; and plainly hinted that their estates would be fair subjects for spoliation. The labouring classes were held up as the true nobility, because they were a nobility of nature's workmanship. While to the higher classes was ascribed every vice under the sun—and sometimes vices which even the sun itself has never witnessed—the masses were represented as possessing not only all the virtues which actually exist, but many which have never existed at all—except in the columns of "The Leveller." The farmers were the objects of that journal's unceasing and most virulent vituperation; no week was suffered to elapse without a full share of coarse abuse being heaped on them. The other paper, "The Constitutionalist," took (as already intimated) a directly opposite course. With it the aristocracy were everything; they were the glory, as they had proved the stay, of the

land. Without the higher classes, this country could not exist an instant in its present moral grandeur. The farmers, too, were a most worthy and singularly intelligent body of men. It was a "Farmer's Friend" journal. Agriculture was the life-blood of England's prosperity; trade and manufactures were nothing. The industrial portion of the community were the dregs of English society. The population of all large towns were a body of reckless democrats, having no respect for the rights of property,



"The Leveller" and "The Constitutionalist." But though untroubled by any reproaches of conscience on the subject, he felt that, if the circumstance of his furnishing the editorial articles to papers whose principles were so thoroughly antagonist, were to transpire, it would not have the effect of raising his character in the estimation of his friends; neither could it fail to operate very injuriously to him if, on any future occasion, he should attain distinction—which he fondly hoped he one day would—as a public man. He therefore stipulated with the proprietor of the papers, that his name should be kept a profound secret in connexion with the authorship of the articles. He himself, of course, took care not to breathe a whisper of the circumstance to his own acquaintances. All went on smoothly enough for a season. He possessed great readiness and versatility in writing on the topics of the day. What was more—lawyer-like, he could appear to great advantage on either side of a question. Before he had been three months

connected with the papers, the subscribers to each saw, or fancied they saw, a marked improvement in the "leading" department. The readers of the Tory and agricultural paper were in ecstacies with the contemptuous terms in which the editorial articles spoke of the "unwashed," and the "great manufacturing lords of the large towns;" while the freedom and fearlessness with which "The Leveller" assailed the aristocracy, denounced the corn laws, and exposed Tory corruption of every kind and wherever detected, raised the "unrepresented

of 'The Constitutionalist,'" at all their public dinners; while the "unenfranchised millions," never privileged to sit down to a public dinner—rarely, indeed, partaking of a dinner, however frugal, even at home—were obliged to content themselves with passing, amidst deafening acclamations, at their open-air meetings, their most "cordial thanks to the talented editor of 'The Leveller,' for his masterly and untiring advocacy of the interests of the working classes." The natural consequence of all this was, that the circulation of both papers considerably increased. And as proprietors of public journals always, or, at least, with very few exceptions, test the competency of an editor by the effect which his writings have on the circulation, the reader will not be unprepared for the information, that the proprietor of "The Constitutionalist" and of "The Leveller" congratulated himself on the accession of Mr. Jenkins. He had, indeed, resolved, as a practical proof of this, on increasing his remuneration; and the

only question with him was, whether he ought to double it at once, or content himself with adding half-a-guinea a week to the previous guinea for each of the journals, and make the addition of the other half-guinea in two or three months, should the circulation of the papers continue to rise. In the meantime, Saturday, the hour of publication, was approaching. It was Friday evening, and both the papers must appear on the following day. Mr. Jenkins had not a line of leading article written for either



point of boldness and vigour, they surpassed any of his previous effort. He wrote, as was his custom, on the first slip of each article, the name of the journal for which it was intended; and, having sent off the copy to the compositors, he went to bed on remarkably excellent terms with himself. He slept soundly until eight on the following morning, when, it being summer, he rose and started, by coach, for St. Alban's, where he remained until Monday afternoon; his duties for the morning journal with which he was connected, then requiring his presence in town.

In the hurry of the moment, Joseph had written the name of the wrong paper at the head of each of the articles—that is, he had assigned the democratic article to "The Constitutionalist," and the violent Tory tirade against liberal principles, to "The Leveller." The mistake was not discovered until the entire impression of each paper had been sold. In the leader of "The Constitutionalist"—the journal which

had hitherto been so staunch a supporter of ultra-Toryism, the Throne, the aristocracy, the Church, and the agricultural interest, there occurred the following passage:—"Toryism and tyranny are synonymous terms. The profligate men now in power would not hesitate a moment in letting loose their demon soldiery on every meeting of the people assembled to petition for the redress of their grievances, were it not that they dread the day of retaliation. They are individually and collectively, a parcel of as great despots as ever trod the earth. We could

with no more feeling or respect than they do the veriest reptile that crawls on the ground. With regard to the Church, again, we unhesitatingly pronounce her to be one of the greatest evils ever inflicted on this or any other country. What are her bishops, but so many drones, whose only idea of duty is, to loll in their carriages, to wallow in luxury, and to live in regal splendour? And what are her clergy, but a body of worthless men, whose only occupations seem to be fox-hunting, card-playing, dancing at balls, quaffing port at home, and spouting unadulterated Toryism, mixed with the most odious religious cant, at public dinners? Are we surprised at this? Not in the least. It is just what might be expected from that hideous system of priestcraft, which has been created and nursed by the religious establishment of this country—the worst religious establishment, beyond all comparison, that has ever disgraced or degraded any country on the face of the earth. Never will England know what real dignity is;

never will she enjoy genuine liberty—never will she attain true intellectual greatness, until her Church establishment is scattered to the winds of heaven, and the entire race of her parsons are utterly extinguished. With regard to the farmers, they, poor miserable men, are more to be pitied than blamed. They are the dupes of the clergy, and the slaves of their landlords. They are as ignorant as their own pigs; ay, and as obstinate, too. They have no more idea of their true interests, than the horned cattle which they feed and fatten for the market;

of "The Leveller:"—"We live in eventful days; the aspect of public affairs is at this moment most portentous. There is a spirit abroad which, if not promptly checked, will, ere many months have elapsed, precipitate this country into a revolution of the most frightful character. That Throne under whose paternal care and powerful protection this country has risen to an unexampled pitch of prosperity, is menaced with destruction. That Church, which has proved the source of infinite blessings to England, is the object of the most deadly hatred of the lower classes; while her clergy, the most devoted and pure-minded body of men the world ever saw, are loaded with the worst of obloquy. Still more fierce, if that were possible, is the hatred which the working classes, under the tutorship of a band of ruffian demagogues, bear to the aristocracy of England. That body of men who are most feelingly alive to the welfare of the lower orders; who are ever foremost in works of benevolence; in

whose bosoms, in a word, is centred all that can adorn and dignify human nature—this excellent body of men, not only run the risk of having their estates confiscated, but of personally sharing the frightful fate of the French noblesse. The agricultural interest is threatened with immediate and utter ruin. The farmers are most grossly traduced; they are held up as being no better informed than the oxen which browse in their fields. In short, the working classes seem to have been of late converted into so many demons in human form. They are, as

we say after this, what course the Government ought to pursue? The duty of Ministers is clear: increase the standing army; repeat, wherever necessary, the course pursued in 1819 at Manchester; prohibit all open-air meetings; and arrest and consign to the wholesome silence and solitude of our prison cells, some two or three score of their most noisy and violent demagogues."

The reader is left to conceive the effect which the two articles produced on the subscribers to the different papers. At first they were struck dumb with amazement. They read and paused in silence. They could hardly believe the evidence of their eyes. And yet there was no resisting that evidence; there stood the articles, in large bold letters, and in the most prominent part of the papers. What gave the leaders more effect, and added to the surprise and confusion of the readers, was the circumstance that, on that particular occasion, there was no other leading matter of any kind—though there

usually was some—in either of the journals. Boundless indignation succeeded a recovery from the first stun of surprise caused by the articles. One and all exclaimed, "We are grossly betrayed." "Villain," "traitor," "apostate," &c., were among the epithets most liberally applied to Mr. Jenkins. "The Constitutionalist" was publicly burnt in all the agricultural districts; and the editor himself would have run a great risk of receiving a similar doom, could he have been as easily laid hold of as his paper. The working classes mobbed the office of "The

loads of letters to "the editor," abusing him without measure and without mercy, and intimating that the writers had given up the paper. By the time Saturday had arrived, neither "The Constitutionalist" nor "The Leveller" had a score of subscribers left; and the few "from whom the editor had not heard," were those who had either been from home, or were in too remote a part of the country to be able to stop their paper that week. Next week witnessed the extinction of both journals. In life they were united (both belonging to the same proprietor, both issuing from the same press, both published at the same office), and in death they were not divided.

CHAPTER XIII.

Joseph forms a new literary engagement—Corrupt state of literary criticism in the metropolis—Sketches of the leading literary critics in London.

In about two years after his settlement in the metropolis, Joseph obtained an engagement, at three guineas per week, to conduct the literary

morals were of that refined or rigid nature which made him regard with abhorrence the corruption he found pervading almost the whole of such criticism; but that, having suspected nothing of the kind before, the discovery possessed the interest and freshness which are usually associated with the knowledge of a novelty. He found that such a thing as honest criticism was very rarely to be met with. He knew the leading reviewers in the metropolitan newspapers and magazines, and heard—in confidence, of course—from their own lips the motives which dictated their notices of new publications. The reviewer in one journal denounced the author of a particular work, because he was a successful writer in a department of literature in which the reviewer himself had signally failed. Another author and his works were denounced, in unmeasured terms, by the literary critic of another journal, for no other reason than that the author, though entirely self-educated, had, by the force of his

genius, raised himself to distinction and impo
ance in the literary world; while the review
though he had received all the advantages wh
a classical education could confer, had never b
able, notwithstanding his repeated efforts,
acquire literary renown, or even to extend
knowledge of his name beyond the walls
the establishment in which "The Wee
Luminary" was printed. Other authors
their works, Joseph found to be systematic
proscribed by certain critics, because the for
would not associate with the latter, when spe

the more influential journals. They lack the moral courage, however favourably they may, in their consciences, think of the works of a particular author, to adventure a word on his behalf, if the reviewers in some of the leviathan journals have fallen foul of himself or his works. This is a painful fact; it is one which is very degrading to human nature; but all who are conversant with the literary criticism of the day know that it *is* a fact. Envy at the success of particular authors, without any intelligible motive for that envy, Joseph found to be, in a great many cases, the cause of the savage ferocity with which many popular writers were assailed. Where the critic has himself attempted success, but failed, in the same walk of literature, one could comprehend the feeling which would dictate a coarse and violent tirade against the productions of the triumphant author; but where an author has not, in any way, come in collision with his reviewer, the unqualified censure which the latter heaps on

the name and works of the author, is not so easily accounted for. In many instances the hostile criticism was seen by Joseph to have had no other motive than personal dislike to the writer. Our current criticism is very deeply tainted with this unworthy feeling. If an author happen to incur the personal displeasure of a reviewer, the latter rarely makes a distinction between his works and himself; but, by means of his works, indulges in his vindictive feelings towards himself. There were other authors again whom Joseph found

ceived them. None but those who have had opportunities of observing what takes place behind the curtain in the literary circles of the metropolis, could imagine the extent to which modern criticism is affected by this circumstance.

But it were an endless task to enumerate the various motives which dictate the hostile criticism to be met with in the periodical literature of the day. Equally various are the motives which prompt the extravagant praise, amounting to positive puffery, which so many books receive. If Joseph did not meet with instances in which praise was literally purchased with money, just as candidates for the representation of corrupt boroughs purchase the votes of profligate electors, innumerable instances were brought to his knowledge of lavish commendation having been insured by personal attentions on the part of the author to the reviewer. Personal friendship with the critic was found to be the secret why many authors were systemati-

cally praised in particular journals, no matter how poor and worthless their productions. With several of the less influential newspapers and magazines, the way to insure extravagant praise was discovered to be, the sending them an advertisement or two of the work itself. The praise of other journals, again, could be procured on still easier terms. They were satisfied if the compliment were paid them, of sending them a copy of the book immediately on its appearance.

But is it to be inferred from all this that

tialities, and to speak of the book as impartially as if they had never before heard the name of the author. But the number of such persons, compared with that of the reviewers who were influenced by very different considerations, was very small indeed.

Nor is there any material difference between the state of our current literary criticism, and what it was when Mr. Jenkins first became acquainted with it. The same causes are still in active operation to produce dishonest reviews of books. A really unbiassed honest piece of criticism, if found inseveral of our leading journals that could be named, would be a moral rarity worthy of being rescued from the corrupt mass by which it is surrounded, and handed down to posterity as something which merits preservation. A glance at some of the more prominent reviewers of the day, will serve to give a better idea of the real state of literary criticism than any general observations that might be made on the subject.

First of all, then, there is Mr. Dodsley "The Weekly Review." He is an unsuc ful author himself, and cannot endure thought that any other writer should be suc ful. To hear of the literary triumphs o author—no matter in what department of li ture—is gall and wormwood to his soul, as *some* authors are always meeting with or less success, notwithstanding the thou who are constantly failing in their effort emerge from obscurity, he, unhappy man

indeed, of a degrading or depreciatory kind, which the critic's vocabulary can furnish, is applied to him. To bring him down again to the level of the common herd of authors, or, if that cannot be done, to prevent his ascending higher on the ladder of fame, is the great object of Mr. Dodsley; and, to the accomplishment of that object, he devotes himself with the zeal of an apostle. If he could only have his own way, there would be no author of distinction at all. Nor does "this sour and surly critic"—for so he is generally called—content himself with his depreciating and vituperative labours in his journal; his tongue is as actively and incessantly engaged in the ungenerous avocation, as his pen. He never opens his lips in society, when modern literature is the topic, without disparaging one or more authors, who have already risen to reputation, or are in a fair way of rapidly rising to it. Depreciation of merit is the element in which he lives; without indulging in it, he could not, indeed, exist at all. It is a

necessity of his nature. If he ever, in th
columns of his journal, or in the intercourse
private life, happen to venture a word of prais
the object of his commendation is always som
author of no reputation, and who has not ev
the remotest chance of obtaining any. Su
authors, he thinks, he may praise with safet
because nobody else ever has praised them, a
never, in all probability, will bestow a word
commendation on them. Should any such, ho
ever, by accident, rise into distinction, M

such a thing possible, honest to excess. You are almost sorry to see a reviewer so exceedingly scrupulous about the opinions he delivers respecting the books that come before him. His honesty, you take it for granted, must, at least, in these days of literary corruption, be a very serious inconvenience to him. It is not enough that he feels a consciousness of his uncorrupted and incorruptible integrity, but you would fancy that his very existence must be wearing away in the intensity of his anxiety, that his critical integrity should, like the character of Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion. There is a common proverb, that you have more than reason to doubt a person's possession of that very quality of which he is loudly and constantly boasting. In the case of Mr. Pardon's honesty as a literary critic, you are justified, not only in doubting the existence of the virtue, but in denying it altogether. A more dishonest reviewer is not to be met with. The books of certain authors and certain publishers, are sure to be praised to

the echo: those of certain other authors and publishers are equally sure to be visited with unqualified censure. If he have a sufficient motive for it, a review of a particular book will appear before he has read a page of it; ay, even before he has seen it. And the review will consist of either extravagant praise or unqualified condemnation, accordingly as he is favourably or unfavourably inclined to the publisher or author.

Mr. Sampson, of "The Moonbeam," has a very simple test by which to ascertain, at first



intellectual calibre, from what he is when the name of Mr. Cramston—Mr. Drummond's bibliopolic rival—graces the lower part of the title-page. A work published by the former, is unquestionably the most talented and extraordinary production which has appeared during the present century; and the author himself stands first in the first class of those writers who have cultivated the same department of literature. If brought out by Mr. Cramston, the work, though in "the same department of literature," is "a most trashy and contemptible production," and the writer is the dullest dog that ever put pen to paper. It has happened to Mr. Sampson more than once, to write an elaborate review, under a misapprehension as to who the publisher was; and, on making the discovery, he has immediately rectified the mistake, by withdrawing the first review, and inditing another in exactly the opposite strain. Mr. Gordon was in the habit of publishing with Mr. Cramston; and every successive book he

brought out, was declared to be the vilest stuff ever palmed on an unsuspecting and patient public. Some time ago, he had reason to change his bibliopole, and made an arrangement with Mr. Drummond for the publication of a new work, in the same department of literature as that to which his previous ones belonged. Mr. Sampson at once had the discernment to perceive that the new book was "one of surpassing merit, abundantly studded with intellectual gems, and sparkling in every page with the coruscations of a genius of the loftiest order."

opinions he forms, or, rather, expresses of new books; for his private and public opinions are two very distinct things, and are often in direct antagonism to each other. *Any* author who can afford, and is disposed to give, a good dinner, can *command* Mr. Swallow's unqualified commendation of his work. With him, a "splendid affair," in the shape of a dinner, was never yet known to fail of its effect; it covers a multitude of literary sins. If there be faults, he not only has no eye to detect them—far less a heart to expose them—but he discerns innumerable beauties where they have no existence. Countless as the sands on the seashore, are the high praises he has penned under the generous sympathies inspired by the after-dinner Champagne or Madeira of authors consuming with anxiety for the fate of their new-born literary offspring. It is certain that he never yet wrote a kindly critique without having previously done ample justice to the creature-comforts of the writer or publisher. It is doing

him no more than justice to say, that he has never indited a severe sentiment, or made use of an unkind expression, while the remembrance of the author's or publisher's well-furnished table has been fresh upon his mind. Only it is to be observed, that *one* dinner will not suffice for *two* books, however close on the publication of the first may be the appearance of the second. He reasons with himself—and the *reasonableness* of his notions can, after all, be hardly questioned—that surely every good review deserves a good dinner. Nor is this all; if it

The second dinner will insure a second notice; but, if there be no second dinner, there will not only be no second notice, but a full retraction of all the previous commendation; the reason assigned by the reviewer for the change in his estimate of the work being, that he had not then seen it in its completed state. This is so likely to be supposed nothing better than mere invention, that it may be necessary to repeat the assurance already given of an instance of the kind having lately occurred in the case of a popular author and a well-known reviewer. Something similar takes place, if the author bring out a new work without having asked Mr. Swallow to dinner. The latter does not, in such a case, content himself with taking no notice of the book, but abuses it as liberally as he praised those previous books of the writer which were issued into the world amidst the genial feelings inspired by "three courses and a dessert."

"Clayton, my dear fellow," said Mr. Ransom,

grasping the other eagerly by the hand, met him a few days ago in Regent St "Clayton, my dear fellow, that was a atrocious notice of your new work in th number of 'The Inspector.'"

"Why, it was rather, certainly."

"What in the name of wonder could Sw have meant? He has never served y before."

"No, certainly not; I must do him at *that* justice."

"Surely there must be something pri

"You may."

"On your honour?"

"Upon my honour."

"You'll never give the slightest hint about what I am going to mention."

"Never; I give you my solemn promise."

"Then the whole secret of this vile review of my book is, that I did not ask Swallow to dinner on its publication."

"Are you serious?" inquired Ransom, amazed at what he had heard.

"Perfectly so."

"Can it be possible that a person who has the control of the review department of such a journal as 'The Inspector,' could be influenced in his criticism by such unworthy, such thoroughly contemptible considerations?"

"The fact is as I have stated. I *know* it," answered Clayton.

"And do you really believe that Swallow can be so utterly lost to all sense of self-respect, so totally regardless of consistency, that by in-

viting him to a 'feed' immediately before your next work appears, you can insure a most complimentary notice of it?"

"I am certain of it. And what is more, not a favourable notice of the new work only, but a virtual recantation of all the abuse he has heaped on myself and my present work, by the unqualified panegyrics he will then lavish on me as a literary man."

"I confess I shall wait with some impatience the publication of your next work. When will it be out?"



represented as an author whose productions were discreditable to modern literature, was now held up as one of the most philosophic, elegant, and able writers of the day.

Mr. Shepherd's test of literary merit is, the success, or otherwise, of an author's works. He has never yet known a successful author who was not a man of extraordinary genius. On the other hand, he never could discern the slightest traces of talent where the author was obscure. The pages of his "Literary Miscellany" never yet contained a word of encouragement to a struggling author; neither, on the other hand, is an instance on record, during the fifteen years he has been a weekly reviewer, in which he has omitted to bestow the most fulsome adulation on authors of celebrity. When a new author appears in the literary vineyard, he maintains an unbroken silence as to his merits, until he sees the tide of popularity setting in either in his favour, or against him. If the former, the panegyrics which Mr. Shepherd heaps upon

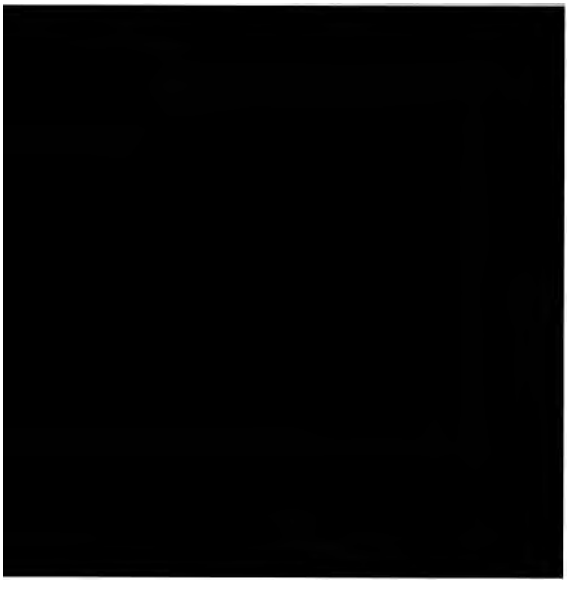
him are nauseating from their extravagance but, if the probability be that the author is to be unsuccessful, "The Literary Miscellany" will always be found among the first and most frequent in its efforts to consign the poor fellow to the depths of obscurity. The jackass had a kick to bestow on the dead lion.

Mr. Jackson, the editor of the literary department of "The Mercury," has a mode of reviewing which differs from each and all of the modes to which we have been referring. He praises *all* the books, if they possess any con

the advertisements in the daily press, and then appends to it a string of vituperative epithets of the most general kind, such as the following:—"This most illiterate author and contemptible production;" "a parcel of the greatest rubbish that ever issued from the press;" "a dull, stupid, ignorant author;" "a writer who is a disgrace to the literature of the age," &c.

From these "illustrations" of the present state of our literary criticism—and they are, we ought to repeat, no imaginary cases—it will be seen that the "opinions of the press" on a new work, whether favourable or adverse, are, in the main, very little to be depended on. The public, happily, are beginning to make this discovery. Time was when authors who were deficient in moral courage, were to be written down by hostile reviewers, and when trashy productions could be puffed into something like celebrity by critics whose praise had been virtually purchased by the pudding and pies of the author; but, fortunately, this state of

things no longer exists. Every month fur
the most unanswerable proof, that neither
nor authors of merit are to be written do
the attacks of hostile reviewers; while
week affords one or more confirmations
position, that a worthless book is no lon
be lauded into fame.



CHAPTER XIV.

Further observations on the corrupt state of literary criticism in the metropolis—Authors of title or standing in society—The way in which they contrive to get favourable notices of their books—Literary coteries—General observations.

In the preceding chapter various illustrations have been given of the corrupt state of our literary criticism. References have also been made to the reasons which induce reviewers to endeavour to run down certain authors. The uninitiated in these matters will naturally ask, "How happens it that, not in one or two journals only, but in the great majority of our metropolitan publications, *every* book brought out by particular authors receives the most unqualified commendation, however great and manifold may be its blemishes?" No one, who knows anything of the existing state of criticism in

London, can be at a loss for an answer to th question.

The explanation of the mystery is to be fou in the fact, that the authors referred to, wh will be found, in almost every case, to be pe sons of title or distinction, indirectly purcha the praise by the attentions they show to th reviewers.

A few examples will set the matter in clearer light than any general observatio which could be put into the mouth of Mr. Je kins, or which might be made by the author

with the compliment paid them, that they felt as if they could not sufficiently praise her works in return.

On the second occasion on which he had been present at one of Lady Dartmoor's "splendid parties"—for so they were called by general consent—he missed several acquaintances connected with the review department of the metropolitan press, whom he had seen at the first dinner. He inquired of Mr. Monteith, one of the guests on both occasions, the reason of this.

"Ah, I see," remarked the other, "that you are not yet acquainted with the way in which her ladyship manages these matters."

"My question," said Joseph, "is a virtual admission of my ignorance on the point. How does she manage such matters?"

"Very adroitly and very systematically," replied the other. "Of course, Jenkins," he added, "I speak in confidence."

"I understand that perfectly; and what you say shall never escape my lips."

divided into three class
cludes the names of tho
of the review departmen
In the second class are t
reviewers connected wit
first-rate, newspapers or
der the third head are
persons who *do*, as she
review department of jou
lation, and still more limi

"But," interrupted Jo
explain why some of thos
at Lady Dartmoor's first p
the second."

"I should," answered th

guidance as to the frequency or infrequency with which to issue her invitations is this: The first class are invariably invited to dinner about a fortnight before, and about a week after, the publication of a new work. When sending the preliminary invitation, no reference is made to any new forthcoming production; but the question as to when she intends to bring out another work, is naturally put by some of her literary guests in the course of the evening's conversation, and she is thus led, as it were accidentally, to mention that she is on the eve of re-appearing in the character of authoress. On each successive occasion she expresses her apprehensions that her book will be a failure. Of course, all present dissent from her conclusions. She is told to banish her fears, and to assure herself of her wonted success. It is unnecessary to add that, putting out of view the genial influence of a magnificent dinner, the fact of all present having virtually staked their literary discernment on the merits of a book they have not seen, and even

of whose nature and title they are probably i
norant, feel under a moral obligation to back u
their opinion, and to endeavour to bring abo
the fulfilment of their predictions, by lavishi
the most liberal commendations on the wor
when it makes its appearance. But, to gua
against the possibility of any mistake in th
matter—to make assurance doubly sure of
favourable notice—a copy of the book, the m
ment it is out, is sent to each of the reviewe
who were at her table, accompanied with a pl
santly-penned note, inviting him to dine wi

"He certainly would."

"And now," resumed Mr. Monteith, after a moment's pause; "and now, with regard to the second class of reviewers on her ladyship's list. Their notices of her works being of subordinate importance, they only receive one invitation—namely, the one which precedes the publication of her ladyship's book. This will explain why several of those who were present on the first occasion you were here, which was a dinner *before* publication, were not on the second. Does it not?"

"It certainly does. The names of the absentees, in other words, are to be found in the list of class two."

"Precisely so."

"Well, this is certainly something new to me. I never heard a whisper of anything of the kind before. But how does her ladyship deal with the *third* class of reviewers on her list?"

"Oh, she finds it a very easy matter to

manage them. They are generally men w
are so proud at the circumstance of being ad
to the house of a lady of title and celeb
at all, that they will be contented with a
thing. She is well aware of this, and c
sequently does not ask them to dinner or s
per, but deems it enough if she invite them
a converzationne, at which coffee and a f
glasses of wine, and sandwiches, constitute
only traces of festivity which they can discern
her ladyship's house."

"And they invariably praise her producti

question content themselves with passing by her works without any notice at all."

But Lady Dartmoor is not the only popular authoress in the metropolis who has a coterie of persons calling themselves literary men always at her beck, and who, in their zeal to serve her, do not wait her bidding, but anticipate her wishes. Lady Carrington, another authoress of distinction, is equally happy in her literary acquaintances. She, however, has a method of her own of "managing" her men; a method which is, undoubtedly, less expensive than that of Lady Dartmoor, and yet is, if her ladyship's own testimony may be credited, fully as efficient. She has not only repeatedly heaped the warmest eulogiums on three or four of the leading London reviewers, in private conversation, when she knew her commendations could not fail to be conveyed to them; but she has, by way of parenthesis, introduced their names, and the names of their respective journals, into one of her works, amidst a profusion of praise which

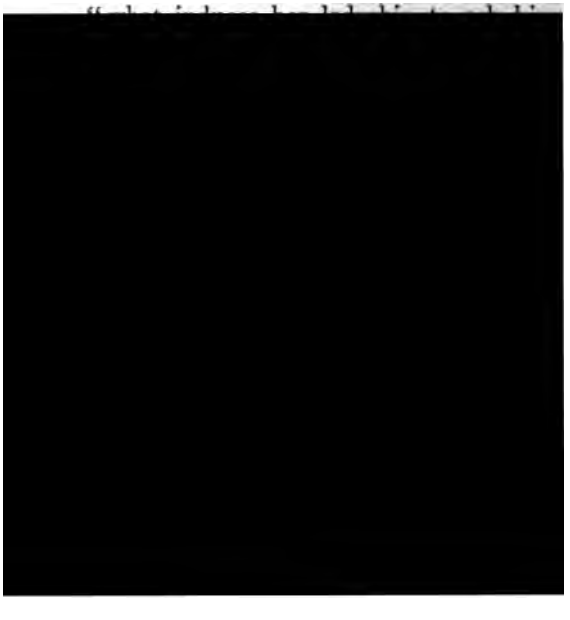
she calls them, of the n
matter of course, follov
Carrington has also h
they are neither so frequ
those of Lady Dartmoo
not, like the latter, celel
every new work of hers l
mediately before, and an
the birth of the book; b
productions into existenc
circumstance of a dinner
lication of her larger or
is honoured with only *on*
friends. The soundness

dantly confirmed by the best of all proofs—namely, experience. And, as she issues her cards of invitation to literary dinners less frequently than her rival, Lady Dartmoor, so she has, on such occasions, a much more limited number of guests. The literary friends at her dinner-parties are usually limited to seven, and almost always consist of the same persons. When Mr. Jenkins' name was first put on her ladyship's list, he made an eighth reviewer. On the first occasion on which he dined at Lady Carrington's, there were seven literary men, including himself. He was personally acquainted with three of the reviewers; but her ladyship's other three literary guests were wholly unknown to him. Anxious to ascertain who or what they were, more especially as in the conduct of all there was something which struck him as peculiar, he next morning called on Mr. Bridget, one of the three whom he knew, for the purpose of learning from him some particulars respecting them.

"Who was that large-featured perso
swarthy complexion, and black curly
named Manson, who sat last night o
right, at Lady Carrington's party?"

"Oh, he is a man whose means and
of life are a mystery. No one knows w
how he contrives to procure a single sov
for, while he confessedly has no fixed inc
is not known ever to have earned a sixpe
his literary labours."

"If not a literary man," inquired J



read a great deal, is very intelligent, and, though not known to have written anything, acquits himself in such a manner in conversation as to leave the impression that he is a man of very superior talents."

"But still I cannot comprehend," remarked Joseph, "in what way he can be of service to Lady Carrington."

"In this way," replied Mr. Bridget, "that, whenever her ladyship brings out a new work, he employs himself for several consecutive days, to the exclusion of everything else, in lauding it to the third heaven. Wherever he goes, and in whatever company he mingles, he introduces her ladyship's new work, and lavishes the highest encomiums on it. He thus performs the part of a locomotive advertiser; at once raising her reputation, and creating a great demand for the book at the circulating libraries."

"And has Lady Carrington a due sense of the obligation under which she lies to Mr. Manson?"

"She is quite aware of the service he rend her; and yet she speaks of him in very dis spectful terms. 'He is,' she says, 'shocking vulgar, but very useful, and therefore he mu be *tolerated*.'"

"Does she really speak in that way of person who thus almost degrades himself in h zeal to serve her?"

"She does, and in doing so is by no mea singular. I could mention at least a doz authors, male and female, moving in the bett circles of society, who privately speak in th

a horrid brute; I detest the very sight of him; but what can I do? To invite him immediately before the publication of a new work, is the only way of insuring a favourable notice of it; and, you know, that is an object.' And yet," continued Mr. Bridget, "though Mrs. Cavendish thus detests Mr. Forbes, and feels as if her splendid drawing-room were polluted by his presence, she lavishes upon him the greatest attentions when there. And so it is in most of the other cases where literary men are invited to the dinners and 'at homes' of the fashionable authors in the metropolis; they are looked upon as mere tools, that may be used whenever required. The titled and the rich entertain very little real respect, very little sincere regard for literary men; as is proved by the fact, that the moment the influence of the latter in the literary world is gone, the doors of these persons are closed against them. Nor is this all. They will even scarcely deign to give them a nod of recognition as they whirl past

them in their carriages in the streets. I
much to be regretted that literary men—th
of them, especially, who conduct the rev
departments of the public journals—have
more respect for themselves; if they had, t
would command much more of the respec
those above them than is at present accorde
them."

Joseph, comparatively limited though
acquaintance was with the ways of the fashi
able world, was forcibly struck with the ob
vations of Mr. Bridget, and he resolved

"Oh, very great indeed!"

"In what way?"

"Though not himself immediately connected with any publication, he is on intimate terms with several editors, and they occasionally—indeed, I may say frequently—insert gratuitously paragraphs from his pen respecting her new works."

"You don't mean reviews!" interrupted Joseph.

"Oh, no, short paragraphs inserted among the miscellaneous intelligence of the paper. In length they rarely exceed eight or ten lines, but they are well adapted to tell."

"What may be their nature?"

"They are a good deal varied. If, for example, the book, soon after its appearance, be exciting some attention, a paragraph forthwith appears in the papers to whose columns he has access, to the effect that Lady Carrington's new work, 'the best that she has produced,' is exciting a very great sensation in the literary

and fashionable circles of the metropolis; if it be meeting with a tolerable sale, a p graph appears representing the demand as v great; and the paragraph is so ingeniously adroitly worded, that the public go away w the impression that there is something so traordinary in the interest or the merit of work, that the editor has deemed the circu stance worthy of mention among the news the day. The effect of this paragraph is, excite that very interest in the work which

"Whenever an anonymous work, newly published, begins to attract attention and acquire popularity, and conjectures are hazarded as to the authorship, he sends a note to each of the metropolitan papers, to the effect, that, as he has been very generally named as the author of the particular work, he hopes the editor will permit him to mention that he is *not* the author."

"Does he do this without any one having represented him as the author?" inquired Joseph, with no inconsiderable surprise.

"He does; and therein consists the cool assurance of the thing. Nobody who knows him would ever suspect him of the authorship of *any* work of merit, for he is a man of no talent; and of course the public generally, to whom his name is unknown, would never think of affiliating any unfathered production on him. By this singular expedient, he has contrived to obtain a sort of reputation for literary talent and acquirements; for those who see his disclaimer

He published a letter, a few weeks l
Walter Scott confessed himself to be t
of the 'Waverly Novels,' to the effec
he had been repeatedly pointed at as t
of the 'Northern Fictions,' he though
be unjust to the real author of those
productions, were he not to state, in
unequivocal terms, that he was not on
author, but that he had had no hand w
their production! Shortly afterwards,
well energetically disclaimed the aut
'Almack's'—a work which excited a
of interest, ten or eleven years ago, an
ing the authorship of which there w
deal of guessing at the time. And ha

"Oh, I remember," remarked Joseph, after hearing Mr. Bridget's curious statement—"oh, I remember having, on several occasions, seen the name of Puffwell attached to disclaimers, in the public journals, of the authorship of various works."

"Then that is the person you saw last night at Lady Carrington's."

"There was a third," pursued Joseph, "wholly unknown to me, who sat at your left. Who is he?"

"That is a Mr. Warden; one of the most conceited persons in London. He has never written a line in his life, except in the shape of an occasional newspaper paragraph; and yet he is unceasingly engaged in decrying the works of successful authors, and saying how much better he himself could have written on the same subject."

"I suspect," observed Joseph, "he is not singular in that respect. There are hundreds in London, calling themselves literary men, who

have not written, nor are capable of writin
a page of passable matter on any subjec
whose sole occupation is, to decry and depr
ciate the works of others."

"Very true," remarked Mr. Bridget; "b
this Mr. Warden has the happy knack of pe
suading many of his literary friends that he
actually a genius of the first order. And thu
though no author at all, and wholly incapab
of writing a passable page on any subject, l
not only himself enjoys the delightful delusio
that he is a literary man of the highest talent

ortunate enough to emerge from obscurity, or even to have their private admirers."

"And such are some of the leading persons connected with the review departments of the metropolitan press," observed Joseph.

"Yes; and they would resent it as an insult, were you to throw out the slightest imputation on their honesty or independence."

"And the way you have described is that in which we are to account for the extravagant and invariable praise bestowed on the books of certain authors."

"It is."

What a painful picture does it present of the alleged manly independence and incorruptible integrity of which we hear so much in connexion with the literary criticism of the metropolis! There is scarcely such a thing as fairness, impartiality, or honesty, in literary criticism. The public are beginning to discern this. They have, in so many instances, met with books which, though most extravagantly praised,

were the greatest trash that was ever penn
and, on the other hand, with meritorious wo
which had been loaded with the coarsest abu
that they have all but ceased to repose any c
fidence in the opinion of new books expres
by the public press. Much has been said
late respecting the bribery and corrupt
which prevailed at the last general electio
and legislative measures are to be taken w
the view of preventing a recurrence of the ev
Bribery and corruption are scarcely less p
[redacted]

nuisance, that any one can hope to abate it. The evil is lamented by many authors, but they want the moral courage to grapple with it. This is to be regretted. Were two or three influential writers to expose to the light of day, each in his own way, the secret springs of our metropolitan criticism, they would soon put an end to the existing corruption; and thus at once do an essential service to modern literature, and to the cause of morals. But should the more honest class of authors, though mourning over the corrupt and degraded state of our literary criticism, continue to shrink from what they are aware must be the unpleasant consequences of entering the lists with dishonest reviewers—there only remains the satisfaction of hoping that the evil will eventually reach such a height as to insure its own cure.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Lovegood brings out a new work—Conversation him and Joseph on reviewing books in the park the day.

About this time Mr. Lovegood, of wh

the weekly journal with which he was connected, any notice of Mr. Lovegood's new book which might be sent him.

"A notice to be *sent* you!" remarked Mr. Lovegood, with manifest surprise.

"Yes; any notice which you yourself would like to appear."

"You don't mean that I should write it myself!"

"Where would be the harm," answered Joseph, "if you did? It's often done."

"What! authors review their own works?"

"Even so."

"I had hardly believed such a thing was possible," observed Mr. Lovegood. "I would rather a thousand times over, that no line should ever appear in the shape of a notice of any work of mine, and that a copy should never be sold, than pen one syllable in its favour."

"But could you not get some friend, who has more time on his hands than I can spare, to

write an elaborate and commendatory notice your work?"

"To ask a friend to praise it," replied M Lovegood, "would be the next most unworth thing to praising it myself. I have never, o any occasion, bespoken a word of commendatio for any of my productions, though my intimac with various reviewers would have insured ready compliance with my wishes."

"I think," rejoined Joseph, "that you ar much too scrupulous, considering the frequenc with which such things are done."

from the author's own pen. I should have no hesitation in asking a reviewer to notice any work of mine; but I should feel bound, from a regard to my own peace of mind, and in order to preserve my own self-respect, to accompany the request with a distinct intimation, that I wished the work to be noticed in exactly the same way as if the reviewer did not know the author. On that principle I have ever acted, and hope ever shall act."

"Then," remarked Joseph, "I will write a notice of your work myself; but, before inserting it, will send you the manuscript for your inspection. If you see anything in it you don't like, you can put your pen through it."

"I beg you will not send me the manuscript; for, to strike out censure, should there be any, is only a degree less unworthy than inditing praise. I have, on several occasions, had manuscript notices of former works unexpectedly sent me, accompanied with a request that I would cancel whatever passages or sentences

I might dislike; but in no instance have I ever altered a word—unless, indeed, the notice contained some glaring error as to fact, or something which might be personally offensive, and had no connexion, one way or other, with the merits or demerits of the work."

"I think you carry your conscientious scruples too far," suggested Joseph.

"I can only say that I think differently. At all events, it is to me the source of a pleasure which I would not part with for any earthly consideration, that, whatever may be my status

"I have."

"And read it through?"

"And read it through."

"As he has been in the habit of attacking and calumniating you as a literary man for several years past, the publication of a book of his will afford you an excellent opportunity of retaliating. Send me a review of his work, and apply the tomahawk to himself and his book without mercy. I will insert anything you send, however severe."

"That I cannot and will not do," replied Mr. Lovegood. "Were I to treat Mr. Calderwood in the way you suggest, it would only be practising myself the very thing which you, and I, and others, have condemned in him."

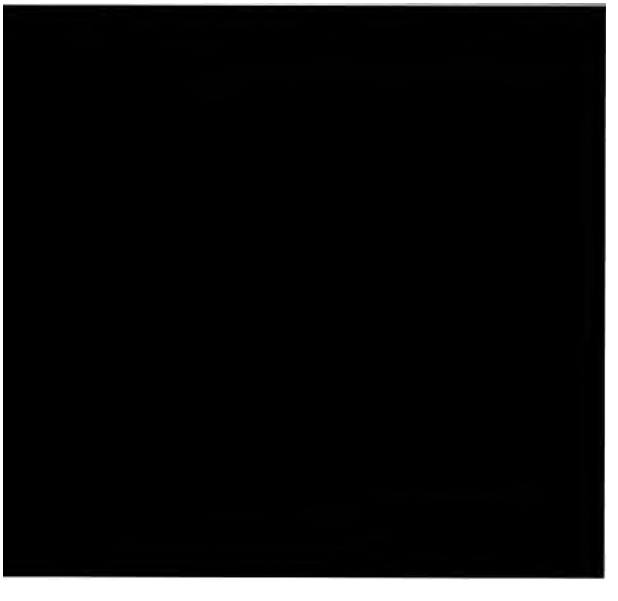
"But he is the aggressor. You would only be returning the blow which he has already struck."

"That consideration would not alter the justice of the case. No provocation, however great, will ever justify a man in doing what

is morally wrong. My rule throughout
literary life has been, to endeavour to di
my mind of all prejudices and of all vindi
feelings, when having occasion, either in soc
or through the press, to speak of the w
of those who have been in the habit of attac
myself or loading my books with abuse.
that line of literary conduct I shall, I t
adhere to the last. Had I been disposed t
on a contrary principle, I could, in innume
instances, have retaliated with no inconsider
effect (without the parties themselves ever

favourably of their works than they really deserved. And of this I feel assured, that the frame of mind which dictates such a course, is immeasurably happier than that which prompts a reviewer to treat an author and his work with virulent abuse. An ill-natured critic is necessarily a miserable man: it is needless to add, that the converse of the proposition is equally true. The good-natured and generous-minded man is necessarily happy. Were our cynical critics aware of this truth, they would covet a kindly disposition and generosity of feeling from considerations of pure selfishness. There is a physiognomy in print as well as in the human countenance. The only wonder is, that some second Lavater has not, before now, specially directed the attention of the public to the fact. An appeal may safely be made to those who know, in the private walks of life, the leading critics of the day, whether their temper and disposition be not, at home and in the social circle, fairly set forth by their criticisms in the

public journals. The sour, the surly, and th malignant reviewer will almost invariably b found exhibiting the same unamiable qualiti in the relations of private life; while the kind and generous-minded critic, in newspapers a periodicals, will, with remarkably few exce tions, be found to be amiable and generous : the bosom of his family, and in all his int course with society."



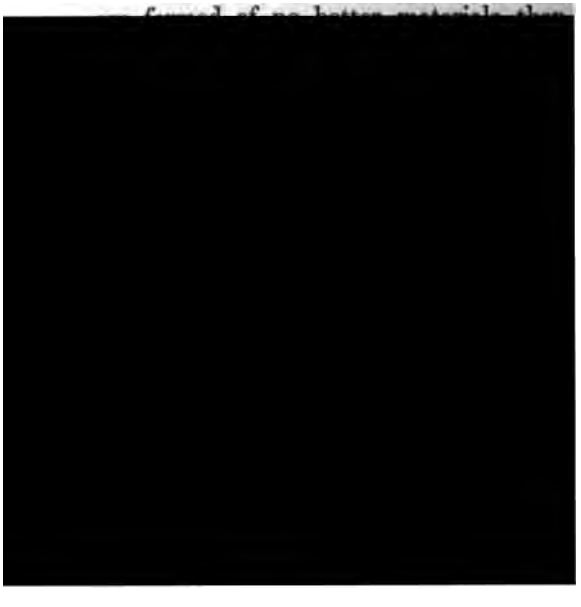
CHAPTER XVI.

Joseph is taken seriously ill—Neglect of his acquaintances—Ingratitude—Conversation with Mr. Lovegood on the arguments in favour of and against Christianity.

THREE months after the date of the conversation between him and Mr. Lovegood, recorded in the last chapter, Joseph was taken seriously ill; so seriously, indeed, that, for five weeks of the period during which he was confined to his bed, his life was deemed, by the medical gentleman who attended him, to be in imminent danger. He was, in some respects, a man of very sensitive feelings; and the malady with which he had been seized was considerably aggravated by the circumstance of none—no, not one—of his boon companions, or hotel acquaintances, calling to inquire for him, after the first fortnight

of his illness. When first confined to his
some of them did make a formal call to in
how he was; but ten or twelve days suffic
test the quality and strength of their friend
After the lapse of that brief period, the
only ceased to call on, but even to *think* of,
He was scarcely any more remembered by
than if such a person as Joseph Jenkin
never existed.

And so it will generally be found.
friendships—if so they ought to be called—



London; with whom, indeed, was spent almost every fragment of his time not required in the discharge of his professional duties. What aggravated the bitterness of his disappointment was the fact, that he had been of considerable service to some of their number, not merely by forwarding their views, but by repeatedly assisting them with small loans of money. He consequently felt, that he had claims not only on their friendship, but on their gratitude; and to neglect him entirely—to suffer him to languish on his bed, or spend his tedious hours alone in his apartment, without once calling to stay an hour with him, or even to inquire for him, was the return which they made.

The philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome regarded ingratitude as one of the worst crimes which could be committed; and, in accordance with this conviction, they laid down the position, that those who were guilty of it deserved a double punishment. A more unamiable state of mind than that evinced by the

ungrateful man, it would be impossible to conceive. And yet it is to be feared, that this state of feeling, so abhorrent to every well-regulated mind, prevails to a fearful extent at the present time. Do we not witness it every day of our lives? Do we not, indeed, experience it every hour of our existence? Nay does the unsightly evil end even here. Who that has experienced aught of human life—who that has sought, from the purest, and holiest, and most disinterested motives, to avert a threatened calamity, or to remove an evil which

tive enmity of the very party you have placed under the deepest obligations. Oh! it does make the heart sick, and the spirit sink, when one meets with such a return for deeds of kindness and friendship which his own conscience tells him were performed from motives of the most generous kind; from motives as pure, we had almost said, as ever existed even in the breasts of angels themselves.

The Greeks and the Romans were right in regarding ingratitude as one of the most ignoble acts of which a man could be guilty. It entails the deepest degradation on human nature; and inspires in every virtuously-constituted mind, a feeling of shame for one's species. Pity that it is so common. It is to be hourly met with. Go where one will, it is sure to cross his path. Ingratitude has slain its thousands. Many a noble heart has been broken by its constant reflections on the utter neglect of those on whose attention and friendship the victim had claims of the most powerful kind.

The bosom of many a reader will respond to the justice of the remark, when I say that, to confer an essential service on an acquaintance is (as has just been remarked) often the sure way to forfeit his friendship and put an end to the intimacy which previously existed. And in proportion to the importance of the service rendered, is often the desire of the party served to have no farther intercourse—or, at any rate as little as possible—with him who has conferred the obligation. Such individuals are guilty of conduct which is not only in the highest degree

him the greatest service which it is in your power to perform. And when once such a conclusion as this has forced itself on the mind, what wonder if it extinguish all the charities and kindliness which before glowed in one's heart, and restrain his hand for the future from serving those who may stand in need of his assistance?

Such were some of the considerations which occupied Joseph's mind. Most acutely (as before remarked) did he feel the neglect of those who were formerly his constant associates in the hours set apart to convivial indulgences. Their neglect was heightened by contrast. Mr. Lovegood, the moment he heard of his illness, hurried to his bedside; and seldom did a day pass without the presence of that gentleman, for a longer or shorter period, in his sick chamber. What chiefly occupies our mind, is usually that on which we are most ready to speak. Joseph had scarcely thought, for some weeks past, of anything but the indifference to the issue of his ill-

ness, which his acquaintances had manifested; and, having no one else but Mr. Lovegood to whom he could unbosom himself, he made some pointed observations to him on the subject.

"I do not at all wonder at the circumstance," remarked the latter.

Joseph looked surprised on hearing the observation.

"I see you wonder at the remark."

"I confess I do; because I had formed a better opinion of human nature."

"I fear," replied Mr. Lovegood, "your

be fortunate enough to recover, they will be my acquaintances no more—must be among the most unfavourable specimens of our species which are to be met with."

"In that you are mistaken," remarked Mr. Lovegood. "I do not say that there can be no friendship among men whose minds are unrenewed by a supernatural influence—for I have known instances in which there has been; but I do maintain, as the result of a very extensive acquaintance with the world, that such instances are exceedingly rare. Should you, in the event of your recovery, persist in forming your intimacies with unsanctified men, you will be again doomed to realize, in all the bitterness of experience, the truth of my statement."

Joseph was silent.

"May I be permitted, in the spirit of genuine kindness, to ask a question?" inquired Mr. Lovegood.

"Certainly, by all means," answered Joseph.

"Well, then, do you view matters—and,

above all, religious matters—in the same ligh as you did when in perfect health, and in you moments of hilarity among your former asso ciates?"

"I view things differently to this extent, th I am alive to the hollowness of seeming frien ship, which I once thought real. Had not e perience taught me, had I not been confined a sick chamber, I could never have believed th acquaintances on whom I had lavished unnum bered acts of kindness, could have as entire deserted me as if I had been suddenly tra

momentous question which ever occupied the thoughts of man."

Joseph assented.

"And I have generally found, that however much persons may be indisposed to entertain the subject when in the enjoyment of health, and when borne along on the tide of prosperity, their minds are accessible to reason and their judgments to conviction, when stretched on a bed of sickness."

Joseph was silent.

"I am sure," continued Mr. Lovegood, "that, apart from the truth or falsehood of Christianity, you are satisfied, that it is a system far more suited to a person in your circumstances, than the infidel or sceptical creed which you have unhappily embraced."

"I admit it. That conviction is *now* most deeply impressed on my mind. I am a stranger to the joys inspired by a firm faith in that blessed immortality which the Gospel professes to unfold. I am a slave, do what I may, to fears

and apprehensions regarding a future state. Still I cannot satisfy myself that Christianity is true.

"Do you not think," suggested Mr. Love good, "that your practice may have something to do with your principles?"

"I do not," replied Joseph, "very clearly see how it can. I can easily understand in what way a man's creed may influence his conduct but I cannot so easily comprehend how a man's conduct can influence or control his creed."

"To me the thing is plain. Have you never

"Then you cannot fail to perceive, that your conduct influences your creed. You must be aware, that when you thus once *wish*, because it is for your interest, that a certain class of opinions were not true, you are already half-way towards the rejection of them; the remainder of the distance is trodden with an incredible rapidity. Depend on it, my dear friend, that were men's lives more correct in a moral point of view—were they less at variance with the spirit and precepts of the Christian system, that system would be much more generally embraced than it is."

"I confess," said Joseph, "that I do sometimes wish I could bring myself to believe in revelation; but I cannot."

"What is the principal obstacle that lies in the way of your reception of the Christian system?"

"I can scarcely tell; unless it be an impression, of which I cannot rid myself, that, after man ceases to exist on earth, he ceases to exist at all."

"The man who can abandon himself to a gloomy a belief, is assuredly to be pitied. Hi must indeed be a desolate bosom. To me i has always appeared unaccountable, that any one who rejects the idea of a future state—wh believes that contemporaneously with the death of the body is the annihilation of the spirit, ca reconcile himself to existence at all. Wh should he bear up under the ills of life, wha self-destruction is an infallible specific for them all? Why endure even a twinge of the tooth

views exhibit, is, to say the least of it, anomalous and inconsistent," said Mr. Lovegood.

"I admit that it is," replied Joseph; "but is not life itself made up of a mass of inconsistencies?"

"It is, certainly, on *your* principles, but not on those of Christianity. Revelation reconciles the various seeming discrepancies which we meet with in the world; it clears up all mysteries; makes darkness light and crooked things straight."

"*If* one could only believe in its truth," remarked Joseph, with significant emphasis.

"And why not? Others have done so: they do so still. Many, indeed a large majority of the most illustrious men in every country and every age, since the death of its Founder, have cordially embraced Christianity. Where shall we find in the ranks of the rejectors of revelation, names as distinguished as those of Bacon, Locke, Milton, Boyle, Newton, and others that could be named? And if such individuals could

make an unreserved surrender of their judgments to the truth of the Christian scheme, there surely can exist no moral necessity why you should not also embrace the Christian system. You are not, I am sure, vain enough to suppose that your judgment and your capacity for sifting and weighing evidence, are superior to what theirs were."

"You only," replied Joseph, "do me justice in acquitting me of any such vanity. But still, if I cannot yield the assent of my understanding to certain moral or religious propositions, I cannot help it. The mind is not to be forced: persecution may achieve a seeming conviction, it may extort a lip admission that the mind concurs in views which it formerly repudiated, but persecution cannot influence or control the

not too suddenly arrived at the conclusion that Christianity is not true?"

"I have read a great deal, and thought still more on the subject."

"On both sides of the question?"

"On both sides of the question."

"And *equally* on both sides?"

"I am not sure that I could, with a strict regard to truth, say that I have read as much on the evidences of the truth of revelation as I have on the arguments which have been urged against it."

"Then you are not a competent judge; you have no right to come to a conclusion on the subject; certainly not, at any rate, to an adverse conclusion. Your case is that of almost every unbeliever: infidels greedily devour whatever is written against Christianity, and as studiously omit the perusal of the masterly treatises written in its favour."

Joseph felt that the observation was strictly applicable to him, and therefore was silent.

"But, my dear friend," resumed Mr. Love-good, "I do not say this with the view of wounding your feelings. I make the remarks you have heard in the hope of convincing you that you have not acted with the integrity required on a question of such unspeakable importance, and, consequently, of more fully opening your mind to the reception of evidence. But permit me to make one or two observations on your statement, that you have, somehow or other, arrived at the conclusion, that after death man ceases to exist altogether, and conse-

vinced of its truth—often intrude on my mind. But the moment I became thoroughly persuaded that the Bible constitutes a revelation from Heaven, that moment all scepticism or misgivings as to the truth of any doctrine it contains, vanished away. I then became a settled and firm believer not only in the doctrine of a future state, but in that of rewards and punishments according to the deeds done in the body. You, however, have not yet been able to yield your assent to the truth of the Scriptures, and, consequently, you must be reasoned with on the principles of philosophy only. Well, then, you admit that you do exist."

"Certainly; that is a proposition regarding which there can be no scepticism. It is one of the few truths in which all are agreed. Descartes, in the plenitude of his anxiety to make men sceptical on all points, advised them to begin by doubting their own existence. His advice, however, was of a nature that no one

could take: he could not take it himself. He must indeed have a wonderful capacity for doubting, who could doubt his own existence."

"And, I presume," resumed Mr. Lovegood, "that, as you admit your existence, you will also admit with equal readiness, that you have been created or made."

"The latter proposition is as undeniable as the former."

"Nor will you hesitate to acknowledge that you did not make or create yourself."

"Such a supposition would be the very

some other Power, does it not, so far from appearing unreasonable, appear exceedingly probable, that the same Power which gave you an existence here, will confer on you an existence hereafter; or, to speak more in accordance with the light of Christianity, continue in a future state the existence you now enjoy?"

"But," suggested Joseph, "all our notions of a future state imply not only a difference of being, but an existence in a different sphere; and these circumstances increase the difficulty of believing in a future state."

"They ought," replied Mr. Lovegood, "to have no such effect; assuredly they have no such necessary tendency. Just only assume for a moment, that the child in the maternal womb had the reasoning power as fully developed as persons of mature age, instead of being in an exceedingly imperfect state—if, indeed, it can be said to exist at all;—and that, by some process or other of communicating knowledge with which we are un-

acquainted, the unborn child were inf
that, after the lapse of a few weeks or
would be ushered into an entirely new
and, instead of being confined to the li
space of its mother's womb, where it could
no sound and see no object, it would, aft
expiration of a certain period, roam at pl
among new and illimitable regions, in w
above, there would be a sun, a moon, and
innumerable, while the earth on which it
would present landscapes of surpassing loveli
just only suppose that it were possible to

would not be almost, if not altogether, as great as those which the Scriptures point out as necessary to be undergone by all men after death. And if the event shows that the conclusion of the unborn child, supposing it capable of coming to conclusions—that it would never have any other mode or sphere of existence than it then has, is altogether erroneous, have we not the strongest presumptive grounds for believing, putting out of view the testimony of revelation on the subject, that there are another state and sphere of existence beyond the confines of the present life?"

Joseph listened with evident attention to the argument of his friend, but said it failed to carry conviction to his mind.

Mr. Lovegood replied, that he was sorry to hear it, but expressed a hope that, by pursuing the line of reasoning and illustration which the few observations he had made had only opened, the result would eventually be his belief in a future state. "Will you," he added, "bear

with me while I make [redacted] remarks?"

"Oh, certainly," rejoined Joseph. "[redacted] indeed, have but little faith in his creed who [redacted] afraid to listen to any observations having f[redacted] their object to show that it is untenable."

"Well, then, I shall, for the moment, p[redacted] Christianity wholly out of the question, a[redacted] state my position thus:—Either there mu[redacted] be no God, or there must be a future state [redacted] being in which the virtuous shall be reward[redacted] and the wicked punished. I shall enter into

description of the thoughts, and feelings, and operations of that mind which has reached the astounding hardihood of excluding the Deity from the universe. How dark, and desolate, and wretched, must be the bosom of the man who has attained the fearful climax of audacity necessarily involved in the denial of the existence of a God! No Supreme Being to punish him for his crimes! Why, then, hesitate for a single instant to commit any action, no matter how atrocious the light in which society may regard it, for which the law will not punish him? No Almighty to reward him for his virtues! Why, then, perform acts of benevolence and mercy for which society will not recompense him? If there be no Supreme Being, then let mankind apostrophise the principle of evil as did Milton's fallen angel—'Evil, be thou my good;' that is to say, injure, and plunder, and rob your fellow-men, to the greatest possible extent, no matter what the amount of misery you inflict on them, if it only

administer to your own [redacted]
incurring the risk of legal [redacted]
ists tell us that the [redacted]
never been satisfactorily proved. [redacted]
I admit, is not of that class [redacted]
the designation of mathematical [redacted]
but it is of the most conclusive [redacted]
a moral truth can be [redacted]
Creation and Providence, [redacted]
below, about, and within us, proclaim aloud
that there is a God; and I do not believe
the human being ever existed, who had not

demonstrate a mathematical proposition. The demand is unreasonable. I speak with all reverence, but I speak advisedly, when I say that, constituted as man now is, the Supreme Being could not, consistently with his own character and revealed purposes, furnish the desired proofs. Man while here is in a state of probation. Even atheists will, in a modified sense, admit the truth of this proposition; they will admit that man is surrounded by circumstances which test his moral character, and which have visible bearings on his conduct. If the Deity were to furnish mankind with the proofs of his own existence which atheists demand, then man's faith in the being of a God would become inevitable; it would be a matter of absolute necessity; and he would consequently cease to be in a probationary state in reference to that first and most essential principle of all religion. But can atheists furnish us with that class of evidence for the non-existence of a God, which they demand of us in proof of

his existence? Unless they can, they have a right to demand it of us. So far from this, they cannot furnish us with anything worthy of the name of even moral evidence in support of their proposition, that there is a God. They content themselves with mere assertions on the subject. They endeavour to dogmatise and ridicule men out of all belief in a Divine Being, but they do not, at any rate, not so far as I am aware—advance anything bearing the semblance of argument in support of their position. There is something

of the very attributes which constitute Deity. On this point I would earnestly commend to the serious attention of atheists, the following passage from Foster's 'Essays on Decision of Character,' which is, perhaps, one of the most striking passages within the whole range of English literature. Mr. Foster proves, with the clearness of demonstration, that it is impossible, whatever men may pretend, that they can, with the slightest regard to even the semblance of reasoning, come to the conclusion that there is no God. He shows, that the very fact, supposing it possible, of a man excluding a Supreme Being from the universe, actually involves his assumed possession of the very attributes which constitute the essence of a God. The passage, when I first met with it, struck me as one of such singular force, that I committed it to memory. It is as follows:—

"'I will imagine,' says that wonderful man, 'only one case more, on which you would em-

phatically express your compassion, though for one of the most daring beings in the creation, a *contemner of God*, who explodes his law by denying his existence.

"'If you were so unacquainted with mankind, that this character might be announced to you as a rare or singular phenomenon, your conjectures, till you saw and heard the man, at the nature and extent of the discipline through which he must have advanced, would be led towards something extraordinary. And you might think that the term of that discipline

evinces his existence, if he will, by his vengeance, was not as yesterday a little child, that would tremble and cry at the approach of a diminutive reptile.

But indeed it is heroism no longer, if he knows that there is no God. The wonder, then, turns on the great process, by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence that can know that there is no God. What ages and what lights are requisite for THIS attainment! This intelligence involves the very attributes of Divinity, while a God is denied: for unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity by which even *he* would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he is not in absolute possession of all

the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be, that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be a God. If he does not know everything that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows all things—that is, precludes another Deity by being one himself, he cannot know that the Being whose existence he rejects does not exist. But he must *know* that he does not

"Is not the passage a very remarkable one?" said Mr. Lovegood, when he had finished its rehearsal.

"It is, unquestionably, very original and very striking. Every one must admit, that it is a powerful passage, even should he doubt the conclusiveness of its reasoning."

"All I shall say on that point," remarked Mr. Lovegood, is this:—I should like to see those who dissent from its conclusions, attempt an exposure of the fallacy which they fancy they have discovered in them. Just let them shut themselves up for one short hour in unbroken solitude, and make the attempt. If they only do this; if they but reflect upon it calmly and fully; if they bestow on it a careful and candid consideration, I trust the event will prove, that I am not over-sanguine in anticipating that it will, through the blessing of that very Being whose existence they have hitherto denied, be the means of rescuing some of them from that fearful gulph of atheism into which they have

plunged themselves, and establishing them
the firm faith of the existence of a Creat
a Preserver, and a moral Governor of t
universe. It were far more rational and
better, even as regards the individual's o
present happiness, to believe, as Lord Ba
says, in all the absurdities of the Talmud, t
to deny the existence of a God: it were infinit
more reasonable and more consolatory t
rightly constituted mind, to believe in
countless inanimate deities of the heath
than to believe in no Deity at all. Athe

ments follows as a necessary consequence. Here, again, I would purposely abstain from anything metaphysical. I put my argument on this plain intelligible ground:—We can form no conception of a Deity, without investing him with the attributes of omniscience, almighty power, spotless purity, and perfect justice. He must have each and all of these. He must have the power equally to punish the bad and reward the good. Guilt, being so opposed to his own nature, must be the subject of his deep displeasure; while goodness, being a transcript of his image, must be viewed by him with unspeakable satisfaction. Whatever he thus knows to be deserving of punishment, and what he knows to be deserving of reward, the justice of his character calls on his almighty power to punish and to reward. But, in the present life, it is palpable to all—indeed it has never been denied—that the worst and most profligate of men often entirely escape punishment; while it is equally true, and equally admitted, that the

most virtuous of mankind frequently live and die in wretchedness; not only never enjoying the rewards of virtue, but treated with the grossest injustice and the greatest unkindness by their fellow-men. The conviction, therefore, is irresistible, that there must be a future state in which these seeming anomalies in the moral government of God shall all be explained and reconciled, by the rewards which will be bestowed on the righteous, and the punishments which will be inflicted on the guilty. This," continued Mr. Lovegood, " appears to me an

remarked, that the subject was one on which there was no positive certainty, because there was no mathematical proof on either side.

"Well, then," remarked Mr. Lovegood, "I am willing to put the matter on that footing. I am willing to concede to you the truth of your own proposition. I am willing, for the moment, to concur with you, that there is no absolute certainty on the point. Viewing, then, the subject in that light, does, let me ask you, the unbeliever or the Christian stand in the safer position? I will go still farther. I will even, for the sake of argument, admit, if you wish it, that the proposition, that Christianity has no pretensions to the character of a divine revelation, is susceptible of demonstration. What then? What does the deluded believer in its truth lose by his faith in it? If there be no hereafter, he cannot, of course, lose anything in a future state from his credulity in this world. And you will hardly, in the face of all testimony and observation, venture to assert, that

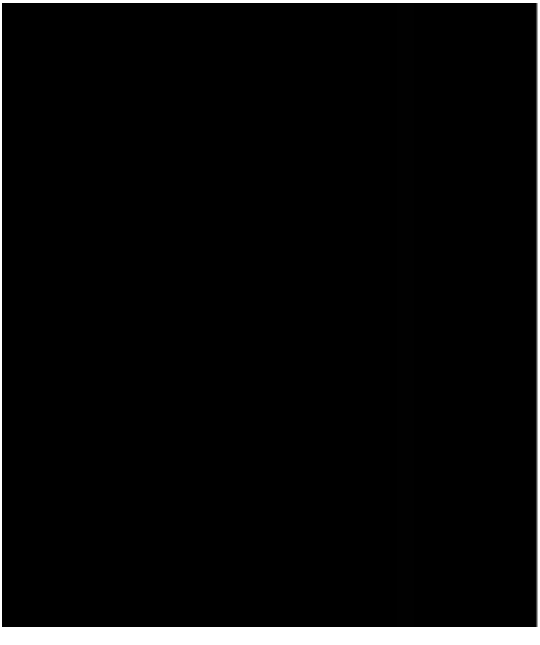
Dr. Johnson says, that half the happiness
life is derived from hopes which are
tined to be ever realized. What, then,
the measure of happiness which the
derives from the glorious hopes which
fondly cherishes? If hopes which only
objects which are finite, fleeting, and
sarily limited to the duration of human
productive of so much happiness to the
in which they have been engendered
fostered—what, oh! what must be the
and quality of that bliss which is produ
the vigorous exercise of an assured
realizing in another world, objects of
immutable, and imperishable good?

than he would be were he to reject
, and adopt the opposite system of
at will not be pretended: it never
pretended. Bolingbroke, Hume,
nd almost every infidel of note, have
ontrary, been candid enough to ad-
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or citizen, than he would be were he to reject Christianity, and adopt the opposite system of faith? That will not be pretended: it never has been pretended. Bolingbroke, Hume, Rousseau, and almost every infidel of note, have all, on the contrary, been candid enough to admit, that Christianity not only contributes largely to the happiness of those who embrace it, but that it makes them, at the same time, better members of society. And I am much mistaken, Mr. Jenkins, if your candour will not prompt you to make a similar admission."

"I do admit it," replied Joseph, with considerable emphasis.

"I expected as much," remarked Mr. Lovegood. "But," he continued, "if Christianity should be true; if there be a future state in which virtue shall be rewarded and vice punished, how unutterably awful the alternative to the infidel!—how terrible his doom!—how indescribably fearful his destiny! The error is

irremediable; its consequences are eternal. Ah, my friend, just only devote a few hours of your present seclusion from society, to the consideration of the world of import there is in that little word '*if*.' *If* Christianity be true; *if* there be a future state; *if* there be a Supreme Being, who will hereafter reward every man according to his deeds, what will become of those who reject divine revelation; or, in the more emphatic language of the Scripture, where will the ungodly and the sinner appear? But, I fear," said Mr. Lovegood, in conclusion, "I only weary you."

"Oh, no; certainly not," replied Joseph. "The subject, whatever view may be taken of it, is, unquestionably, worthy of the gravest consideration."



when I hope to find you continuing to improve in health and strength. In the meantime I shall wish you good night."

"Good night, and I am exceedingly obliged to you for your visit," said Joseph, extending his hand to Mr. Lovegood, who, after having cordially shaken it, quitted the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

Is restored to health—Effect of the conversation Lovegood described in the last chapter—Visits H

JOSEPH continued to recover gradually severe and protracted illness; and, in from the time of Mr. Lovegood's visit in the preceding chapter, his health restored that he was able to quit his ro a fortnight more he felt himself and recovered to resume his professional e as a reporter and a literary man.

For some days after the conversatio he had had with Mr. Lovegood, on the

punishments, were unanswerable. The result was, that his mind suddenly acquired a peculiarly solemn tone, and he resolved on regulating his after life by the light which had so recently beamed on his mind. As yet, however, he had not learned the necessity of aid from on high to carry out any virtuous resolutions he might form. He made his resolves on this point in the same way as he would have done, had he simply intended to visit St. Paul's, or any place of public amusement. The result was the same as in every other similar case, it only proved the futility and folly, as well as sinfulness, of religious resolutions formed in one's own strength. No sooner was Joseph once more in a condition to mingle in society, and to resume his usual avocations, than he returned to his former libertine course of conduct.

But though, practically, no good result followed from the conversation he had had with Mr. Lovegood on the truth of revealed religion, the

force of the arguments employed by the latte
still remained undiminished on his mind. I
this there is nothing surprising to those wh
have studied the philosophy of human natur
either as unfolded in Scripture or as seen
the ordinary intercourse of life. Every hou
observation brings before the mind the mo
striking illustrations of the truth, that it
possible for the judgment to be fully convinc
on matters of religion, while the heart remai
wholly unaffected. One cannot be an attenti

and no portion of it more largely than the land we live in, with individuals who are speculative Christians, but practical infidels—men whose judgments do homage to revealed truth, but whose hearts have never embraced it, and whose conduct is, in consequence, altogether uninfluenced by it. This is what the Scripture so emphatically calls a dead faith. Far better were it for such persons that they had never known the truth at all. The case of the man who is a speculative as well as practical infidel, is preferable to theirs. Among this class of men, Joseph Jenkins was now to be ranged. His judgment was right, but his heart and his life were, as heretofore, wholly wrong.

But though his speculative assent to the truth of Christianity was thus productive of no immediately practical results, in so far as his general conduct was concerned, the change which his creed had undergone was followed by one beneficial effect in reference to others. As a matter of course, he no longer sought to proselytise

to infidel views, those with whom he met i
ordinary relations of life. And this ci
stance being soon observed by his more int
acquaintances, led them to the conclusio
he had renounced his infidel views.

And I may be permitted to take thi
portunity of expressing my surprise, hov
the firm believer in infidelity—assuming
infidelity can have its firm believers—can
vided he be a philanthropist, take any pl
in attempting to bring over others to th
tem which he has embraced. Infidelity

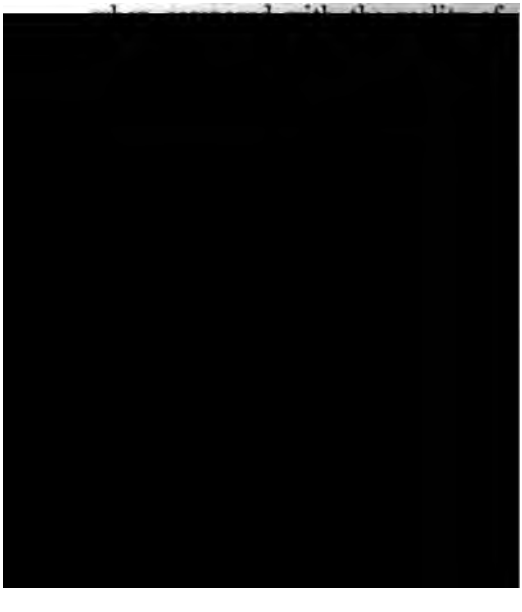
It has often struck my mind with a force to which no words can give adequate expression, that even supposing it to be a delusion, the universal impression that there are regions beyond the precincts of time and the limits of terrestrial space, in which all the disorders of the present state of things will be remedied, and all the wrongs of the world redressed, is one of the wisest and most merciful ordinations of the benevolent Power who has given us being. But for the hope of a happy hereafter, there are millions of our race to whom existence would be a burden too heavy to be borne. That glorious hope alone sustains them under the pressure of the toils and troubles of life. He, therefore, who seeks to rob his fellow-creatures of their faith in immortality, is the greatest enemy of his species, even supposing his own convictions in the non-existence of a future state are as strong as they are in the existence of the material world.

Joseph, with a view to the complete restora-

tion of his health, repaired for a fortnight to Hastings, as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements for leaving town. Hastings is a delightful place: it is one of the most respectable—because so select in the character of its visitors—of the many watering-places which are located along our English coast. The scenery around is the most beautiful and picturesque I have ever witnessed. The view of the sea is delightful, studded as it is with its numerous fishing-boats, with here and there a vessel of larger size enthroned on the bosom of the ocean, and riding with an aspect of dignity and triumph to its destined haven. But the great attraction of Hastings to those who, like myself, are enamoured of lovely landscapes, is the surpassing richness of the *terra firma*

will never fade from my recollection. Not a breath of wind disturbed the stillness of the atmosphere. All was calm—perfectly calm. Nature seemed as if she had resolved to enjoy, at least for a little season, the luxury of a profound repose. It is no poetic flight of the fancy to say, that the sun seemed one vast globe of brilliant fire. Slowly yet majestically was that luminary descending towards the horizon, and rich beyond the power of expression was the yellow radiance which it poured on every object on earth's surface. At some parts of the road the view which the eye could command embraced an extent of many miles in all directions. And in the landscapes which thus lay at my feet, as I stood on the summit of one of the highest hills in that part of Sussex, there were a variety and picturesqueness to which I feel assured there are but few parallels in the world we inhabit. Hill and dale, wood and vale, the green sward and the heath-clad moor; extended rows of umbrageous trees intersecting

luxuriant fields of corn and gras
men's country seats, with their adjoinin
and orchards; and last, though not
clean and cheerful cottages of the
which rose up in hundreds at short
from each other—were among the obj
contributed to the surpassingly beautif
on which my vision feasted itself. I
of charming landscapes in that class o
known by the name of fairy tales,
how poor were the efforts of the im



moral and physical evil only exiled for ever from it.

Hastings, in addition to the respectability of those who visit it in the fashionable season, and the singular beauty of the surrounding scenery, possesses this other great source of attraction—that it is, with the single exception of the Isle of Wight, the most healthy place for invalids in any part of England. The climate is peculiarly mild, and the air remarkably salubrious. Hence it is that so many patients labouring under pulmonary complaints, are sent to Hastings by their medical advisers.

The place was full when Joseph Jenkins paid his visit to it. There he met with some literary acquaintances who had resorted thither with the same view as himself—namely, to enjoy a little relaxation at the seaside.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Joseph Jenkins attends, simply from motives of cur a Socialist meeting held in the metropolis—The p ples promulgated—Mr. Hatchet's speech—Its effe ludicrous incident.

JOSEPH, having spent his fortnight at Hast

as his mind then was, life would have been barely tolerable. This eagerness for mingling in scenes of an exciting kind often induced him to attend public meetings, where he expected to witness amusing exhibitions of character, though such attendance was not at the time necessary for professional purposes. The first meeting which his curiosity prompted him to attend, on his return to town, was a meeting of the friends and admirers of Robert Owen, then in the height of his glory as the founder of the Social system. When Mr. Owen first developed his views in the metropolis, they were cordially and promptly embraced by large masses of the working classes. The father of the Socialist philosophy not only held out to the operatives the Elysian prospect of being abundantly fed and clothed, and comfortably housed, under the "new moral state of things," whose immediate advent it was his mission to harbinger—but his, too, without the necessity of labour, or, if there should be any work, it would only be

in the way of recreation; Mr. Owen, we say, not only inculcated these gratifying doctrines, but he was most zealous in his efforts to expose and banish from the world the egregious though popular error, that man is responsible to his Maker for his belief, and to society for his conduct. Mr. Owen boldly maintained, that men's opinions and actions are wholly the effects of the bad system of education under which children are brought up. He farther contended that, were his Socialist views of education adopted, there would not, before another generation had passed away, be a vicious man in the empire, but all would be perfectly virtuous. Mr. Owen was clear that society itself was the subject of the deepest blame, because it suffered a pernicious system of education to exist. But



l just as erroneously educated as those in-
luals whom it condemned and punished.
Owen, therefore, preached up the delight-
octrine, that society itself ought not to be
shed, nor had it any right to apply the lash
ıy miseducated man who had committed
s against the old, worn-out, obsolete state
ings which previously prevailed. In fact,
was to be no restraint; there were to be
ecks, no punishments, no rewards of any
in the new state of things he came to bring
t. Every man would have a right to do
liked; the promptings of his own passions
to be the rule of his life; and, do what
leased, nobody ought to blame him nor
y to punish him for it. The most noto-
and daring thief was quite as estimable a
cter as the most upright man, because his
ing propensities and practices were the
of a vicious education: in other words,
s the creature of circumstances; he had
ıtrol over his actions.

The first promulgation of such doctrines [redacted] these was, as might have been expected, regarded by the vicious and worthless as a preliminary step to the introduction of a millennial state of things. There was unbounded exultation among the immense crowds of idlers, thieves, and profligate characters of all descriptions, who were present at each successive meeting held to further these new, these liberal, and enlightened views. The Old Bailey, Cold Bath Fields, and other well-known localities, would have been vocal with joy at the great discovery of Mr. Owen, had it not, unfortunately, been made rather late for the ladies and gentlemen residing in those places. No one will be surprised to learn that the new system made rapid progress. In a few



the new system could not be brought into immediate operation.

It is needless to add, that Mr. Owen's admirers were too deeply interested in the success of his philosophy, not to do everything in their power to hasten the advent of the new era, which it was their object to usher in. As already remarked, Joseph Jenkins attended, merely for the gratification of his own curiosity, one of the meetings soon after his return to town. The meeting was held in a very large building near the farther end of Gray's Inn Road. It was crowded almost to suffocation; there were nearly 3000 disciples of the illustrious Socialist philosopher present, and there would have been double the number, had there been room for them. Mr. Owen himself, as a matter of course, presided on the occasion. He took the chair, as chairmen usually do, amidst loud cheers. He opened the meeting in a *suitable* speech; that is to say, a speech which was in perfect harmony with the principles of the new

system, which he represented himself a
missioned to propound. He took a
view of the differences which subsisted b
the philosophy of his new moral world,
absurd notions which obtained in the w
old world, of which it was their fate to b
bitants. Having concluded his own
Mr. Owen announced that Mr. Graball
move the first resolution, and address th
ing. Mr. Graball did so, and acquitted
to the satisfaction of all present. The
tion, which energetically denounced the

"My name is Butler," answered the young man.

"Who are you, sir?" shouted about a dozen voices at once.

Before Mr. Butler could answer, a person possessing a more stentorian voice than any of the others, said, "Are you a Socialist?"

"No, I am not!" was the answer to the latter question.

"What are you then?" inquired a score of voices at once.

"I am a Christian," replied the young man, emphatically.

Groans, hisses, and cries of "Turn him out," burst from the multitude at the mention of the word Christian.

"I think we had better hear him," remarked Mr. Owen; "otherwise we shall not only be accused of a want of fair play, but we shall be represented as shrinking from the discussion of our principles."

clean and cheerful cot
which rose up in hund
from each other—were a
contributed to the surpa
on which my vision fea
of charming landscapes
known by the name o
how poor were the effi
when compared with t
which lay before me
looked on the landsca
under such a concurren
stances, without recur
he has read in the r
what must have been
parents, while yet in a
Paradise which their

moral and physical evil only exiled for ever from it.

Hastings, in addition to the respectability of those who visit it in the fashionable season, and the singular beauty of the surrounding scenery, possesses this other great source of attraction—that it is, with the single exception of the Isle of Wight, the most healthy place for invalids in any part of England. The climate is peculiarly mild, and the air remarkably salubrious. Hence it is that so many patients labouring under pulmonary complaints, are sent to Hastings by their medical advisers.

The place was full when Joseph Jenkins paid his visit to it. There he met with some literary acquaintances who had resorted thither with the same view as himself—namely, to enjoy a little relaxation at the seaside.

surrounded, while hearing the sermon, exactly the same?

"But I will not pursue the subject farther; nor is it necessary I should. Every man's observation and experience must convince him, that the potent influence which the Socialists ascribe to the external circumstances by which mankind are surrounded, is monstrously exaggerated in the case of any man, and that, on many persons' characters, they exert no perceptible influence at all. But then the Socialists may

actions, either to their fellow-men, or to any other intelligence, could they admit the existence of any other intelligence. In their eyes man is no better than a mere machine, moving only when propelled by circumstances. This position is also at issue with all observation and experience. We daily witness entire and enduring changes in human character, effected through the agency of revealed religion. We see the man whose breast was the abode of everything cruel and barbarous, become the wonder and admiration of all around him for his mildness, his benevolence, and humanity. The celebrated Howard, whose name will be ever hallowed wherever humanity asserts its rights in the bosom of man, is a remarkable case in point—not remarkable for the change undergone in his principles, feelings, dispositions, and conduct, but remarkable for the prominency with which his history shines out in the biographical literature of the land. Howard was not naturally nor

always the philanthropist which he prove
self to be during the latter part of hi
For many years after he had attained to
estate, he was not only a stranger to
humane and benevolent feelings which,
embodied in action, in the after part
career, filled the civilized world with his
but was remarkable for his indifference
sufferings of his fellow-creatures. It was
gelical religion that softened his heart, h
ized his mind, and wrought a total transf
tion in his character. Now, a Socialis

vious history, would, with equal confidence, have ascribed his sublime philanthropy, and all the other excellencies of his character, to the same causes—namely, physical organization, and the influence of the external circumstances by which he was surrounded. In other words, the Socialist before Howard's conversion would have traced all his vices, when a man of vicious character, to the causes in question; while the Socialist who knew him only after his character had undergone the wonderful transformation to which I have alluded, would have ascribed all his virtues to the conjoint operation of the same causes. What more need be said with the view of exposing the absurdity of the Social notions respecting the effect of physical organization, and the influence of the external circumstances by which mankind are surrounded? But I now"—

Mr. Butler, who had met with frequent interruptions in the course of his short address, was now assailed with a storm of hisses, yells, groans, &c., which rendered it impossible to

proceed. He repeatedly appealed to Mr. Owe to exercise his authority as chairman, and pro cure for him a patient hearing; assuring th father of Socialism that he would not occup the time of the meeting two minutes longer Mr. Owen, however, finding Mr. Butler's argu ments to be rather awkward customers to dea with, took no notice of his appeals to him; an the consequence was, that he was literall clamoured down.

The resolution was then put, and carrie without a single hand, with the exception o

which, as will be afterwards seen, was *the* speech of the evening, it may be proper to remark, that this was his maiden effort as a public speaker; and that he had only recently been converted, by the personal exertions of Mr. Owen himself, to "the new views of society." He was an honest, industrious man; and, therefore, the father of Socialism, thinking that it would not be amiss, for the sake of appearances, to have a few persons of character among them, who would take a prominent part in their proceedings, was particularly anxious that he should move one of the resolutions at their next great meeting. Mr. Owen had accordingly, for several days, personally entreated Mr. Hatchet to move a resolution. The latter, at last, reluctantly consented. It was then agreed that he should move the second resolution, a copy of which was given him, in order that he might prepare an appropriate speech. Mr. Hatchet speedily prepared a speech to his own satisfaction; but he thought that, in order to

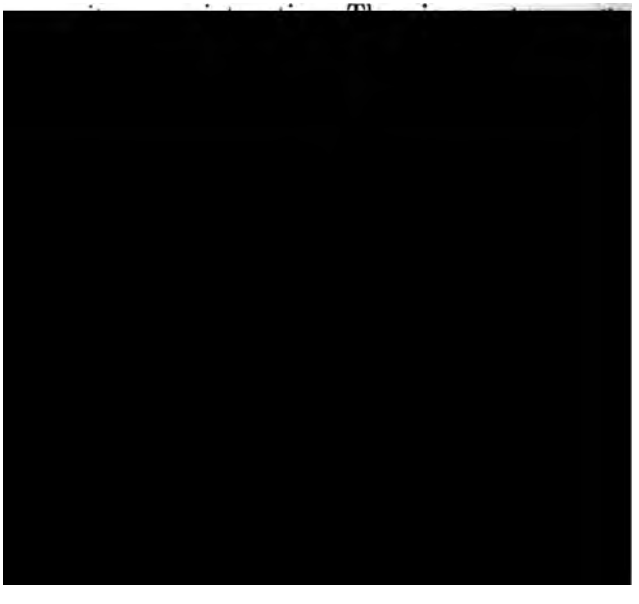
make his oratorical *debut* with the greater effect, a little harmless clap-trap at the commencement, might not be amiss. With that view, though not a rich man, and never evincing the slightest disposition to play the fop, he came to the determination to purchase a fine new cloak—it being the winter season—in whose ample folds his person might be enveloped while sitting on the platform, waiting his turn to address the meeting, and which might be gracefully laid aside when the chairman should announce his name, and he should have to rise

meeting. "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," said Mr. Hatchet, "I utter, I assure you, the sentiments of my heart, when I say that never, in the whole course of my life, have I felt myself in a position of greater perplexity than I do at this moment. Unaccustomed, gentlemen, as I am to public speaking, I am borne down by an apprehension, that the resolution which I have been chosen—unworthily chosen—to propose, will not receive justice at my hands. (Cries of "No fear;" "No danger;" Go on, Hatchet," and so forth.) Most sincerely do I speak when I say, that I wish the moving of the resolution had been confided to some more competent man than I am (Cries of "No, no") to do it justice. The resolution, gentlemen, is as follows:—'That all the crimes which are committed in the world, are to be ascribed to the erroneous opinions which prevail on the subject of education; and that man is not responsible, and ought not to be punished by society, for his actions.'" The cheers which followed the reading of the resolu-

tion, were cheers indeed. Accustomed as the ear of Joseph was to the plaudits with which popular propositions are received at public meetings, he had never before heard applause which could bear a moment's comparison with that which the reading of Mr. Hatchet's resolution drew forth from the vast assemblage. When the cheering had in some measure subsided, the mover proceeded to establish the positions contained in his resolution. Ably and eloquently did he argue, that education could mould the human character at will: and that, if all childre

world; for that seemed to imply, if they comprehended the matter aright, that a period was expected, or, at all events, *promised* by the Socialists, in which there should be no longer an appropriation of what did not belong to one's self; a contingency, which would be so unlike anything which had occurred in their past experience, that they could not bear to entertain the thought. When, however, Mr. Hatchet came to the consideration of the second part of his resolution, that, namely, wherein the great principle is so broadly laid down, that man is not blameable, nor ought to be held legally responsible, for his actions,—the applause with which every successive sentence was received must have more than compensated for any want of gratification visible during the delivery of the first part of his address. Never was public speaker known to make a deeper impression on his hearers. You saw conviction in every countenance, when Mr. Hatchet energetically descanted on, and went through an elaborate

course of what he himself called ratiocinative reasoning, to prove the grand Social proposition, that man is not morally responsible, and ought not to be punished by the civil power, for his actions, however much they may militate against the best interests of society. Oh! the loudness and manifest cordiality of the applause which followed this part of Mr. Hatchet's speech! No one present could have before had the slightest idea of the capabilities of the human throat, when it has a sufficient motive to put all



onsibility of man for his actions, and the equent criminality of society in punishing with imprisonment, hard labour, transporta- beyond the seas, and the gallows itself, for set which he could not help,—it would have the illustrations he gave of his positions. of these was remarkable, not only for its larly apposite nature, but for the noble erestedness of character on the part of the er, which it so forcibly displayed. "I entlemen," said Mr. Hatchet—and warm nergetic as he had been before, he waxed warmer and more energetic when he came s part of his oration—"I do, gentlemen, before you with all the boldness of a man feels that he is giving utterance to a and momentous truth when I say, that the quences of the faulty system of education prevails among us, are completely to con- all the distinctions between right and ; and, being so thoroughly persuaded of I must add, that I could not hold that per-

son to be a fit subject for blame or punishment who robbed me of my property—of my own property, gentlemen."

Here the audience rose in a body to their feet just as if they had experienced some mechanical agency. Not only was every throat vocal with the loudest hurrahs of which it was susceptible but every hat in the place whirled in the air and every foot was energetically applied to the floor. What was, perhaps, more remarkable still—at any rate it was the greatest triumph which Joseph Jenkins had ever seen achieved

plaudits were ringing in his ears, and resounding through the large hall, his imagination was fondly feasting itself on the national reputation he was sure to acquire, or, rather, had already acquired, by his maiden speech.

The audience having cheered the passage just quoted, till they could, literally, owing to physical exhaustion, cheer it no more, Mr. Hatchet resumed his address. "Yes, gentlemen," he continued, "the world has been too long the victim of the present anomalous and degrading state of things; and it is high time that some great effort were made to banish error of every kind from off the face of the earth, and to introduce the new and glorious era which our illustrious chairman has had the honour of being the first to bring to light. I am sure, gentlemen, that I can confidently rely on your cordial co-operation in the strenuous efforts we are determined to make to carry into practical effect the principles I have laid down in this imperfect address. (Loud and unanimous shouts of "You

may—you may"). Gentlemen, I fully an
pated that ready response. I am sure
firmly maintain with me—do you not, ge
men?—that no man is responsible for his acti
or ought to be punished for them. (E
getic cries of "We do," burst from all part
the meeting). I am confident that you
dially concur in the great principle, that
thief, constituted as society now is, and e
neously educated as mankind have been, is
a fit subject for blame, and ought not to

presence of you all, that knowing man's conduct to be entirely the effect of education, I shall always regard the thief with the same respect as I would the most honest man in the world." (Loud cries of "So will we.") Mr. Hatchet continued in the same strain, and to the entire satisfaction of his audience, till the close of his address, when he sat down with a renewed assurance of the infinite pleasure he experienced in moving the resolution.

Mr. Hatchet's resumption of his seat, was another signal for a renewed burst of applause. The plaudits he then received were as loud as the exhausted lungs and hoarse throats of his audience would admit of. The Socialists on the platform flocked around him like so many bees,—a regular struggle taking place among them as to who should first shake him by the hand, in token of their admiration of his speech.

"A most able, eloquent, and *convincing* speech," burst in chorus from the lips of all. Even the chairman himself, instead of first

announcing, as he ought to have done, the name of the seconder of the resolution, was so far carried away by the general feeling in favour of Mr. Hatchet's speech, as to shake him cordially by the hand, and audibly congratulate him on the triumphant manner in which he had demonstrated his positions. And the three thousand present in the body of the hall, would doubtless have followed the example set them on the platform, and individually congratulated Mr. Hatchet on his

had fully resolved on doing in the most graceful possible manner) the handsome cloak which he had thrown over the chair when he commenced his oration. But, behold! no cloak was there. It had vanished. Mr. Hatchet first looked confounded, and then turned pale. For a few seconds he said nothing, but looked alternately at the vacant chair and the Socialists around him. When he had recovered the power of speech, he exclaimed, in accents which no language can describe, his eye looking unutterable things, "I'm ——, but they've stole my cloak. By *all* that's sacred, it's gone!" A universal shout of laughter burst from the assembled multitude, in the midst of which there was heard a voice—"Is there *anything* sacred, Mr. Hatchet?"

"Mr. Owen," resumed Mr. Hatchet, turning to the chairman, "do you mean to tell me that the person who has stolen my cloak knows nothing about the distinctions between right and wrong?"

loud and deep at the persons and princi
the Socialists. From that moment he
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without the most slender probability of
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OR,

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE

OF A

LITERARY MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS,"

&c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

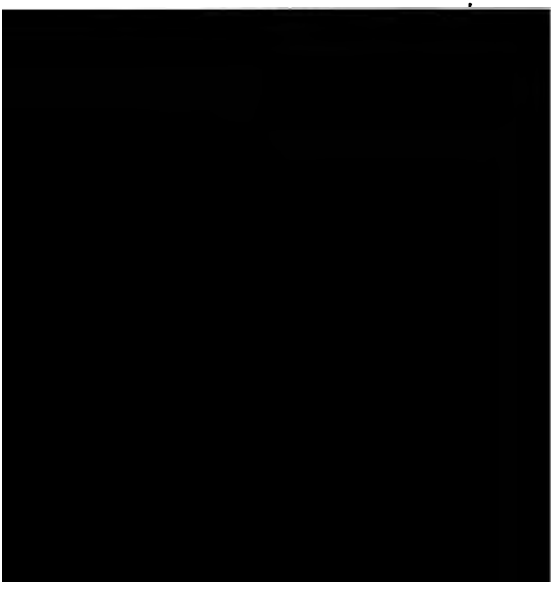
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JOSEPH JENKINS.

CHAPTER I.

Joseph becomes a member of the Eccentric Society—Its constitution and objects—Persons of distinction who have been members—Number of members.

THERE is a Society in London under the name "The Eccentrics," of whose existence it is probable a very considerable number of our readers have never heard. The society, which succeeded a similar one called "The Brilliants," may date its origin as far back as the year 1800. Several of Joseph's most intimate acquaintances were members of this society, and being repeatedly entreated by them to become an "eccentric," he at last consented to being put in nomination as a candidate for admission. But before adverting to the circumstances connected

with his initiation, it may be proper that
should endeavour to give some idea of the
stitution and objects of the society.

It was, as has been just remarked, establi
on the ruins of "The Brilliants," in the
mencing year of the present century, and
consequently boast of the very respectable
of forty-two. It was set on foot by a ba
the choicest spirits then in the metropolis,
were anxious to have some fixed place in
they could nightly meet for purposes of h
less hilarity, and where in the spirit of inn

t of speaking at any length he pleased in
defence, but was to have the privilege of
-examining the witnesses of his accuser,
also calling witnesses of his own to dis-
, where that was practicable, the accusa-
brought against him. The proceedings,
ort, bore a striking resemblance to those
court of law; the chairman being the
, and the members present the jury. Trials
e nature to which we have alluded occu-
on many occasions, during the earlier and
r period of the history of "The Eccen-
" many hours; and an amount of ability
often displayed in conducting the imaginary
, which would have done no discredit to
ost distinguished members of the English

If this should appear an extravagant
ment, the extravagance will vanish when it
entioned that several of our leading judges
presiding in Westminster Hall, and a very
e proportion of those at this moment at the
d of the legal profession, and within a few

steps of the judicial bench, made their *debut*
public speakers in the large room in the Suth
land Arms, May's Buildings, in which "T
Eccentrics" at that time, and till wit
the last few years, held their meetings. N
they meet in a house in King Street, Cov
Garden. Among the present peers and jud
who took a prominent part in the proceedi
of the Eccentric Society, in the earlier stage
its history, we may mention the names of L
Denman and Lord Campbell. Among

regular in their attendance at the meetings of the society. Both the Sheridans were also "Eccentrics;" and few of the members, since the establishment of the society, have entered with so much spirit into its proceedings, as did Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It were an endless task to mention the names of celebrated authors who belonged to "The Eccentrics;" while as regards the reporters for the daily press, twenty or thirty years ago, it would be impossible to name half-a-dozen of any note who were not "Eccentrics." A considerable number of the Parliamentary reporters for the morning papers still belong to the society. Among the gentlemen of distinction connected with the drama and the stage, who were for many years (and in several instances still are) members of the Eccentric Society, it may suffice to mention the names of Munden, the inimitable comedian; Master Betty, the Roscius of his day; Mr. Power, who perished with the President steamer; the late Mr. Yates, and Sheridan

Knowles. Many of the present "Eccentrics" confidently assert, that at the formation of their society George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, was one of their members. This, I am convinced, is a mistake. My opinion is, that if his Royal Highness ever attended any of their meetings, which is not unlikely, as his intimate friend, Major Hanger, was an "Eccentric" of the first water,—it must only have been in the capacity of an honorary member. Of this I am certain, that his name is not to be found in the books of the society, which it must have been

trics," twenty-five or thirty years ago, were in the zenith of their glory, is represented by those who were members at that period, and still live to tell the tale, as having surpassed, in eloquence, brilliancy, and effect, anything they ever elsewhere heard. Among the eloquent "Eccentrics" of the period referred to, there was a Mr. Brownley, a reporter on the "Times" paper, whose happiest oratorical efforts are said to have been almost superhuman. There must certainly have been something very extraordinary in them, when Sheridan was frequently heard to say, "I have heard a great deal of excellent public speaking in my time, but I never heard anything at all approaching to that of Mr. Brownley."

CHAPTER II.

Ceremony of initiating a member into the Eccentric Society—Joseph Jenkins' admission—Specimen of the trial of an "Eccentric," when a charge is preferred against him.

THE ceremony of initiation into the Society of Eccentrics, is usually very short and simple.

candidate is called in, and informed by the chairman of his membership. He has an earnest of the character of the proceedings of the Society afforded him, in the congratulatory address which the chairman makes to him. He is usually eulogized, to use the expression of an Irish orator among the lower classes, "far beyond the fixed stars." He is assured, with the utmost conceivable gravity of countenance and seeming sincerity of tone, that there is not a man in Christendom whose admission would have afforded "The Eccentrics" greater gratification. The possession of every virtue under heaven is ascribed to him. If he be at all known in literary or professional pursuits of any kind, his fame is magnified ten thousand-fold. He is held up as the greatest of men in the department of literature, or in the profession, to which he belongs. If he be wholly unknown to public fame, he is endowed with talents of so lofty an order, that he cannot fail suddenly to burst forth, some day or other, in the social firma-

ment, as a star of the first magnitude,—attract-
ing all eyes to him, fixing public attention on
his extraordinary gifts, and challenging, nay,
commanding the unbounded admiration of the
whole civilized world. Whatever may be
the nature of his present profession, or contem-
plated pursuits, pointed references are made to
them. If he be a medical man, his knowledge
of his profession is so profound, and his talent
for investigation are so extraordinary, that many
years shall not elapse before he will make dis-
coveries that will throw those of Hunter an

"Eccentric," a man destined to reach the very summit of martial promotion; and whose deeds as a general will eclipse anything and everything which he (Napoleon) had ever achieved. The Duke of Wellington *is* alive, and were he aware of the indomitable courage, the fearless bravery, and the wondrous military skill of the newly-formed "Eccentric," his Grace would tremble, and well he might, for the laurels he has won on the field of battle. If a literary man, there is something in his finely developed forehead, and singularly intellectual countenance, which bespeaks an eventual eminence in the walks of literature, equal to any ever attained by any previous writer. There are in his capacious, intelligent, and masculine mind, the materials of works—to be laid in due time before the world—which will not only spread his fame from pole to pole during his lifetime, but which will transmit his name to the remotest ages. His works will stand side by side with those of Shakspeare, Locke, and Milton,

while the world lasts. And were the world, as some philosophers have foolishly supposed, to last for ever, his productions would be coeternal in their duration also.

Such is the strain of extravagant eulogy which newly-elected "Eccentrics" are in the habit of being addressed by the chairman for the evening, while the other members present intimate their concurrence in everything which he utters by repeated cries of "Hear, hear," tapping on the table, clapping their hands, and so forth. Of course, the success of the joke—for such

part, and so skilfully do the members perform theirs, that many, perhaps a majority of the newly-made members, retire from the ceremony of initiation, under a firm conviction that all that was said was uttered and responded to with perfect sincerity. Then the chairman concludes his speech, and declares the candidate a member. The latter returns thanks, pays his annual subscription of a sovereign, and has his name forthwith enrolled on the books as an "Eccentric."

When Joseph Jenkins was admitted a member of the Eccentric Society, the gentleman who filled the chair for the evening, possessed, in a singular degree, the power of persuading others, that what he said, when speaking in the purest badinage, was perfectly sincere. He said that Joseph was not only professionally a literary man, but prided himself—which cannot be predicated of all literary men—on his devotion to intellectual pursuits. He then launched out, in a remarkably skilful speech, into a high-wrought eulogium on the distin-

guished intellectual attainments of his " frien
Mr. Joseph Jenkins;" a man who, as all prese
were aware, had already, though young in yea
produced a poem, entitled " The Univers
which was equal to the " Paradise Lost"
Milton, and which, though too sublime a
lofty in its conceptions to be appreciated or ev
comprehended by the mass of mankind, wou
as certainly as to-morrow's sun should run
wonted race, be, in the course of twenty or thi
years, as much read and admired and prais

his eulogistic observations, by all the "Eccentrics" present. He stammered forth an expression of thanks for the "most flattering, much too flattering, way in which his humble name had been mentioned;" assured the chairman and the company, that his feelings quite overpowered him (which was strictly true); and declared that that was the happiest hour of his life.

Allusion has been made to the circumstance of formal trials of particular members taking place, other members having preferred some ridiculous charge against them. On the second occasion on which Joseph attended a meeting of "The Eccentrics," a Mr. Norman, who afterwards rose to considerable distinction, as a barrister in one of our distant colonies, preferred a charge against a Mr. Struthers, lately the editor of a London paper of influence and reputation—to the effect, that the latter was seen on a particular day, walking along the Strand, arm-in-arm with a person of equivocal character, and still more disreputable appearance. Mr.

Norman opened the case in a speech of great ingenuity and eloquence. The accused replied with equal eloquence and effect. He admitted that he was, on the day and at the place specified, in the company of the party named, but denied that the party's character was equivocal, or his personal appearance wanting in respectability. He said it with all respect, but he said it with confidence, that there was not a gentleman present of more irreproachable character, while, as regarded his friend's person, it need not shrink any day—he said it without

"Precisely so," remarked the chairman. "Are you, Mr. Norman, in a condition to call witnesses in support of your charge?"

"I am, sir."

"And ready?"

"Quite prepared, sir."

"Well, then, call your first witness."

Mr. Norman called Mr. Bradford.

"Do you, Mr. Bradford," inquired Mr. Norman, "know Mr. Struthers, the party at the bar of this house?"

"I do, sir, unfortunately."

"What do you mean," interposed the chairman, "by using the word 'unfortunately?' You don't mean to say, that Mr. Struthers is a man with whom any one need be ashamed to own acquaintance?"

"I *said* nothing on the subject, sir."

"You don't, then, wish it to be understood that you *mean* it?"

"I would rather not express any opinion on the point."

"Why, you *know* that he is a highly respectable man."

"I do not *know that*, sir.

"Do you mean to say that you know anything to the contrary?"

"I do not mean to say anything one way or other."

"Mr. Struthers is a most respectable man," pursued the chairman."

"That is matter of opinion."

"Proceed, Mr. Norman, if you please, with

ion as to the character of Mr. Struthers'
id?"

None whatever."

Then, perhaps, you will be kind enough to
the chairman and the other gentlemen pre-
what you *think* of the party in question."

I *think* that he is a person of no character
l; and I have formed that opinion after
e information I have been able to obtain
cting him."

Really, sir," said Mr. Struthers, starting to
et, and addressing himself, under great
ng excitement, to the chairman; "really,
is matter is assuming a rather serious as-
I cannot sit still and see the character of
iend thus outrageously and unjustly as-
. Before the prosecutor proceeds farther
examination of the witness, I must beg
ssion of you, sir, and the company, to put
r two cross questions to him."

You will be allowed, Mr. Struthers, to put
question to the witness you please; only

you must wait until Mr. Norman has finish
his examination."

"I am done," remarked Mr. Norman.

Mr. Struthers then proceeded—"You s
that you have formed your very unfavoura
opinion of the character of my friend, a
all the information you have been able
obtain regarding it?"

"I do."

"And pray, sir, may I ask, have you obtain
in other words, do you possess any informat
at all respecting the character of my friend

"You must answer Mr. Struthers' question," said the chairman.

The witness bowed.

"I repeat my question once more—Have you obtained any information at all respecting the character of my friend?"

"No, I have not," drawled out the witness, amidst the laughter of the company.

"Here, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," cried Mr. Struthers, with an air of offended dignity, "here is a pretty person to give evidence against the character of any man! I will ask him no farther questions."

And Mr. Struthers resumed his seat.

"Mr. Norman," suggested the chairman, "you brought a second charge against Mr. Struthers' friend, namely, that of being a man whose personal appearance was wanting in respectability. You have not spoken to that charge, nor brought forward any evidence in support of it. Are we, then, to consider that you have abandoned it?"

"Oh, no, by no means," said Mr. Norm suddenly starting to his feet. "I am exce ingly obliged to you for reminding me of circumstance: it was entirely an oversight. repeat, and am prepared to prove, that the i vidual with whom Mr. Struthers was associa on the day in question, was grieviously wan in respectability of personal appearance.

Chairman.—State the grounds on which rest the charge.

Mr. Norman.—Why, sir, he was slov and coarsely dressed.

r. Norman.—It was not: all the other
ons of it were in perfect keeping with his
an. (Laughter.) His coat was thread-
and very clearly revealed his elbows; his
oat was divested of several of its buttons;
the anonymous portion of his apparel was
ate of deplorable dilapidation.

"Eccentric."—And his shirt, in what
was it?

Norman—Shirt! Why, he had none.
s of laughter.)

eally, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,"
med Mr. Struthers, with great energy, as
ddenly sprang to his feet; "really, I
protest against this mode of procedure.
I should like to know, has Mr. Norman
by the knowledge that my friend had no
"

ray," said the chairman, "pray, Mr. Stru-
calm yourself, and allow Mr. Norman to
ed. You will have an opportunity, when
done, of rebutting his charges, and reply-

ing to him at any reasonable lengt
please."

Mr. Struthers.—I surely have a ri
ask him, at this stage of the proce
how he came by the knowledge th
friend had no shirt on him, when he
together.

The Chairman.—You will have a r
put that or any other question to hin
wards, but not at the present time.

Mr. Norman.—Oh, I have no ob
with your permission, Mr. Chairman, to

"Really, sir," said Mr. Struthers, "this is a most extraordinary mode of——"

"Are you done?" interrupted the chairman, addressing Mr. Norman.

"My case is closed," answered the latter, "unless Mr. Struthers, by denying the fact as to the shabby appearance of his friend, imposes on me the necessity of calling witnesses to substantiate the accusation I have preferred."

"I partly admit and partly deny the truth of Mr. Norman's charges," rejoined Mr. Struthers. 'I admit at once that there were, and still are, holes in the hat (Loud laughter) of my friend; but I deny that there are *six* holes, the number stated, in his chapeau. I affirm that there are only *five* holes in it. (Roars of laughter). I further admit that his whole apparel was what I called 'seedy;' but I fearlessly deny the degrading assertion so mendaciously made (Loud cries of 'Order, order,' which were accompanied by a dignified rebuke from the chairman) respecting the alleged absence of a shirt from

the back of my friend. On what ground, Mr. Chairman, does Mr. Norman rest this grave accusation? Why, on the fact of his not perceiving any evidences of my friend wearing a shirt. And, I ask—and I ask with the indignation which becomes the occasion—is a man to be stigmatised as shirtless; is that indignity always to attach to his fair fame; is he, I repeat, or any other man, to be thus branded, merely because Mr. Norman, or Mr. Anybody-else, does not see, or choose to see, or, perhaps, by reason of an imperfect vision, *cannot* see,

ception of an object is a proof that no such object exists? Only look to the consequences to which the admission of such a principle would lead you. Why, in that case, you are driven to the conclusion—you cannot help yourselves—that there is no such thing as wind; for who, I should like to know, will be bold enough to stand up and declare in this room that he has seen the wind? (Laughter and loud applause.) If any one were to make such an assertion, he would be held up to ridicule, and deservedly so, for the folly and falsehood—I beg pardon, gentlemen; I retract the latter word—for the folly and the unfounded nature of the observation. Some men display their shirts one way, some another: it is all a matter of taste."

"Yes," cried a voice in the corner of the room, "yes, but all who have them show them in some way or other. (Loud laughter.) The charge Mr. Norman brings against your friend is, that he had no shirt at all."

"That remains to be proved," remarked Mr Struthers, tartly. "My argument is, that the absence of a shirt is by no means to be inferred from the circumstance of Mr. Norman not having seen it."

"Well, did you see it yourself, Mr. Struthers?" cried a voice in the body of the room.

Mr. Struthers hesitated, and looked confused.

"Pray answer the question," pursued the same voice.

"It is an improper question, and I will n

conclusive of the fact that he did not, at the time, wear on his person that very useful article. A member of this society, in the centre of the room, now retorts, and asks whether, from your own knowledge and your own observation, you can speak to the fact of your friend's having had a shirt on him on the day in question; whether, in other words, you *saw* a shirt on his person at the period referred to. The question is a very proper one, and you are bound to answer it."

"Well, then," said Mr. Struthers, quite crestfallen, "I did *not* see a shirt on him that particular day." (Roars of laughter.)

The Chairman, in his capacity of judge, then summed up at considerable length. His charge to the "Eccentrics" present, all sitting in the character of jurymen, was in favour of the accused on the first count of the indictment, and against him on the second. The finding of the jury was to the same effect—namely, "Not Guilty" in reference to the equivocal character of Mr.

Struthers' friend, but "Guilty" on the coun
which charged him with associating with a
individual whose personal appearance was wan
ing in respectability.

Such is a specimen of the way in which th
"Eccentrics" conduct what they call their ju
cases. It is proper, however, to mention, th
no description on paper can furnish anythi
like an adequate idea of the spirit and intere
infused into their proceedings. The assembl
company; the chairman presiding as judge; th
accused, placed in a prominent part of th

society, would fancy, from the seeming seriousness, zeal, and earnestness of those taking part in the proceedings, that all he witnessed was as much a matter of reality as are the proceedings at the Old Bailey.

And here it may be worthy of observation, that many of those who, within the last forty years, but especially during the first two decades of the present century, have risen to eminence at the English bar, or acquired a distinguished reputation as extemporaneous public speakers were not only, as before remarked, members of the "Eccentric Society," but, in a great measure, owe their professional success, or oratorical fame, to their experience in impromptu public speaking at its meetings.

CHAPTER III.

Deviations from the ordinary mode of initiating members into the Eccentric Society—Illustrations given.

Of late years a change has, on several occasions, come over the spirit of the "Eccentrics." The proceedings on the introduction of a new member have on the occasions to which we

And as members, on their initiation, have a very imperfect conception of the practices of the society, the manner in which they are addressed and spoken of has often been likely to lead to unpleasant consequences. A few years ago, Mr. Herring, recently arrived from Lancashire, and wholly unacquainted with the mode of their procedure, wished to join the "Eccentrics." A friend undertook to introduce him, and to insure his election. They went together to the Sutherland Arms, May's Buildings. Scarcely had the candidate for membership taken his seat, which he had no right to do before he was elected, when the chairman for the evening, who personally knew him, said, in a tone of well-assumed and well-sustained seriousness, "I see a fellow of the name of Herring in the room. The presence of that person would be a disgrace to any company."

Here Mr. Herring looked unutterably confounded. An indescribable sensation came over him, suddenly depriving his eyes of their accus-

tomed powers of vision, and his tongue of
wonted power of speech. All sense of c
sciousness left him for a moment. In a sh
time he so far recovered himself as to be a
to inquire, in faltering accents, why he
thus insulted.

"Insulted!" exclaimed the chairman, "T
person insulted! The fellow has got no f
ings; he never had any: it were impossibl
insult him. He has no more sense of hon
than the table before me. He is not only u
to associate with the members of such a resp

"Gentlemen," interrupted the chairman, "I cannot endure to hear a single syllable from the lips of so profligate a person as this. His voice is as odious to my ear as his appearance is to my eye and his character to my mind. There does not exist a more unredeemed villain. He is not even fit to associate with felons. I therefore propose that he should be at once ejected from the room in the most unceremonious manner."

The confusion of Mr. Herring was increased. Could he credit the evidence of his eyes? Did he see a body of men patiently listen to the application of such opprobious language to him, and not only listen to it, but not utter a word of disapprobation? nay, more, by their countenances, intimate their approval of it?

"Mr. Taunton," shouted Mr. Herring, suddenly summoning, in the desperation of the moment, an almost supernatural amount of energy; "Mr. Taunton, you have uttered language for which I shall hold you responsible.

You shall not, sir, thus grossly insult me impunity. You shall hear more of this."

Mr. Taunton suddenly rang the bell, a waiter instantaneously responded to the mons.

"Do you know that person, John," p to Mr. Herring.

"No, sir."

"I'm very glad you don't. If you had him, and yet suffered so disgraceful a ch to cross the threshold of this house, this would either have insisted on your dismi

"Very good."

The waiter was about to depart.

"Stop, stop, John; don't be in such a hurry. We have got some farther use for you."

"Very well, sir."

"You take that person there, and turn him out."

"P'raps the gentleman—"

"The what," said the chairman.

"P'raps the gentleman will—"

"Don't misapply the king's English, John, in so gross a manner. He has no more pretensions to the character of a gentleman than a chimney-sweep with his soot-bags slung over his shoulder."

"Then, sir, p'raps the *individual* will leave the room of his own accord, and not require my interference."

"Oh, most certainly; I'll leave it," said Mr. Herring, taking up his hat and quitting his seat; "but remember, Mr. Taunton, that I have not done with you yet."

"Your threats, sir, I hold in as perfect contempt as yourself."

Mr. Herring was in the act of quitting the room, when the friend who introduced him, and from whom (being unaccountably a silent spectator of all that was going on), he meant next morning to demand an explanation,—seized him by the arm, and told him that all that had passed was done in the spirit of pure eccentricity. It was the initiatory process. "It now only remains for me," continued the other,

riends. They consent to being proposed as nembers without, as just observed, having any lefinite ideas of the nature or proceedings of he society. They have some notions, from the ery name of the society, that there must be mething eccentric in its proceedings, but in hat the eccentricity consists they have not the motest idea. When such parties are first troduced, they are immeasurably amazed at e proceedings, whether they assume on the casion a laudatory or abusive aspect. If mmendatory, the party initiated is surprised embarrassed in the highest degree, at finding mself so extravagantly eulogized that lan- age seems to fail his brother "Eccentrics" in tting forth his wonderful merits. If, on the ntrary, he is introduced on what is called the nsive principle—that is, by some charge being ade against him as soon as he is elected—he startled, if not confounded, at the boldness d recklessness with which he is denounced. n the latter class of introductions there have

been many instances of a most ludicrous
in some few there have been various ca
from unpleasant personal results,—the can
assuming and clinging to the conviction th
the offensive observations that were made
the real sentiments of the speakers, and
meeting also, inasmuch as they were appl
by all present. The most amusing scene
ever, perhaps, occurred from the can
fancying that the abuse heaped upon hi
seriously intended, took place many year
when Mr. Freeman, an Irishman newly a

this ruffian conduct. Oh, sir, I could bear to be calumniated myself, but while the blood runs in my veins, I shall never sit in silence to hear my country insulted."

The speaker resumed his speech, by begging the gentlemen present to take no notice of the interruption which had been caused by the candidate for admission. "He is unworthy of notice, as you are all aware, gentlemen. He has no pretensions to the character, and certainly none of the manners, of a gentleman. He is" ——

"Really, Mr. Chairman, " shouted Mr. Freeman, starting to his feet, and half bursting with rage, "I cannot stand this. You say, sir," addressing himself to the speaker, "that I am no gentleman. Do you adhere to your words?"

The gentleman speaking took no notice of the interrogatory.

"Then, sir," continued Mr. Freeman, "I hold you responsible. Here is my card; perhaps you will give me yours, sir?"

A general laugh followed.

"And I see, Mr. Chairman, that this co pany also insults me by laughing at me."

"It was only a smile; not a laugh," remar the chairman.

"I maintain that it was a laugh, Mr. Ch man," continued Mr. Freeman.

Here the company laughed again.

"Didn't you hear *that* laugh, Mr. Chairm The company have dared to laugh at me agai

The chairman repeated his observation, it was only a harmless smile, not a laugh.

amazement at the reception he was meeting with; "Where am I, Mr. Chairman? Sure, I must be among a band of thieves and ruffians."

Loud cries of "Order, order," mingled with renewed roars of laughter, followed.

"What gentleman," resumed Mr. Freeman, "dares to call me to order? Will he hand me his card?"

No response was made to Mr. Freeman's challenge.

"If nobody will give me satisfaction with pistols," pursued Mr. Freeman, "will any man fight me with his fists?"

Another burst of laughter proceeded from all parts of the room.

"Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Freeman; his countenance redolent of rage, and his attitude indicating that he was no novice in the doings of Donybrook; "Mr. Chairman, if you allow a stranger to be insulted in this way, I must hold you responsible."

And, as he spoke, Mr. Freeman thr
coat, evidently resolved on having an i
fight with *some* one. The friend, howe
introduced him, interfered just in tim
vent a pugilistic exhibition, by expl
him, that the whole affair was a mere j
one of very frequent occurrence on t
duction of new members.

CHAPTER IV.

cs" address Mr. Romeo Coates—Mr. Coates ı—Concluding remarks on the "Eccentrics."

ɜ of "The Eccentrics," that no per- ɜ admitted into their room, who ıber. The only deviation from this which I am acquainted, was made rter of a century ago. The circum- nected with it were very amusing. know anything of metropolitan that period, will remember the ch the "eccentricity" of Mr. Coates y called Romeo Coates—then occa- ıe public min?. Among the other ry whims which this singular indi- o, it ought to be mentioned, was a

gentleman of fortune—was seized, was that of distinguishing himself as an actor. He accordingly appeared on the boards of Covent Garden, to the infinite amusement of the town, in several of the leading characters of our most popular dramatists. Romeo, in Shakspeare's tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," was his favourite character; and hence it was that he was nick-named "Romeo" Coates,—the name by which he is still known in Boulogne, where he has resided for many years, and where, it will be remembered, he contrived to obtain an interview with,

his favourite parts, where the piece wound up with his murder, the audience, always in sheer idicule—which, however, he mistook for the arnest admiration—*encored* the murder scene ree or four times; so that poor Romeo had endure the terrors and suffer the pains of ree or four murders, without the interval of a w minutes between them to give him time to eathe. On one occasion, when personating e character of the "gay Lothario" in the Fair Penitent," he made a false step, and fell st awkardly on his back, his heels mounting gh in the air. The audience were convulsed th laughter, and some wicked wags *encored* it scene also. Then, again, whenever he had asion to throw himself at the feet of the trionic mistresses whom he adored, he delirately laid a snow-white cambric handkerief, which he always had in readiness for e purpose previous to kneeling,—on the ge.

The newspapers, one and all, feeling the

legitimate drama to be brought into di
by the acting, if acting it might be ca
this modern Romeo, assailed and ridicul
day after day. Still he persevered until
gone the round of his favourite cha
Just as he had completed these, the i
curred to some of the "Eccentrics," an
once adopted by all, of voting an addres
gratulation to him on the manner in whi
actor, he had acquitted himself; and re
him to visit their place of meeting on
evening, for the purpose of receiving it.

Mr. Coates the "Eccentrics" saw the man that was destined to restore the legitimate drama to its wonted glory. Already all the other tragic actors were trembling, as well they might, for their popularity. The daily and weekly press was bribed by them to ridicule and assail their (the Eccentrics') illustrious visitor on that occasion. It was even confidently asserted, that John Kemble, conscious he could not stand a moment's comparison with Mr. Coates, actually contemplated an immediate retirement from the stage; and, as Mr. Kemble had not appeared on the boards of Covent Garden for some time, it was actually believed by many that he had already, mortified at the unparalleled success of his rival, abjured the histrionic profession. Mr. Coates had the merit of furnishing the metropolitan public, by his original mode of acting, with a variety of new and felicitous readings of Shakspeare. He had discovered meanings in sundry passages of that great dramatist's works which none had ever seen in them before. Mr.

Coates could boast of histrionic triumphs never achieved by any other tragedian, however distinguished. There was not another instance on record in which the party murdered played the murder scene with such signal success, as to draw down universal and deafening *encores* from all parts of the house. The "Eccentrics" therefore felt, in common with all lovers and appreciators of the legitimate drama, the deepest obligations to Mr. Coates; and they could not, either in justice to him or to their own feelings, forbear taking that opportunity of expressing

', "never, I assure you, in the whole of my——"

r. Chairman," cried a voice from the end of the room, "Mr. Chairman, I am only express the feelings of every ntric" present, when I say that it would greatest intellectual loss we ever sus- should we miss a single observation of strious visitor, in the speech he is about e. (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear!' in the of which Mr. Romeo Coates gracefully his hand on his heart.) It would there- a particular favour if our distinguished would raise his voice as much as he can, e of us are here eighty feet distant from ot whence he is about to address the g."

Romeo Coates made a low bow, and ded, in ludicrously loud tones, to say— , Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, is, I ly assure you, the happiest——"

am exceedingly sorry," interposed an

"Eccentric" in a corner of the room,
to interrupt the honourable gentleman;
my own part, I am not only unwilling t
syllable of his eloquence, but it would b
an infinite pleasure to *see* Mr. Coate
delivering his speech. And, gentleme
the speaker cast his eye significantly ro
room) do not your bosoms heartily
to the sentiment? Do not you share
feeling?"

Deafening cries of "Yes, yes!" bur

Mr. Coates, "when so agreeably—for I will call it agreeably—interrupted by my friend in the right-hand corner, that this is the happiest day of my life. I am literally overwhelmed, confounded, paralysed by this unexpected display of your kindness. Gentlemen, whatever may be my humble talents in the histrionic art, I am indebted for their development, and you, gentlemen, are indebted for whatever measure of gratification they have afforded you, to the discernment of woman—lovely woman. (Thunders of applause.) I chanced one evening to be reading a brief poetical piece, of my own composition, in the company of several ladies, when one of them remarked that my elocution was singularly chaste and effective. All present concurred in the opinion expressed by my lady friend. Cheered by their brilliant eyes, which spoke the admiration of their hearts, and by the music of the accents which proceeded from their lovely lips, I asked them whether they would like to hear me recite some of the

favourite passages of Shakspeare. 'Oh,
exclaimed one. 'That will be so delic
cried a second. 'Oh, I should like it ab
things,' observed a third, her beautiful c
nance lightening up with the radiance
ecstacy which reigned in her gentle
(Deafening cheers.) In fine, gentlemen,
was no resisting applications made fron
quarters. I acceded to their wishes
applause), and so gratified were they wi
recitations, that, ever and anon, a flock of
white handkerchiefs waved by hands

herself—she could have wished that I had not been a gentleman of independent means, as, in that case, I should, doubtless, have made the histrionic art my profession. 'But what is to prevent,' interposed another lady; 'what is to prevent Mr. Coates coming out, occasionally, on the boards of either of our national establishments, in the capacity of an amateur actor?' 'Ay, to be sure,' exclaimed one of my fair friends. 'Oh, *do*, Mr. Coates; there's a dear,' (Loud cheers), remarked a second of my lady friends; and the sentiment was echoed by every one present. The upshot of the matter was, that, unable to resist the urgent and unanimous prayers which proceeded from so many lovely lips, I consented. Hence my appearance on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen—or, rather, allow me to call you by the endearing name of friends. (Loud cries of 'Hear, hear.') Mr. Chairman and friends, I have thus frankly acquainted you with the

circumstances under which I was led to ma
that appearance on the stage of which you h
been pleased to express yourselves in s
unqualified terms of approbation, that I
your applause—on my conscience, gentlem
I do—to be an infinite recompense for
calumny and ridicule with which a base, a h
ling, a degraded press has attempted to l
me. In fine, my friends, I owe, indirec
the proud position in which I stand in y
esteem this evening, to the accidental circ

to such important results to the legitimate drama, and proved the prelude to so much enlightened enjoyment on the part of the public?"

"I will, gentlemen, with great pleasure," remarked Mr. Coates, "if I thought it would be agreeable to my friends around me."

A peal of applause followed which made the room tremble again.

The applause having eventually subsided, and silence being once more restored, Mr. Romeo Coates took out his cambric handkerchief, applied it to his face, thrust the fingers of his left hand through the hair which luxuriated on the summit of his forehead, and, after the utterance of a few preliminary "hems," proceeded with the most extravagant gesticulation to deliver himself of the following lines:—

"This comes from one, my dear, my love,
Whose fond affection fain would prove,
For you and you alone;
Not one of all the female race
Could wound my heart—disturb my peace,
Till you the deed had done."

Here the "Eccentrics" rose to their feet, and, by their voices, their hands, and their heels, greeted with the most enthusiastic applause ever perhaps offered to mortal,—the poetic effusion with which Mr. Coates had condescended to favour them.

"The lines, gentlemen, are, you will observe, on the inexhaustible topic of love, and are supposed to be addressed to the mistress of my soul. (Renewed cheering.) I have only, my friends, to repeat the assurance I made to you

have conferred on me, I wish you all farewell."

Mr. Coates descended from the table and quitted the room, amidst thunders of applause.

It ought to have been before remarked, that the leading feature in the proceedings of the "Eccentrics," to which allusion has been repeatedly made, namely, that of bringing ridiculous charges against each other, has, in some cases, been attended with very unpleasant consequences. If a charge be brought forward which the party put on his trial knows, in his own conscience, to be just, it is with very great difficulty that he can divest his mind of the conviction, that the party bringing it knew there was some foundation for it; and, therefore, preferred it for the purpose of personally annoying him. An instance of this occurred a few years ago, which excited great attention at the time, and was likely, to have been followed by very serious, if not fatal consequences. A member, on the spur of the moment, started up

and charged another—an officer of rank in the army—with carrying his military notions into the privacies of domestic life. The party preferring the charge, proceeded to say, that the accused was very fond of testing the efficacy of his views on the subject of discipline, by striking his wife, and otherwise keeping her in a state of despotic controul; so much so, that the lady lived in constant terror of her life. Now it so happened, that every word of this was strictly true; and what aggravated the awkward

course, therefore, no duel took place, but the officer never afterwards entered the room: he abjured the "Eccentrics" for ever.

The father of the "Eccentrics" is Mr. Franklin, now in his ninety-fourth year. Mr. Franklin was, for a long period, editor of the "Morning Advertiser," but advanced age rendered it necessary that he should relinquish his connection with the press about fifteen years ago.

Joseph Jenkins entered with heart and soul into the spirit of the "Eccentrics," and spent many of his evenings at their place of meeting.

CHAPTER V.

Resolves on a visit to Ramsgate—Embarks on board a steamer—The aspect of the river—The passengers—Incidents in the course of the voyage—Arrival.

THE practice of going out of town for a few weeks in the summer season, formerly peculiar to the aristocratic classes and a few of the families of the wealthier citizens, has, of late years, become general among the middle classes; and not among them only, but among all persons who can spare the time and muster the few pounds requisite for the comfortable perform-

the month of September; so a person belonging to the middle classes, who could not be able by the month of October to say, that he had been at Gravesend, Herne Bay, Margate, or Ramsgate, or some other watering village or town "down the river," in either of the previous three months, could scarcely hold up his head among his acquaintances for the next nine months to come.

All persons belonging to the literary department of the daily press, having their month's holiday every year, Joseph, instead of spending it as he had done on the three previous occasions, with the exception mentioned in the previous volume, by taking lodgings at Hampstead or some other part of the suburbs, resolved on spending his month in the fifth year of his engagement as a parliamentary reporter, at Ramsgate, where he would at once be beyond the reach of metropolitan temptations, and enjoy the fresh invigorating breezes for which that watering-place is so justly celebrated. He ac-

cordingly started from London Bridge
Saturday morning at nine o'clock, on
month's visit to Ramsgate. The weather
remarkably fine the vessel was well filled
passengers, all, like himself, intent on a R
gate holiday, of longer or shorter duration.
of the 220 persons on board—for that Jo
before the conclusion of the voyage ascert
to be the number—there was not a
clouded countenance to be seen. All were
on pleasure, and all seemed resolved th

monial happiness, so far as regarded the mother; mount. There were husbands and wives on board, who, though they had never suffered a day to pass for the previous twelve months without their matrimonial squabbles, if not something worse,—appeared to be fully agreed on a truce for the occasion. In fine, whatever may have been the individual or domestic state of affairs in the homes they had severally left, here was not one present that did not seem resolved that that at least should be a day of enjoyment. The bell, which gives intimation of the moment of departure, at length rang, and the steam, which had been making a very disagreeable noise for some minutes, as if very impatient to do its legitimate work, now began slowly to turn the wheels of the vessel. The latter promptly acknowledged the connexion between the machinery and itself, by starting gracefully though slowly on its destined voyage. Gradually the revolutions of the wheels became more and more rapid, until the vessel had at-

tained her full speed. Beautiful was it to be
hold the spray which proceeded from the im
mediate neighbourhood of either paddle-box
and pleasing was it to witness the noble swe
which the vessel left behind her as she thread
her way through the forests of ships and t
crowd of skiffs and lighters and other namel
floating articles, which lay in motionless rep
on Father Thames, or swiftly skimmed alo
his capacious bosom. On either side of "T
Fame"—the name of the steamer destined

the flags of all nations, with their pennons streaming in the air. Some of the vessels were in full sail, just starting for every quarter and for the farthest corners of the globe. Others were returning, after long, eventful, and perilous voyages, from the most distant regions of the habitable earth. Some of the former were in all probability commencing a voyage which they were not destined ever to terminate, or rather which they were doomed to terminate by being suddenly engulphed in the ocean; while some of the latter vessels had been menaced with that disastrous fate. In other words, the sailors and passengers in some of the outward bound, though they suspected it not, had a watery grave in reserve for them; and the sailors and passengers in some of those which were just reaching their haven, had narrowly escaped being consigned to a final resting-place at the bottom of "the deep, deep sea."

These and other reflections of a similar nature passed through the mind of Joseph Jenkins,

who, as will have been inferred from w
said of him in the outset of the wor
person who could not witness such a
that which the river usually presents,
abandoning himself to a train of moral
tions.

By this time all on board the vessel,
previously known each other, and
expectedly met on this occasion, ha
changed the usual inquiries and co
Many there were who had not a si
quaintance on board. But as will a

freedom and absence of reserve in the temporary intimacies thus suddenly formed, which are not always to be met with in those acquaintanceships which are the result of formal introductions in society.

By the time the steamer reached Gravesend, most of those on board had got into familiar conversation with some fellow-passenger or other. Those, of course, who had been previously acquainted, found no lack of materials for agreeable confabulation, nor any need of contracting new acquaintances. About fourteen or fifteen out of the 220 on board, were all that chose to "keep themselves to themselves," studiously avoiding all intercourse with their fellow-passengers, and preferring—miserable taste!—to continue in a state of practical solitude though in the midst of such agreeable society.

The cause of this may, doubtless, in some cases, have been an irresistible tendency to constitutional reserve; but it needed not the ghost

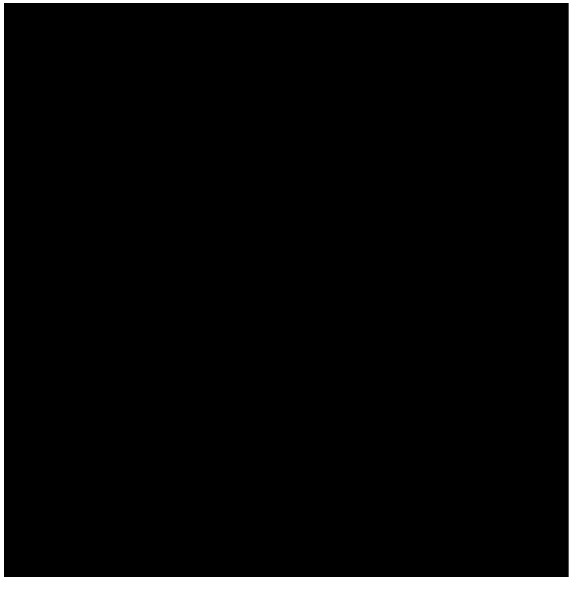
of Lavater to tell, that in the case of other passengers—at least, with regard to five or six of the number—the reason of their reserve was to be sought for in an intolerable conceit, which led them to fancy themselves superior to anybody else. They would have deemed it derogatory to their imaginary dignity to enter into conversation with, or, indeed, to take, in any way, the slightest notice of any one on board.

Among those whose demeanour must have made every one present assign them a place in this category, were two young ladies, rejoicing

leck, when they had occasion, or took occasion o move from one place to another, as if they ad been treading on a sheet of hot iron. Their eels seemed quite superfluous articles; it was, deed, difficult to conceive for what purpose at portion of the human foot was given them. hey extended their patronage exclusively to e remoter extremity of their feet as they trod, rather tripped, along the deck. It seemed if they had felt that it was quite a vulgar ing to put foot on the deck at all,—only it was necessity they could not help. Though when alking they had often to thread their way rough the crowd, and when sitting had arcely room to move their precious persons, ey so contrived to look and to demean themlves, as if not conscious that a human being ther than themselves and their foppish brother, as on board. And yet their fantastically mart dresses, in conjunction with the extraordinary airs they gave themselves, attracted he eyes of the other passengers much more

to them than to any other person in vessel.

Everything went on as smoothly as the Cockney sailor could have wished, until Fame had passed the Nore three or four r Then a breeze suddenly began to spring the water to become rough, and the to pitch and plunge, as if she were quit decided as to whether she ought to go head-foremost to the bottom, or, by caps fling all on board into the sea, leaving to sink or swim, just as they might feel inc



n, would scarcely have sufficed to furnish
m with a sufficient meal. Sandwiches, which
a moment before were in great request,
now at a discount. Cold lamb, which a
econds previously had been torn from the
nds of the women, unrolled with indecent
, and which was in the act of being eaten,
unched rather, without the assistance of
or fork,—all at once acquired such a
ous aspect as to cause the countenance to
pale, and the very stomach to rise up in
insurrection at the sight of it. Even Gui-
stout, which but five minutes ago was in
brisk demand that the waiter began to
serious apprehensions lest his stock of that
rite liquid, unusually ample though it was,
d be insufficient for the emergency,—even
popular description of porter suddenly lost
s palatable pretensions, and became as
eous to the taste, and as odious to the eye,
hat proverbially hateful medical mixture
n by the name of black draught. Sand-

wiches, cold meat, bread and cheese, ale and porter, in all their varieties—everything, in short, solid or liquid, usually eaten or drank, were strewed on the seats of the vessel in all directions, not only untouched, but abhorred by the proprietors. Here and there, to be sure, was to be seen some happy person,—on the principle, I suppose, that there are exceptions to every rule,—never subject to sea-sickness, whose appetite seemed only to be whetted by every fresh roll or lurch which the vessel gave. "Shocking brutes," exclaimed some of the women, at those intervals when they were able

ost cases, politely following their example, ough usually at a more lazy pace. Streams brandy and beer, having their sources in ferent parts of the vessel, met and embraced h other in the most affectionate manner, and med a new species of "half-and-half." Scores the passengers, men and women in pretty al proportions, were seen strewed in all ections, some in a horizontal, and others in eclining position. Those who had hitherto ccessfully striven with the demon of sea-sick- s, seemed as if they had been, one and all, ddenly seized with a fit of intoxication, ought on by previous undue libations of in- isting liquors. They reeled and staggered ng the deck, and not unfrequently fell in ry awkward postures, and under very awk- ard circumstances. At times it seemed, in- ed, as if those untouched by the evil genius f sea-sickness, had been simultaneously seized ith an unaccountable whim to dance some ewly-discovered Highland reel, in which all

be equally the creatures of this ex
motion, when the vessel thought pr
particularly funny in the way of pl
rocking. It would have been we
Fame, contented herself with carrying
thus far. But no: imitating, we s
her humble way, the conduct of the
Waterford, and various others who
ludicrous mischief, the Fame, on on
occasion, raised her bowsprit as high
as if she had fully resolved to leap
watery element altogether and to s
upward voyage in the direction of
In a moment, again, as if suddenly
her mind, and forming a

still able to retain their perpendicular
on, and rudely tossing about those who
strewed in all directions on forms, or were
half buried amongst the sails and luggage
ay on deck. Persons cordially, or at least
, clasped each other in their arms, who
moment before would have shrank from
ickened at the idea of contact. An old
of at least three score and ten, very
h and very primly dressed, was thrown,
ut a word of introduction or being even
d a moment for a preliminary nod, into
ms of a mustachoed dandy of twenty, who
ngaged at the time in the gentlemanly
ation of energetically puffing a cigar; and,
gravate the disaster, both fell, closely
l in each others' embraces, prostrate on
ck,—the head-gear of the venerable lady
by the fall, thrown into a state of
us disorder. Within a few yards of the
which was the scene of this untoward
ence, another, scarcely less serious to one

of the parties, took place. One of the ugl
looking fellows in Christendom, six fee
height, with a circumference, or, as an a
man would say, a corporation, which v
have vied with that of the celebrated D
Lambert, was flung, as if he had been as
as a feather, into the lap of one of the M
Baboon. *Both* young ladies first shrieke
afterwards fainted. The indignant br
started to his feet, and looked the int
fiercely in the face, as he sought to regai

in his mother's hand. "Ma" was too much terrified to return any answer to the question which the child, in the innocence of its little heart, put to her, evidently without having any idea of what drowning meant.

The sea continued to increase in roughness, and the vessel, as a matter of course, to rock and lurch with proportionate frequency. The effects of this, in the production of that most nauseous of all sensations, sea-sickness, soon became apparent to all—to the great majority in their painful experience, and to the remainder through means of their eyes and ears.

Sea-sickness is a horrible sensation. It is, perhaps, the most unpleasant that humanity is subject to. No one that has ever experienced it, would, at the moment of its greatest ascendancy, have the slightest objection to be tossed overboard. It is also a most powerful sensation: it prostrates a giant as easily as it conquers a child. Hercules himself would have been no more in its hands, than would a person in the

last stage of the most enfeebling disease to v
humanity is incident. It renders its vi
utterly helpless; it reduces them to a st
entire prostration. Scarcely more unable
new-born infant to assist itself, than is th
son who is thoroughly sick at sea. Sea-sic
is a rank republican; it levels all the di
tions which exist in society; it reduc
classes to a perfect equality during the
of its ascendancy. Just glance your eye
the line of heads hanging over the side

by which sea-sickness is always ushered in, to the practice of a primitive simplicity of manners. Even the greatest prude to be met with, is compelled to dispense with her starchness and stilts, and exhibits as little affectation as the unsophisticated village girl.

But this is a digression,—though most persons, it is believed, will feel disposed to pardon the author for indulging in it. On the Fame, there was a band of musicians, who, being accustomed to the sea, were strangers to the sensation which was prostrating its victims all around. They continued their strains until there was scarcely a score of persons in a condition to hear them. Not wishing thus to waste their melody, or to allow the happy few to enjoy a monopoly of it, they suddenly and simultaneously struck in the midst of an air which would have charmed the ear of Apollo himself.

Two young fellows, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, who had, doubtless, studied the art of reciting with great care, and who, in

the more tragic pieces, had clearly taken
Macready for their model, had "favoured
company" with several specimens whe
smooth water, which gave so much satisfa
as not only to draw down loud plaudits,
what they no doubt considered much bett
draw out of the pockets of the audience a
siderable number of pence. Encourage
their past success, the recitative youths
mined on treating such of the company as
in a condition to listen, to a few more "
mens of the works of the most popular p

"The sea of troubles," instead of being ended
y the unfortunate spouter, summarily ended
im; for, while in the act of mouthing the next
ord, he was seized with a qualm which af-
rded him a premonition of what was coming,
st in time to enable him to reach the side
f the vessel, whence, instead of his recent
udience, he began addressing the sea. His
other reciter, pained to think that the audience,
hich was select though small, should be de-
ived of the remainder of Hamlet's meditations,
bly resolved on finishing the piece which the
her had begun. He, accordingly, after an
planatory and apologistic word or two, com-
nced with all the solemnity and emphasis
oming the piece.

- - - - - "To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution

till the present hour, and most probably do so till the crack of doom.

ut among all the instances of sea-sickness ich occurred, none excited such general regret that of a venerable-looking man, who, while e other passengers during the smooth-water rt of the voyage, were engaged in lively con- rsation, or in feasting their vision with the beau- ful scenery on the banks of the river,—occupied mself in the praise-worthy work of circulating eligious tracts. He persisted, with the self- enial of a martyr, in his useful employment, ven after his pale face and the heavy expres- on of his eye, told but too plainly of the queerish" condition in which his stomach was. ventually, however, he, like most of his fellow- assengers, also found himself engaged in an nequal contest. Sea-sickness triumphed. When n the act of picking out from a large assort- nent, what he deemed a suitable tract for a erson whose demeanour from the time the Fame uitted London Bridge till that moment, indi-

cated the absence of every moral feeling
worthy man was seized with symptoms
compelled him suddenly to withdraw his
tions from one who so much needed th
counsels of the tract intended for him,
transfer them to the side of the vessel
however, soon recovered, and resumed hi
mendable labours, just as if they had
rienced no intermission.

Of all the scenes of sea-sickness, wh
to this moment had been exhibited on

which he did not, and possibly with great justice, ascribe to an undue familiarity with the bottle. He attacked all the bottles alike: "black" bottles and crystal came equally under his unsparing lash. Equally free, fearless, and impartial, were the remarks he directed against liquids of all kinds,—always, of course, excepting the liquid which springs out of the bowels of the earth. Wine, whiskey, brandy, rum, gin, ale, porter, stout, bottled and unbottled, came all in turn under his sweeping condemnation. They were denounced, and, undoubtedly, with much justice,—as the enemies of religion, of morals, of social enjoyment, of domestic happiness; of, in fine, the human race. And in exactly the same proportion in which "our friend of the broad-brim"—for so he was generally called in the vessel—was eloquent in his denunciations of all spirituous liquors, was he lavish, and indeed poetic, in his praises of the transcendant virtues of water. He ran over, with wonderful fluency and faci-

lity, the many moral, social, and intell
triumphs which had been achieved by an
donment of the contents of black, blue, r
and all other bottles, in favour of the
which was extracted in its native state fr
flowing fountain or the running stream.
indeed, was the panacea for all the evils
the sun. It was the universal remedy f
complicated diseases to which the humar
is incident—a remedy so long sought fo
so much talked of by philosophers, but

tinued Joseph in the spirit of ridicule, "it will be very useful now."

"I cannot," replied the Quaker, "venture positively to say, never having seen its merits tested exactly in that way. But this I know, that it is an excellent preventative against sea-sickness, or any other sickness."

"Is it an infallible preventative?" said Joseph.

"I cannot go quite so far as to say that, friend; but I believe there is none better."

"Do you speak from experience?"

"I do, friend. Dost thou not see me quite free from sea-sickness, while so many around us are suffering severely from that unpleasant sensation."

There was no denying the premises, whatever opinion might happen to be entertained as to the justness of the conclusion. Undoubtedly the little "Friend" stood before them without a symptom of the malady which had committed such terrible havoc among his fellow-passengers.

"And you ascribe your exemption from the prevailing evil, to your abstinence from spirituous liquors?" observed Joseph.

"I do, friend; and not without reason. If there had been less porter and spirits drank on board, there would not have been so many sufferers as we see around us."

"I have drank a quantity of stout," continued Joseph; "and yet I feel no tendency to sea-sickness."

"Thy time is coming, friend, I doubt not," observed Obadiah. "Wilt thou allow me to offer thee," he continued, "a small tract?"

"Certainly," said Joseph, putting out his hand and receiving the tract on temperance. "I am much obliged to you for it."

"It is well worthy thy pe——"



few seconds, made a noble effort to finish his sentence.

"I was going to say, friend, that the tract is well worthy of thy most careful perus——"

The sentence remains unfinished till this day, though the reader will be at no loss to supply the omission; only the two letters "al" being necessary for the purpose. The Quaker unceremoniously forsook his few auditors, and hurried to the nearest part of the vessel which enabled him to communicate with the sea.

After the apostle of total abstinence had slightly recovered from the violent attack with which he had been so suddenly and so unfortunately seized—unfortunately, inasmuch as it in one instant demolished a favourite hypothesis, Joseph advanced to him, and suggested a little brandy as likely to have a beneficial effect in quelling the turbulence reigning in his stomach.

The Quaker, not yet able to speak, shook his head, beckoned the suggestion away with his hand, and made other significant signs that he

was horrified at the proposal to open h
for the reception of a "deadly enemy."

"You had better let me fetch yo
little drop of brandy," pursued Joseph.

"No, no, friend," stammered the
now so far recovered as to be able to a

"William, bring me a glass of Cogn
Joseph, addressing himself to the wa
chanced to be passing at the time.

"Yes, sir."

"And bring it this moment."

"Yes, sir."

He had scarcely uttered the words, when instantaneously assailed by another internal insurrection, he turned about, and sprang with such force to the side of the vessel that he narrowly escaped falling overboard.

"Do, I intreat you, be advised to take a little brandy," resumed Joseph, as the excellent, though perhaps over-zealous little man was slightly recovering a second time from the sea-sickness.

"Dost thou mean, friend, medicinally," said the Quaker in plaintive tones, and with a woefully blanched and lugubrious countenance.

"In any way you please."

"One may take a little medicinally," pursued the Quaker, looking eagerly at the contents of the glass which Joseph held so invitingly in his hand.

"Very good; then take it medicinally if you prefer it; only take it some way or other," said Joseph.

The Quaker put out his tremulous hand to

receive the glass,—the tremour being, doubtless, caused by the conjoint operation of the sea-sickness and the unpleasant reflection that he had thus been compelled to falsify to a certain extent the total abstinence principles which he had so zealously been inculcating all the day. He inverted the glass with all the grace and dexterity of an experienced tippler, though there could be no doubt that he was at home an unexceptionable teetotaller.

"Do you not feel much better for the brandy?" inquired Joseph, a few seconds after the contents of the glass had found their way down the Quaker's throat.

"Thank thee, I think I am, friend."

"I thought so; I was sure the brandy would have that effect," remarked Joseph.



y sudden, in the case of many people, is
ery from sea-sickness, that it is almost
aneous as the attack. By this time a
ble number of those who had been laid
by its powerful hand, had got entirely
e sensation. "Richard," John, and
lary, Matilda, Letitia, &c., were seve-
emselves again;" while a great many
e clearly in a state of convalescence.
rent the Fame, laughing at and leaving
l scores of lazy craft, small and great,
overtook on the way. In the mean-
ong the few who had hitherto kept the
sea-sickness at a proper distance, were
cquaintances Glengarry, and Mr. and
s Baboon. They had looked through-
evident contempt, unmingled with a
pity, on the unfortunate persons they
ring around them. Glengarry con-
pace the deck with all the fancied
nd self-consequence which had marked
mour from the first; while the Misses

Baboon alternately sat and moved ab
ing up the anonymous organ of their
seeming quite shocked when their ey
tered any person who had been seize
prevailing malady.

"I think, love, we had better sit
a little," said Miss Lucy Baboon to
Miss Jemima, pointing to an unoccu
which stood before them in the cen
vessel.

"I think so, too, dear," said Lucy
have been walking some time."

suggested Miss Lucy, making room for him between her sister and herself.

"I do'ant mand thoa I do," replied the other, condescending to be seated as he spoke, and tapping the edge of his boot with a light smart cane which he sported on the occasion.

"We'll soon be at Ramsgate, won't we?" inquired Miss Jemima.

"Woy, yes we shall, by and by," replied Mr. Frederick, muttering the words in a way of which no idea can be given on paper.

"How long will it be?" inquired Miss Lucy.

"Woy, I should think not more than an hour and a half."

"La! will it be that time yet?" observed Miss Jemima, somewhat pettishly.

"I believe it will, love, be about that time," replied the young swell.

"Suppose we sit down here," said a young woman, with an infant in her arms, addressing herself to her husband, and seating herself by the side of Miss Jemima Baboon.

"Very good," replied the husband, young in years. And he sat down, as a hus ought to do, beside his wife, to whom it afterwards ascertained he had only been ma twelve months.

"Is it not wonderful, as well as fortu he remarked, after a minute's silence, "th have not been a bit sick all the way?"

"It is, indeed, very surprising and lucky," answered the other.

About two minutes passed without a

new destination—one which he had been fondly flattering himself he should entirely avoid—when his wife, springing to her feet, and throwing her child into the arms of Mr. Frederick Baboon, was instantly side by side with her husband, taking part with him in the unpleasant occupation in which he was engaged,—thus affording a remarkable illustration of the popular hypothesis touching the strong sympathies which exist between husband and wife.

Mr. Frederick Baboon shrunk back aghast on the reception of the unexpected gift. Had the infant dropped from the clouds, he could not have been a whit more amazed. Miss Jemima shrieked aloud, and Miss Lucy swooned, as they saw the little charge so suddenly confided to their brother.

After a few seconds of unutterable confusion, which afforded the rest of the passengers, now nearly all recovered, infinite amusement, Mr. Frederick Baboon looked imploringly first towards one sister and then another, as if

silently seeking their assistance in so painful a emergency. Miss Jemima was still gaspi with affright, while Miss Lucy had not thought proper to recover from her swoon.

"What am I to do with this ba-aby?" Frederick at last piteously inquired, at any who might please to answer the question glancing an irrisistibly lugubrious look at innocent charge, which he held most ungra fully in his arms.

No one responded to his appeal. Ag

looking fifty times worse than a condemned criminal at the Old Bailey. Never was human being placed in a more ludicrous plight; never did man cut a more ridiculous figure. At last he turned to sister the first—"Jemima, dear."

Miss Jemima had not yet recovered her breath, and made no response.

Next he turned to sister the second—"Lucy, love."

Lucy was equally deaf to his appeal. She was still partially, or pretended to be so, under the influence of her swoon.

Again the question recurred—"What was to be done?" Mr. Baboon had, at one time, thoughts of laying the innocent babe down on the deck, and leaving it to its fate; but then it occurred to him, that that might prove a rather perilous mode of getting rid of his unoffending charge; for the probability was, that the whole company would unite in their execrations of so barbarous an act. Of course the objections to throwing it overboard were still more ortho-

dox; for there was a very strong probability that, if he were to get rid of his "incumbrance" in that way, he himself, provided he escaped the less summary punishment of being torn to pieces on the instant, would be forthwith sent after it. And even supposing the passengers could have so far restrained themselves as to visit him with neither punishment, there were visions of coroner's inquests and Old Bailey proceedings, which would not have been without their effect in preventing his adoption of so unfeeling a course. At this critical moment,

of his charge; and, somehow or other—it is curious how such coincidences *will* happen—both sisters contemporaneously recovered their wonted self-composure, when little Master or Miss Anonymous (for nobody, to this hour, knows the sex or name of the infant) was transferred from their brother's arms to the more attentive arms of its mother.

"Dears," said Mr. Baboon, addressing his sisters, "let us walk about a little."

Both sisters intimated their concurrence in the proposal. Miss Jemima took Mr. Frederick's right arm, and Miss Lucy his left. "Woat a lovely day we have——"

Mr. Frederick's remark was suddenly interrupted by a miniature Niagara of spray, which rudely dashed against him and the two ladies. Mr. Frederick made use of an exclamation which it were better not to repeat; while Misses Jemima and Lucy uttered, if there be not an Irishism in the expression, a harmonious scream. Who shall describe the world

of mischief which that unmannerly wave produced! Of Mr. Frederick's disasters we say nothing; those of his sisters it is not for us to describe, because none but a lady can enter properly into the extent of the calamity which befals one of her sex, when, all of a sudden, she is doomed to witness the wholesale destruction of lace, blonde, ribbons, and so forth, in which, but a moment before, she rejoiced with ineffable joy. All three hurried down to the cabin, there to bewail the disaster which had befallen them,—Mr. Frederick to vent his mortification

that were possible, did he bear himself on that account. All of a sudden, however, he was observed to seat himself on one of the forms in the middle of the deck; and scarcely had he put himself into a sitting posture, than he fixed his eye on the edge of the vessel directly opposite where he sat. With his eye thus steadily fixed on a particular spot, and he looking as if it had been "fixed on vacancy," Glengarry remained for some seconds. It was clear that his change in his demeanour and appearance was not without its meaning. The only question was, what *was* the meaning? The question was not destined to remain long unanswered. A sudden leap from where he sat, to the spot on which his eye had been so intently fixed, furnished a satisfactory solution of the problem. The leap would have done credit to Springheeled Jack himself,—a personage of whom we hear a great deal, but of whose history, beyond the fact of his being a gentleman of great physical agility, nobody seems to know anything.

So great was Glengarry's haste to re
particular spot, that overboard went his
A shriek from several of the passenger
indicated that they had, for the mom
founded himself with his bonnet. Th
however, instantaneously undeceived.
most unpleasant to ears polite, or, i
any ears, proceeded from Glengarry'
and made themselves heard in every p
vessel. And yet, though seeing th
such deep distress, a number of thos
were sufficiently unfeeling to enjoy

till, Glengarry, bonnetless as he was, was com-
elled to continue his bending position over the
de of the vessel, and to utter the sounds
eculiar to one in his situation, until the Fame
tually landed,—which she did in the presence
a vast concourse of spectators. Whether the
unds referred to were English or Gaelic, is a
int which none of those on the pier or in the
sel were able to decide; nor are we ourselves
hamed to confess, that it is also too knotty for
to settle.

CHAPTER VI.

Our hero returns to town—Becomes an extensive magazine contributor—Remarks on magazine writing.

JOSEPH, after a month's sojourn in Ramsgate, returned to town, much refreshed by the invigorating sea breezes which he inhaled at that

curious fact, that many of the most
shed authors of the day, have com-
ailed in their efforts to write a popular
r any of our periodicals. Just let any
ıce his eye over our current magazine
e, and then let him say whether, but for
nstance of their names being attached
contributions, he could have believed it
that authors whose fame fills the civil-
ld, could ever have suffered the miser-
ff which is there the acknowledged
of their pens, to have had a moment's
n in their minds. Yet so it is. To
or the fact, is another matter. My own
is, that the difficulty may be partly
d for, from the circumstance of an
f established and extensive reputation,
ustomed to occupy whatever space he
ire. Consequently, he finds it impos-
ficiently to concentrate his ideas and
his incidents,—without impairing their
o as to bring the article within the

limited compass usually allowed to an indi
contribution. In magazine writing, there
room for introductory flourishes, none
gressions, none for the clap-trap accessi
high-flown descriptions, which occupy so
space in the pages of our three-volume wo
fiction. The magazine contributor must
into his subject at once. The first se
must tell; and every succeeding sentenc
have its point and piquancy, otherwise
never acquire the reputation of a successf
tributor to the periodical literature of th

has been for some time past. The proprietors of the leading periodicals rarely paid a contributor, possessing more than the average tact and talent, less than twelve guineas per sheet. The average rate of remuneration for contributors of the first class, was sixteen guineas per sheet; while those who possessed an aristocratic title, in addition to their talents, and who consented to let their names be attached to their contributions, were paid as high as twenty guineas per sheet. Nor was the high rate of remuneration given for contributions to popular periodicals, sixteen or seventeen years ago, the only inducement which literary men had to turn their attention to that kind of writing; there was then a great probability, provided the writer possessed versatility and talent, of getting one's name put on the list of stated contributors. It is now far otherwise in both respects. Three and four guineas a sheet are only now given for articles to one or two of our magazines which rank high. Five guineas in the instances to

which I allude, are the maximum amount of remuneration. One or two other periodicals give ten guineas, where they gave twenty. As regards the stated, or even frequent insertion of one's articles, that is now out of the question, unless where private influences are brought to bear. The secret of all this is explained by the fact, that sixteen or seventeen years ago there were but few competitors in the magazine field; now it is overrun with persons ambitious of distinguishing themselves in that department of literature.

leasant to the eye,—on a very slender founda-
ion.

As one of the articles which Joseph thus
ntributed to the periodical literature of fifteen
r sixteen years ago, not only had its origin in
rcumstances which came under his own obser-
tion, but affords some curious information
specting the spirit of rivalry which exists in
eater or less vigour in all trades in the metro-
lis, the author will, possibly, be pardoned, if
so far interrupt the flow of the narrative, as to
ve the article a place in the pages of this work.
nd, perhaps, it cannot be more appropriately
troduced, than as forming the next chapter.
s title was "The Hatters of High Holborn."

CHAPTER VII.

An episodical chapter — The rival hatters — Expedients to which they resorted in carrying on their opposition to each other.

JOHN NOKES was for many years known as a hatter, in a small way, in High Holborn. It

ck of hats to get a capital fit for a cus-

Whenever the purchaser got a hat suited him, Mr. Nokes took it off his nd giving it a smart whack on the crown cane which he always snatched up from nter when a customer made his appear- eplaced it on the cranium of the latter, ng with a peculiar self-complacency of ; " That, sir, is a hat which the king on one might be proud to wear."

little John was not destined always to atters his own way. " An intruder," as d him, of the modern school, had the surance to begin business directly oppo- shop. For some time Mr. Nokes as- an air of philosophic indifference, and to laugh at the idea of his new oppo- success. The latter, however, whose as William Jones, had recourse, imme- on opening shop, to the practice of ad- g—a practice which never entered into the ition of Mr. Nokes—and the result was,

that before he had been a fortnight in business, John had the mortification of seeing sundry excellent customers of his own, go into Jones's shop with "shocking bad hats," and come out with new ones "shining so brilliantly," to use Mr. Jones's own words, "as to surpass everything hitherto attempted in the trade."

This was bad enough, in all conscience, for poor Mr. Nokes; and many were the curses he muttered, both at his rival and at "modern improvements in hat-making." But the worst of the matter was yet to come. Hitherto Jones

thousands of handbills, announcing that his hats were the cheapest and best in the *neighbourhood.* This was a terrible stroke to the diminutive hero opposite. Hitherto he had been passive, however mortified, at the doings of "the intruder." But this was not to be borne. It would have been, to use his own expression, to let his business commit suicide, to suffer it to pass without taking some means to neutralise the effects it was calculated to produce. Mr. Nokes accordingly consulted some of his friends as to what ought to be done. After some deliberation on the subject, they suggested that the best course for him to adopt would be to put up a signboard, and issue handbills, with the words in large letters—"The cheapest and best hats in the *world.*" The chagrined little man did as he was desired. Mr. Jones now saw that his rival was determined to carry on the war with vigour; and resolved not to shrink from hostilities, which he had himself commenced, he forthwith exhibited another board, with the inscription

on it—"Cheaper and Better Hats than th
Over the Way." Of course it followed, acc
ing to every acknowledged rule of logic,
vided the public could only be made to be
the assertion, that Mr. Jones's hats
cheaper and better than those of his rival,
be the cheapest and best in the world.
Nokes's signboard and handbills necessarily
for nothing. What, then, was to be d
John, or Johnny, as he was usually called i
neighbourhood, was again under the nec
of taking the advice of his friends. Afte

that, in his Lilliputian opponent "on the
te side," he had caught a tartar. Still,
ad provoked the conflict, he could not,
redit to himself, retire from it. He there-
t the whole front of his house, from top
om, painted over with the words—"The
l Red House." Nokes, who boasted
ough little in person he possessed a great
rose, like every genius, with the occasion;
xt day were seen on the front of his pre-
igantic black letters on the red ground
e *True* Original Red House." This, for
quite confounded Mr. Jones. On re-
g partially from the confusion into which
been thrown, a thought struck him, and,
iedes like, he exclaimed aloud, to the
nent of his workmen—"I have it! I
!" And so saying, he ordered his boy
g the painter immediately. Before the
d well crossed the threshold of the door,
wrote on a slip of paper—"The *Royal*
l Red House;" which words forthwith

appeared in conspicuous characters on the front of the house. "Let the little despicable creature see what he can do now," said Jones to himself, with an air of triumph, as the painter had finished the last letter. Imagine his surprise and mortification when he next day found that the front of Nokes's premises rejoiced in the imposing inscription—"The *Genuine* Royal Original Red House."

It was now clear that the war could no longer be carried on by means of the painters,—who, it is unnecessary to say, had all this time been

painter, accordingly put forth a handbill, in which, after proving completely to his own satisfaction, that Nokes had behaved in a manner very "unbecoming a gentleman," he baptized the opposition shop as "The Yellow Red Sneak." Little Nokes, not relishing so ugly a cognomen as the "Yellow Red Sneak," attacked his rival in another handbill, under the alarming title of "An Exposure of Villany," in which Jones was called a "reptile," a "rascal," and so forth. Jones retorted next morning, in "An Appeal to Englishmen," in which he asked whether there could be a more dastardly character than that of a "yellow red sneaking coward." Nokes took no notice of this query; but, in less than three hours, he published another handbill, in which he boldly asserted that Jones's hats were mere trumpery,—a perfect disgrace to the trade, while his (that is to say, Mr. Nokes', of course) stood unrivalled in the world. Jones retorted, that his hats were the best in the *universe*, and that Nokes manufac-

tured the worst: that, in fact, he wa
would-be hatter. The latter forthwit
long handbill, written quite in the
Robins style of eloquence, "submit
world" whether his hats have not be
by "the world" to be unequalled in
and concludes by broadly charging
with having cheated the public ever
opened shop. Mr. Jones resents t
tation with becoming spirit; and waxi
cal, as he had already waxed indig
[redacted]

ed to pirate my colours, and thus suck the
y of my expectations?"

Pooh! pooh!" answers Nokes, "I have a
to paint my house any colour I please."

Who doubts or denies it," answers Jones,
why pirate my colours; why not, like
true Englishman, stand to your own,
it not that you found the whole of London
coming to my shop to purchase hats, while
was as deserted as if it had been on some
opled island?"

kes declined answering this question; con-
g himself, in his handbill of the following
ing, with heaping all manner of personal
on his opponent. The latter finding that
ad the greatest share of customers, con-
d to keep his temper; and levying a con-
tion from the muses, for he had now regu-
engaged a sort of poet laureate, to annoy
pponent "in metre," as he called it,—he
ed personal scurrility in self-laudatory
. The following is a specimen:—



But among the whole set was no madder
Than one who had painted his bricks a b
And who finding this colour their friend
Contemptibly pilfer'd his neighbour's fa

Hostilities thus continued to rag
per, it should be mentioned) for son
the profit of the printers and the a
the public. Mr. Nokes manfully
scurrilous mode of prosecuting th
ing terms to his rival before unh
vocabulary of abuse. The latter, c
show that he possessed more varie
the management of hostilities, di
the poet to make room for a fabul
had engaged for the purpose. T
duction of the modern Æsop is n
for us to give: but

ı necessary to the character, how fre-
ŗ does it happen that he is laughed at and
d by those whom he presumed to imi-
ıd punished by those whom he attempted
ive."

ɜs replied to this in the usual way,
, by personal abuse. Fable succeeded
very day, and the same sort of answer
ŗays returned, until the appearance of
irteenth fable of the series,—in the
" of which the High Holborn Æsop
to characterise Nokes as "the ugliest
ŗson in the universe."

was the worst cut of all. Nokes' vanity
ŗply wounded. His physiognomy was
y of a most forbidding character. On
owing day his handbill was very brief.
ly intimated that the author would reply
' scandalous, gross, and most unwarrant-
el on his person, in another way."

ı that moment the handbill warfare
The poet had been before supplanted

by the fabulist; and the latter now found that his occupation, like that of Shakspeare's Moor, was gone. The printers looked on the circumstance of this sudden termination of the war, as a calamity of the first magnitude. They had been laying the flattering unction to their souls that entire casks of ink would be "shed," and reams innumerable of paper consumed, before hostilities should be brought to a close.

Those who had watched the progress of the war, now became all anxiety to learn what Nokes could mean by the intimation that he would reply "in another way," to the imputation which Mr. Jones had thrown out on the beauty of his face and the altitude of his person. It was stoutly contended by some, that he intended to commit some personal outrage

Nokes himself, should his opponent retaliate, as doubtless in such a case he would, would stand a great chance of being ground to powder in the true Jack-the-Giant-Killer style. A third class were positive that the little hatter meant to retire altogether from the contest, and that the threat in question was only an unmeaning sort of flourish, with which he sought to lessen the dishonour of defeat.

In the meantime Mr. Nokes confined his intentions to his own breast. That he had not retired from the conflict, but meant to carry it on, though in another mode of warfare, was made apparent in less than a fortnight, by the appearance, to the unutterable surprise and dismay of Mr. Jones, of a large van in the streets, with two high sides, painted red, and having on each side, in as large letters as the Leviathan size of the vehicle would admit, the words—'The Royal *Central* Red House, No. ——, where the best and cheapest hats in the world are sold. No connexion with any pretenders

in the neighbourhood." By this "i
device," little Nokes achieved for the
complete triumph over his opponent.
however, only for a very short time.
course of ten or twelve days, Mr. Jone
a still larger van than that of his opp
be made, also painted red, and contai
inscription in "flaring" letters—"T
Royal and Original Red House, No. —
is still unrivalled for the cheapness an
of its hats. Take notice—No conne
[redacted]

the attention of every person whose eye the van met as it passed along the streets. It was now clear to every body, and to none more so than to poor little Nokes himself, that in this mode of warfare Jones had completely the advantage. How Nokes could once more put himself in a better position, was a question which puzzled him to answer. He therefore determined to consult some of his friends on the subject, the very evening of the day on which Mr. Jones's van was "brought out." A circumstance occurred, however, before night, to render the advice of his friends, unnecessary. "I say, Tom, my old hap," said the guard of Jones' vehicle to the iver, "I say, old chap, voud it not be a bit of ly good fun for us, if ve vere to run agin that hopposition wan?"

"You may say that, Jem; I'm blow'd if I id not shiver it, to atoms, horse and man and gin we did."

"And sarve it and 'em right too," said n.

"Vy, its only a piece of trumpery stuff, fit only for the fire. I'd be 'shamed to be seen vith it, I'm bless'd if I vould'nt," remarked Tom, giving the horse a sharp smack with the whip.

"Sartainly, its not like our set out," observed the other, taking off his painted hat, and looking complacently at the black letters on the red ground. "This I knows, any how, as that the —"

"I'm blow'd, Jem, if it aint a-coming," interrupted Tom, in a tone of supreme delight, his face looking like that of the laughing philoso-

I'll be hanged if it be'nt," shouted Jem,
ing for joy at the sight, as far as the little
den step on which he stood would permit
to leap. "Now, then, old cock, do the
g in fine style," continued Jem.
O, von't I; you let me alone for the mat-
f that," replied the other, applying his whip
e shoulders of the horse.
the animal started off at an accelerated
l, a sardonic smile at the contemplated mis-
played on the countenance of Jem.
e moment the driver of Mr. Nokes's van
ived the "opposishun vekel" advancing,
o applied the whip unsparingly to the
's back, not with the intention of a ren-
e, but for the purpose, as he himself after-
s said, of mortifying Jones's men, by show-
hem "vat a fine hanimal of an oss he had."
vans were accordingly being driven at a
s rate, when he who was entrusted with
destinies of Jones's vehicle, dashed right
st that of Nokes. The wheels of both

vehicles, which came in collision, went spinning into the street. Down came the vehicles themselves, and both the lofty sides of Nokes's van went to pieces by the fall. One side also of that of Jones's was shivered into innumerable fragments. The other however, sustained but little damage. Jem, who but a minute before was exulting in the expected mischief, was pitched head foremost a respectable distance into the street; and in addition to his alighting in mud two or three inches deep—for it had rained all

the rival hatters through the medium of vans. Nokes now determined that he should in future contest the point with Jones in a more "constitutional way," as he himself expressed it.

Little Nokes was in the habit of spending his evenings, after shutting shop, in the parlour of the Coach and Horses, in a neighbouring street. On the night after the affair of the van collision, several of those present affected great sympathy towards him, and indignation at the conduct of his opponent. "Jones is an unprincipled vagabond; he ought to be hooted on the streets," said a broken down penniless dandy, raising from the table and looking significantly into it, a glass which had just been emptied of gin and water.

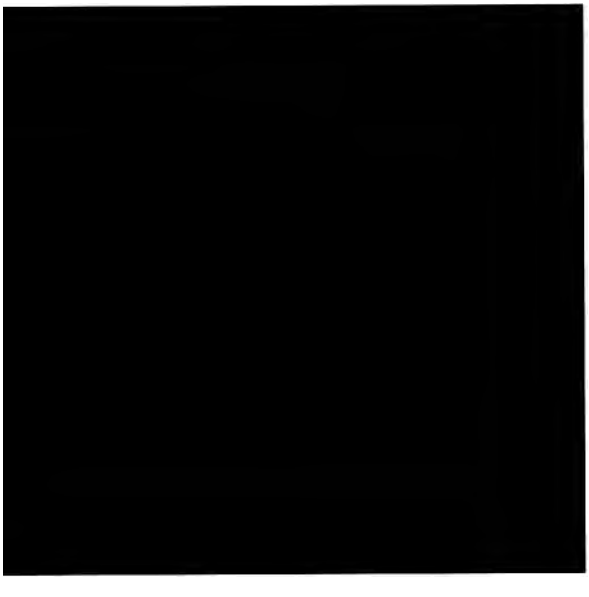
The sentiment was music to the soul of the little hatter. "What will you have to drink, sir?" rejoined Nokes, his countenance beaming with joy at finding a friend in a comparative stranger; "will you take a glass of brandy and water?"

"O my dear sir, don't trouble yourself," said

the other; " the conduct of that fellow Jones truly execrable; it is, indeed, Mr. Nokes."

" Perhaps, sir, you will have no objection our having a bottle of port together. Wait bring me a bottle of your best port," s Nokes, with manifestly increased delight at supplement to the opinion which the other expressed respecting the character of his riv

The wine was on the table in an inst Nokes first filled his friend's glass and then own. " My dear sir," said he, extending



"Perhaps, sir, you would come and join us. Waiter, bring another glass," cried Nokes, delighted at seeing friends rising so rapidly and unexpectedly around him.

The little man changed his locality forthwith. In a few seconds he and Nokes were pledging each other's health in overflowing bumpers.

"I tell you vat it is, Mr. Nokes," said another person, who had just swigged the last drop of a pint of half-and-half; "I tell you vat it is, Mr. Nokes, I am von as doesn't like to say nothing agin nobody; but I'm sure of this, anyhow, as how that feller Jones must be either a stealin' of his 'ats ready made, or he must be a robbin' o' his creditors—he sells 'em so cheap."

"Vy, yes," said an undertaker, just begun business; "vy, yes, you may say that, frien'; an' the end of it will be, that he'll be sent to prison."

"And sarve the feller right, too," observed

the other. "All sich as he who hopposes 'onest tradesmen should be sent to prison and suffered to rot there."

"I hope as how he'll come my vay soon," said the undertaker; "O, voudn't I be so 'appy to do the job for such fellers!"

"Gentlemen," said Nokes, starting to his feet in an ecstacy of delight; "Gentlemen, come, pray do come and join us. Waiter!" shouted the little man, at the top of his voice.

"Mr. Nokes!" said the undertaker, "Mr. Nokes, really you are——"

"My dear sir, pray don't mention it," waving his right hand; "nothing, I assure you, can give me greater pleasure than to express my gratitude to those who, like you all, gentlemen, see through the character of this man."

His "friends" looked each other significantly in the face. The undertaker winked with his left eye at the greasy-looking little man who sat opposite to him.

All who were in the room had now become Mr. Nokes' guests. The two bottles of champagne were quaffed in excellent style, followed by another bottle of port, amidst some of the choicest specimens of abuse of poor Jones ever before exhibited.

They parted that night. But all of them were in the parlour of the Coach and Horses in good time next evening, waiting the appearance of Mr. Nokes. The little man was there sooner than usual. Mr. Jones was again as

heartily abused as before; and Nokes treated his "friends" as liberally to wine as he had done the previous evening.

Several other persons, who chanced to enter the parlour in the course of the evening, perceiving how matters stood, qualified themselves for admission on the list of Mr. Nokes' friends, and amply partook of his liberality. The thing was kept up in this way for ten or twelve consecutive nights, the number of Mr. Nokes' "friends" increasing every evening, until some of his near relations having been informed of

employ, frequenting the public-houses and perambulating the streets in quest of very ugly and very little men. Their instructions were, to obtain, if possible, the names and addresses of any such persons as they could find answering the description; so that Mr. Nokes might have an opportunity of communicating with them, should he deem it proper. What Mr. Nokes' object was they did not know: all he told them was to execute his wishes, and let no one know they were so employed. They indulged in a thousand conjectures as to their employer's object, but they did not hit upon the real one.

Mr. Nokes' agents could have no difficulty in finding ugly, very ugly men; they were to be met with in every direction. The place in Theobald's Road, where the notorious Robert Taylor, the self-styled "Devil's Chaplain," at that time spouted his blasphemy, swarmed with such persons. The agents chanced one night to drop in there, and took, almost at

hap-hazard, the addresses of two dozen and a half, which they thought would surely be enough to answer their employer's purpose. They returned to him, exulting at the great success of their mission. They handed Mr. Nokes the list.

"And these are all decidedly ugly men, are they?" said he.

"Werry," said one.

"O, decidedly frightful fellers," said the other.

Why, I think, Mr. Nokes, it's very difficult
ıy. It all depends on people's opinion;
›pinions, you know, sometimes varies very
ı."

But you are sure you have some *very* ugly
ms on your list?"

Bless your soul, sir, I'll swear that. Some
em are perfectly horrible to behold."

And all very little?" said Mr. Nokes.

I don't think they are particularly little,"
rved one of the agents. "However, we
r thought you wanted them *little* also."

How stupid, to be sure!" remarked Mr.
es, quite chagrined. "Did I not give you
cular instructions to get them very ugly
very little?"

Bless your soul, sir, we understood it quite
ent. We thought you wanted two sets;
set very ugly, and the other set very
. And so we went in quest of the ugly
rst."

Oh, dear, dear! what an awkward affair!"

sighed Mr. Nokes, energetically rubbing his little hands. "You must get persons who are both very ugly and very little."

The agents looked at each other.

"That's a very different matter," says the one.

"It is, indeed," observed the other. "And rely on it, it will be a much more difficult task to execute."

"At any rate, we'll do our best, Mr. Nokes," said both, as they quitted his shop in High Holborn.

"Why do you ask that question?" said he th an air of surprise and sternness.

"Only, sir, to decide a wager," replied one Mr. Nokes' agents, at the same time respectly touching his hat.

"Oh, if that's it," said he, with a grim smile, ny name is Lord ——."

The two agents then proceeded slowly in the ection of Abingdon Street; but as they were ssing the statue of Mr. Canning, one of them nted, "Here's another—just our man!" nting to a person a few yards from them.

"Pray, sir," said one of them, "may I use freedom of inquiring your name?"

"What, I should like to know, have you to with my name?" said the stranger, in a very len mood, and glancing so savage a look at m as almost to frighten them from his prece.

"Only, sir, because we had a dispute about " answered the party who had asked the estion.

"Why, if that's all," said the stranger, in a much more subdued tone; "if that's all, my name is R——, the member for ——."

The two agents then returned home. They set out again on their mission on the following day, and returned in the evening with a list of four names. On the day after, notwithstanding all their industry and exertion, they could only succeed in finding two persons that would answer their purpose. They intimated to Mr Nokes on their return, their determination to relinquish the further prosecution of the task

d J—— and Mr. R——," said the
er.

'Oh, ay; but you know we cannot calculate
them," observed Mr. Nokes. "Well, I
nk," he added, after a short pause, "six may
wer our purpose."

The agents exchanged congratulatory glances
h each other. "Happy to hear it," said the
e.

"We are, indeed, Mr. Nokes," observed the
her.

"Quite sure now, they are decidedly ugly
d decidedly little."

"We'll swear it," said the one.

"Oh, prime 'uns, sir," exclaimed the other,
th much emphasis.

"Well, if the thing turn out as I hope it
ill, you shall be liberally rewarded for your
ouble," said Nokes,. "Shocking bad hats I
ink you have got," he continued, first looking
the one and then at the other.

"*Very*," answered the one, taking off his hat,

and putting his hand through a large hole in the crown.

"Shocking bad, indeed, Mr. Nokes," observed the other.

"Here," said Nokes, taking up two hats which were lying on the counter, and putting them on the heads of the agents; "here, take these best beavers in the meantime, I will settle with you in full in a few days."

The agents quitted Mr. Nokes' premises well satisfied with what they had got, coupled with their expectations of future reward.

nvitation, and the advantages to be derived. s neither of them knew that any one but him- lf had been invited, and as they were all rangers to one another, they were not only rprised but terror-struck, as they gazed on ch other's frightful visages during the five inutes Nokes was behind his time. That rcumstance, added to the mystery of the fair, was the reason why neither of them ntured to break the dead silence which revailed.

The cause of Nokes's not appearing at the recise time appointed was this:—He had duly rrived with two of his friends at the Coach and lorses, a minute or so before two o'clock; but ot having previously apprised them or any one lse of the object he had in view, he thought it ould be better to take them into a private oom and explain the whole matter to them, efore introducing them to the proprietors of he half-dozen hideous physiognomies in the djoining room.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Nokes, "you
that that fellow"—meaning Jones, of co
"you know that he has publicly libell
by calling me the ugliest little person
universe. I mean, gentlemen, to prove
court and before a jury of my countrym
the imputation is atrociously false; and
days since I instituted an action again
with that view. I have got six men in t
room uglier and less than myself, whom
to bring before the jury, and whose stat

annoyance of mind which the opposition of Jones had caused to the poor little man, had completely deranged his intellects. The propriety of putting him in a strait-jacket, and sending him to a lunatic asylum, were the first ideas that crossed their minds.

"Mr. Nokes," said one of his friends, after a short pause; "Mr. Nokes, we don't understand this; you surely are not serious."

"I am, by ——," answered Mr. Nokes, with singular energy; at the same time striking the table with great force.

"The matter you complain of, Mr. Nokes, is not actionable," said another of his friends.

"Pooh, pooh! don't you mistake yourselves; I know better than that," said the little man, putting his hands into the breast of his waistcoat, and pulling himself up.

His friends at length, however, though not without the greatest difficulty, succeeded in convincing him that he was mistaken. And they extorted a promise from him that he would

withdraw the action, and not make an ass of himself. The next thing to be done was, to explain to the owners of the frightful frontispieces in the adjoining room the reasons why they had been invited by Mr. Nokes to the Coach and Horses, and to inform them of the turn which matters had just taken.

Nokes and his two friends introduced themselves for this purpose. One of the latter who was fond of a joke, after a fair quantum of "hems" and pauses, stated (Nokes all the while standing trembling at his back) that his

uld have no objection, by appearing in court, convict Mr. Nokes' accuser of falsehood. llow me, gentlemen, to add, that you will, of urse, be paid."

Here Nokes' friend was interrupted by the orus of curses, loud and deep, which the half-ozen ugly little fellows vociferously invoked n the lilliputian head of poor Nokes. They so made an instantaneous rush towards the or, where Nokes stood at the back of his iends; and would doubtless have torn the gmy hatter to pieces, had not his friends, ho were fortunately able-bodied men, arrested eir progress. Nokes rushed down-stairs, and ade his escape. The visages of the half-dozen tle fellows, if hideous at any time, were inex-essibly so now that they were made perfectly rage by the insult which Nokes had unintentionally offered them.

Jones, the day after being served with a no-e of Nokes' action against him, had brought ross-action against Nokes for defamation of

character. The friends of each party now clearly saw that, if a cessation of hostilities were not, by some means or other, brought about, the issue would be the bankruptcy of both. They accordingly agreed to use their best endeavours to bring about a reconciliation between the belligerents of High Holborn. Mr. Jones at once agreed to this; but little Nokes resolutely resisted for some time all offers of mediation by his friends. At last, one Saturday evening, one of his friends finding him in a more composed and more rational mood, said, fami-

t. I am sure you must have heard the story,"
id his friend, in a coaxing tone.

"The cats of Kilkenny!" said Nokes again.

h, I recollect now," exclaimed the little
n, in great ecstacies, after a moment's hesi-
on. "The cats of Kilkenny which fought
ther till nothing but their tails were left,—I
pose you mean?"

Precisely so, Mr. Nokes; and if you and
s go on much longer in the way you
been doing of late, you will soon be
in a similar predicament; you will be
ed. You will, Mr. Nokes, you may rely
t."

his carried conviction to the mind of little
es; he at once signified his willingness to
ntinue the war. By the interposition of
al friends, a reconciliation was eventually
ght about between the parties; and in less
six months afterwards they became such
t friends, as to enter into partnership to-
r. This was several years ago, and ever

" born brothers."





CHAPTER VIII.

neral election—Joseph attends several elections to re-
t the proceedings—The election for the county of Dorset
he election for a neighbouring borough.

se gentlemen connected with the morning
rs, whose engagements are to report the pro-
ings in Parliament, are sent, at the period
general election, into the various counties
towns throughout the kingdom, where
sts are expected, for the purpose of re-
ng the proceedings. They are allowed,
uch occasions, a guinea a day, over and
e all coaching expenses, — their salaries
ing on, of course, as usual, at home. Re-
rs will sometimes be out attending the
ions for a month at a time; and in most
, two or three weeks elapse before their

return. A general election is, consequently, very expensive to the morning papers. I have known one general election cost a single paper about 2500*l.* There is an instance on record,— and a very recent instance too,— in which a solitary election in the north of England, cost a morning journal the enormous sum of 150*l.* The expenses were chiefly incurred in expressing the intelligence to London.

Joseph Jenkins was sent, soon after the date of the events recorded in the last chapter, into

election for Dorsetshire. At that election, ich took place in the town of Ilchester, Mr. ıry Hunt, of Manchester massacre memory, ɔsed Sir Thomas Lethbridge. Perhaps re amusing or exciting scenes than those ich took place in the course of this election, not to be met with in electioneering records. the metropolitan and provincial journals he day, some account was given of the pro- lings. No account, however, was nearly mple as the one which we are about to give n Joseph's notes.

t may give the reader a greater relish for at follows, if we endeavour to convey to him ıe idea of the two principal performers the extraordinary scenes to be related. rmit us, then, to state, that Mr. Hunt was a , corpulent, farmer-looking man, with a large, ldy, jolly-looking countenance, and small ghing eyes. He was unequalled by any man ever knew, in the felicity and readiness of retorts. He was not to be put down or dis-

concerted. The more he was opposed, the more animated and amusing did he become. His opponent, Sir Thomas Lethbridge, was rather above the middle size, with (when we first saw him) a shrivelled face, and sallow complexion. His dress was slovenly, and he always wore leather unmentionables. His manner had a good deal of oddity about it, while, in his politics, he was then as ultra a Tory as Mr. Hunt was virulent in his Radicalism. Such were the antagonist candidates on this occasion.

"But he'll be presently," said one of Mr. Hunt's friends.

Scarcely had the latter finished his brief sentence, when a stern determined voice was heard in the passage,—"If I don't do for old leather-breeches (Sir Thomas Lethbridge) before the election is over, may I be gibbeted."

The appearance of Mr. Hunt, just as the last word was being pronounced, intimated to those in court who was the speaker.

Mr. Hunt, accompanied by a few friends, having taken his seat, the proceedings of the day commenced. The polling proceeded with great smoothness and regularity, until a Mr. Baker tendered his vote for Sir Thomas Lethbridge. Mr. Hunt objected to him on the ground that he kept the Post Office.

"That's a falsehood," said Mr. Baker.

Mr. Hunt.—As the old bird sings, the young bird learns. Miserable slave (addressing Mr. Baker), you but imitate the conduct of the candidate who whips you to the poll. What are

we to expect from such rascals,—fellows who are dragged up to make a member, whether they will or not?

Sir Thomas Lethbridge (looking Mr. Hunt full in the face).—What do you say, sir?

Mr. Hunt.—I say what I have said. (Laughter.)

The Sheriff.—I beg the candidates not to exceed the limits of gentlemanly conduct.

Sir Thomas Lethbridge.—I see some of my opponent's rabble ready to poll. Administer

irable, if you could furnish us with a list of ur voters: it would facilitate the business.

Mr. Hunt.—Bless your heart, sir, I can do such thing. I do not even know the names the gentlemen who mean to vote for me. y are no slaves. They are not whipped her (looking contemptuously at Sir Tho-), as if they were a pack of reluctant curs. n't keep a list of them, as I would of my . Eh, Sir Thomas. (Laughter and cheers i his friends.)

We are as honest as Sir Thomas himself," l one of Mr. Hunt's supporters, " and are y to take the oath."

r. Hunt.—Do you hear *that*, Sir Thomas? e are honest faces, (pointing to a body of oters.) There is no roguery in those coun- ices. (Laughter, in which Sir Thomas d.)

e polling was recommenced. Mr. Hunt ted to the vote of an attorney. " That sucker is not qualified."



You see, Mr. Sheriff, what a pa
guards you and I have got to deal
laughter and uproar.)

Sir Thomas Lethbridge.—The
person (Mr. Hunt) is intolerabl
graceful.

The Sheriff.—I hope Mr. Hu
from the use of such indecent la
future.

Mr. Hunt.—I will, Mr. Sherif
zle the bull-dogs that Sir Thom
here to bark at me. (Renewe
the midst of which, Sir Thomas
looked at each other as fiercely
been a pair of tigers about to tea
to pieces.)

You! He, he, he; ha, ha, ha. (Bursts of laughter.)

Mr. Russell (a friend of Sir Thomas).—Down with the fellow. Down with the vagabond.

Mr. Hunt (pointing to Mr. Russell).—Just look at the cowardly ruffian. There's a rascal for you. Don't, my excellent friends, inflict the slightest punishment on the low-bred scamp.

Knowing that Mr. Hunt meant the reverse of what he said, one of his supporters knocked Mr. Russell's hat over his eyes and ears, and another ably seconded his purposes by tearing the tails of his coat and throwing them at Sir Thomas.

A Voice.—Mr. Hunt is the greatest blackguard in Christendom.

Mr. Hunt (looking in the direction of the place whence the sound proceeded). — Would that *gentleman* just favour us with a sight of his face?

No response was made to Mr. Hunt's appeal.

Another Voice.—Hunt?

Mr. Hunt.—I hear you.

The Voice.—Your heart's a great deal blacker than your blacking.

Mr. Hunt.—If I only had the brazen-faced rascal here, I'd take the *shine* out of him without any loss of time. Oh, wouldn't I. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hunt then proceeded to read a copy of a letter, reflecting on the conduct of Mr. Messiter, a banker in Ilchester, a strenuous supporter of Sir Thomas Lethbridge.

Mr. Messiter.—You are the greatest villain at ever escaped the gallows.

Mr. Hunt.—Go home and mind your rags meaning Mr. Messiter's bank notes), you old oman in man's clothes. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Messiter.—I'm not afraid to look you, ou hoary-headed rogue, in the face.

Mr. Hunt.—It's not the first time you've ooked a rogue in the face when sitting oppoite your brother Dick. (Shouts of laughter.)

Mr. Messiter.—It's like fighting with a himney-sweep to contend with this worthless allow;—a man gets blackened all over. The coundrel ought to be sent at once to ——

"Where?" interrupted Mr. Hunt.

Mr. Messiter.—To the place your own nscience tells you you ought to have been nt to long ago; to the ——

"To the House of Commons," suggested r. Hunt, preventing the other from cometing his sentence.

Mr. Messiter.—No; but to a place which,

for the sake of others, I will not name; a place, however, where all is as black as your own heart or your own blacking. (Loud laughter.)

Sir Thomas Lethbridge.—There's no use, gentlemen, in trying to put this ruffian to shame. You can make no impression on him. His mind is as impervious as the hide of a rhinoceros.

Mr. Hunt (looking Sir Thomas in the face, and putting his physiognomy into a most ludicrous shape).—Ba, ba, boo; boo, boo, ba! (Roars of laughter.)

hat is more, you *know* it. I would feel ıhamed of myself if I could be afraid of any- ıing which a contemptible fellow like you ıuld say.

Mr. Hunt.—But will you hear me, old ıatherbreeches? (Loud laughter.) Will you ıd me your *long* ears for a single moment? ienewed roars of laughter, in which the ıeriff and all the friends of Sir Thomas ined.)

Sir Thomas, annoyed by the epithet "long" ıs, especially as his own friends could not ıain from joining in the peals of laughter ich proceeded from the assemblage, took no ice of his antagonist's appeal.

Mr. Hunt.—He is silent. I told you, gen- nen, he was afraid of what I was going to say.

ir Thomas (with great energy, and evi- tly under the deepest mortification).—You you old ruffian.

Ir. Hunt (with a most provoking coolness). hen will you hear me?

Sir Thomas.—Say on, you co
vagabond.

The attention of the vast assemblag
wound up to the highest pitch,
expecting that Mr. Hunt was abo
something of the greatest importanc
midst of this breathless attention,
putting on the oddest imaginable ex
countenance, and, pointing with his
to Sir Thomas, who stood only a fe
him, said, in the most comic tones
"Bow, wow, wow!"

it; but this despicable ruffian is privileged to do or say with impunity what he pleases.

Mr. Hunt.—What did I say, Sir Thomas?

Sir Thomas.—You said——

"Bow, wow, wow!" cried Mr. Hunt, interrupting Sir Thomas, and again pointing to him in the irresistibly ludicrous manner he had done before.

Renewed roars of laughter proceeded from all parts of the meeting.

Sir Thomas.—I appeal to you, Mr. Sheriff, whether an end ought not to be put to these disgraceful proceedings.

Mr. Hunt.—You have called me, Sir Thomas, an extraordinary animal.

Sir Thomas.—And so you are, and one of the worst and vilest of the animal species.

Mr. Hunt.—You're a fowl (pronounced fool). You belong to the feathered tribe. (Laughter and uproar.) You're a porcupine, Sir Thomas, and before I've done with you I'll make you look like one.

Renewed uproar and peals of laughte
lowed, in the midst of which the Sheri
adjourning the hall, put an end to the pr
ings for that day.

The result of the contest is generally
Mr. Hunt, after two or three days polli
voting for counties at that time lasted fo
days), seeing his adversary too far in
of him, to justify the most slender exp
of an eventual triumph, retired from
of conflict.

Joseph Jenkins, finding that his oc

ıer were blue, and those of the latter yel-

Never in the annals of electioneering :sts had there been a more equal conflict. ı the commencement to the close of the ıg, neither candidate, though the consti- :y consisted of 852 good and true electors, dozen votes a-head of the other. What l to the intense interest felt in the issue of ontest, was the circumstance of the candi- being, until near the close of the election, ıately two or three in advance of each . It is unnecessary to add, that the un- nty of the result led to the most extra- ary exertions on the part of the friends of r candidate. To be sure, Mr. Movement lecidedly the popular candidate among the lectors, or the "swineish multitude," as e used to call them. If their "sweet s" had been worth anything, the Liberal idate would have gained his election by a ity of twenty to one; for it was ascer- d by those who had had most experience

in such matters, that on the nomination
though the constituency, as already remar
consisted of only 852, the number of h
held up for Mr. Movement was at least
15,000 to 16,000. In fact, there was
about a score of hands held up for his c
nent; and these, instantaneously attra
towards them, as if by some unaccoun
magnetic influence, a host of bludgeons be
ing to the democracy, vanished with an ele
rapidity. It was curious to see, that, o

r, found to have recorded, at the poll-booths, their names in his favour. The est being thus so exceedingly close, the ex-nent in the town, was correspondingly great. re was scarcely a person in the place that not become a decided partisan of either can-te. Blue or yellow favours, according to politics of the wearers, were to be seen ed to every hat, or attached to the breast of arty's coat. On the close of the first day's g, Mr. Abingdon, seeing himself only two l of his opponent, resolved on trying the : of a copious propagation of porter on the e of the poll." The breweries of the place all exhausted of their supplies, in order the rabble should not, through want of the ration of porter, be wanting in zeal for the candidate. The populace promptly drank Abingdon's porter; but he found, by three k on the following day, that, so far from liberal libations bettering his condition on oll, they had the effect of reducing his ma-

jority of two, at the close of the first day's proceedings, to a minority of three,—the numbers standing thus:—

Abingdon . .	421
Movement . .	424

The poll could only be kept open one hour longer; and it was ascertained that only four more electors could be expected to vote, the remaining few electors living at a distance from the place. What was to be done, under these desperate circumstances, to reduce the majority of the Liberal candidate? Mr. Abingdon con-

ptly purchased. The fourth, and now
nly outstanding elector, Adam Hogg, was
o be found: no one could tell whether he
to be forthcoming or not. Adam was a
, blunt, honest, man, with a slight dash of
tricity about him. He was a sort of coster-
er, and was daily to be seen driving his
ey and cart in the town or its neighbour-
. He was neither Tory nor Liberal; he
quite the creature of caprice. His con-
however, was always the result of *honest*
ses. Had the Tory candidate offered him
nds for his vote, the offer would have
indignantly rejected. Nor was there the
test chance of reasoning him out of his
ons. Once formed, he clung to them with
perate tenacity. No one, on the present
ion, was able to form an opinion as to the
n which he would vote, should he vote at
for, at previous elections, he had voted for
or Liberal candidates, just as the whim
ened to strike him. It was now within

ten minutes of the time for closing the poll, and the candidates were equal, the state of the poll standing thus:—

Abingdon .	424
Movement . .	424

At this moment an announcement was made that Adam had been seen a few minutes previously, and would presently make his appearance to vote. It is impossible to convey an idea of the intensity of the anxiety now felt by the friends of the respective candidates. It was visibly depicted in every countenance. Not

silence and stillness. At the very moment that this absorbing anxiety had reached its height; when, indeed, the friends of both candidates—and, of course, the candidates themselves—were in an agony of suspense; at that very moment Adam Hogg was descried at a distance of some hundred yards advancing, astride on his donkey, towards the polling place. Every bosom now beat with, if possible, increased anxiety. The alternations of hope and fear, as the decisive moment approached, succeeded each other with a terrible rapidity and power. A few seconds more, and Adam had advanced sufficiently near to enable the more quick-sighted of the Tory party to discover a profusion of Mr. Abingdon's favours around the donkey's ears. Intelligence of the fact, as if by some invisible telegraph, was communicated with the rapidity of thought to the mind of every Tory present, and a tremendous shout of applause instantly burst from their throats. In those plaudits the Liberals read the death-warrant of their hopes,—heard

the death-knell of their expectations. A sickly paleness suddenly overcast their countenances. On the other hand, the faces of the Tories were flushed with the excess of their joy. So marked, indeed, was the contrast which the countenances of the Tories and Liberals now presented to each other, that the least experienced physiognomist might, from a hasty inspection of the faces before him, have singled out, with unerring certainty, the Tories and the Liberals, and arranged them into their respec-

Adam, in answer to the question from the functionary officiating on the occasion, as to which of the candidates he wished to vote for, shouted, at the top of his voice, "For *Movement*, to be sure! Hurrah for Mr. Movement!" To describe the scene which followed were out of the question; it is impossible to form any adequate conception of it. Oh, the confusion and consternation of the Tories! Oh, the exultation of the Liberals! Had the earth been in the act of opening up to receive the former into its capacious bosom, they could not have appeared more horror-struck. Had the heavens been showering down gold, in copious abundance, into the pockets of the latter, they could not have looked one whit more delighted.

"You have made a mistake—you have voted for the wrong candidate," cried the chairman of Mr. Abingdon's committee, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his confusion to be able to speak.

"Oh, there's no mistake: I knows vat I'm about," said Adam, amidst the deafening cheers of the Movement party.

"Why, you've voted contrary to your colours," remarked another of Mr. Abingdon's friends.

"Vy, them'ere's not *my* colours; they be my donkey's colours. Don't you see them about his long ears?"

Roars of laughter from the Liberals greeted this display of humour on the part of Adam.

ices, — "Movement is the member!"
l by a succession of the most tremen-
als of applause which ever greeted the
of a candidate.

CHAPTER IX.

Joseph's increasing embarrassments—Changes his lodging—An adventure with a bailiff in his new lodgings.

EVER since his connexion with the morning journal to which repeated reference has been

bject the party to all the annoyance of oggedly dunned for payment; but they y means of the expenses incurred in law ings instituted for their recovery, to in- n amount with an appalling rapidity. the practice of not paying one's debts npelled by law, is allowed to go on for th of time, the result will be the im- ty of paying at all. No man ever yet d for many years to act on the prin- not paying his just debts until forced by the resistless compulsion of the law, in the end becoming the victim of his rudence and his own want of honesty. vas now in a fair way of being placed npleasant pecuniary predicament. For , and a very long season too, he had by plausible promises to put off his cre- om time to time. He found, however, aining their consent to a little longer s not synonymous with cancelling the ns under which he lay to them. He,

moreover, made the discovery, that just as the stream is stemmed for a time only to rush onwards with greater force and rapidity when the obstruction is removed, or has been broken through,—so the temporary silence of creditors is sure to be succeeded by a far greater clamour than that which had been previously raised when demanding payment of the money due. Joseph now found himself in this situation. He had put off his creditors till they would be put off no longer; and the remembrance of his oft-renewed and as often violated promises to pay, only served to make them more resolute in the determination to have their money by some means or other.

The result of this was, that he was driven about from one lodging to another like a hunted hare. Bailiffs were constantly in quest of him; and whenever he had reason to believe that his place of abode was discovered, there was no alternative but either to pay the debts for which he was most hotly pursued, or to seek a

further respite from the persecution of bailiffs, by repairing to some new obscure lodgings.

To have a pack of clamorous creditors constantly dogging one's steps, and ready like so many beasts of prey to pounce upon their victim the moment they can get him into their clutches, is a very uncomfortable condition to be in. So soliloquized Joseph; and he was doubtless right. To be incessantly hunted by hungry creditors, resolved not on any account to relinquish their pursuit until they shall either get their money, or infix their talons in the person of their creditor; to be in this situation, must be one of the most miserable situations in which a human being can be placed. But then, Joseph found it convenient to forget—and persons in his situation usually contrive to forget—that he was the aggressor; that he first injured his creditors by getting into their debt, without ever bestowing a moment's consideration as to whether or not there was any reasonable prospect of his ever being

able to discharge the obligations which he came under to them.

With the view of keeping as much as possible out of the reach of his creditors, who were now pursuing him more hotly than ever, Joseph resolved on taking lodgings in the second floor of a miserable-looking house in the neighbourhood of Clare Market; a place which he thought likely to be among the last suspected, inasmuch as both the house and the locality somewhat decidedly contrasted with his appearance and

el." Mrs. O'Callaghan, who flattered
f that she was a great physiognomist,—so
as to tell by the first glance of one's
nance whether he was a rogue or an
man,—was exceedingly taken with
, when, in compliance with the invitation
ed to him by a small piece of thick paper
ıp in the window, containing the brief an-
ment—"Lodgings to let,"—he presented
f at the door to ascertain the quality and
of her lodgings. The feeling of satisfac-
ıs reciprocal, Joseph being in that state
l to be pleased with anything and every-
provided he could only contrive to keep
: concealed from his creditors. Lest,
r, his hiding-place should be discovered,
ressed to Mrs. O'Callaghan a particular
hat on no account she should ever say to
who might call, that he was within, add-
t he had a great many friends who were
s of intruding themselves into his com-
hether he would or not. In fact, he

continued, his principal object in leaving his previous lodgings, and taking Mrs. O'Callaghan's, was to escape the visits of friends whose excessive anxiety to cultivate his acquaintance and to be in his society, was to him, who was fond of retirement, quite a bore. Joseph concluded by plainly intimating to Mrs. O'Callaghan, that the term of their connexion as landlady and lodger would most probably altogether depend on her attention to his wishes in this respect, and on the success with which she should keep outside the door those who might manifest a

portant part of the business. My name
amin Brackenordorchy."
nd, sure, a very good Christhian-like
is, too," said Mrs. O'Callaghan, "though
it is not aisy at first to get one's tongue
t."
little practice," remarked Mr. Joseph,
vercome the difficulty."
, throth, and you may be after saying
or practice will overcome anything."
ph inwardly demurred to the soundness
position. Practised as he was at the
: to quell the clamours of his credi-
e found himself not a whit more suc-
now than he was at the first. On the con-
ie found they only grew the more difficult
age, the longer he had to deal with them,
e more extensive his transactions be-

preliminaries being settled to the satis-
of both parties, Joseph, in less than a
of hours, took possession of his new

lodgings. Ashamed, however, both of his lodgings and the locality in which they were situated, he resolved on concealing from even his most intimate acquaintances, the place of his new abode. With that view, he dated all his letters from the office of the weekly journal with which he was connected, which, as a matter of course, secured the answers being sent to the same address.

Creditors, however, are very prying people. There is no possibility of long concealing oneself from them. One of Joseph's creditors found

d this she did in perfect good faith; for was still in ignorance of Joseph's real name. ne of the inquirers after Mr. Jenkins being allant enough to doubt Mrs. O'Callaghan's d, she called them "unbelieving infidels," threatened, that if they did not go away pace, she would be after smothering every of them." In fact, from morning till night, the door of Mrs. O'Callaghan's house a e of perpetual squabbling between herself persons desirous of being introduced, or, er of being allowed to introduce themselves, oseph.

ne of the bailiffs, a little conceited pragmati- ellow, who had been remarkably regular in isits three times every day—morning, noon, night—but had always been kept at bay by . O'Callaghan,—determined one day to effect ntrance by some means or other. Accord- y he presented himself at the door of the essible house, and inquired, as before, her Mr. Jenkins was within.

"Sorrow Mr. Jenkins you, you impudent spalpleen, isn't it myself has told you twenty blessed times, that there's no such person in this Christhian house."

"Is there any other person, then?" inquired the server of writs.

"What's that to you, ye unhanged rascal!" replied Mrs. O'Callaghan, in tones which told that she had been worked up to a pitch of the strongest excitement.

"It's everything to me, ma'am, and you'll very soon find that to your cost," said the other.

"What do you mane, you worthless vag-

flew at him like a tigress, and, seizing him by the tails of the coat, pulled him back with such force, as to cause him to fall in the passage in the most awkward manner which it were possible to imagine. He, however, speedily regained his feet, and made another attempt to force his way up-stairs, when Mrs. O'Callaghan, snatching up a child's chair which lay at her feet, hurled it at him with all the strength which she possessed. It hit the poor little bailiff with tremendous effect on an anonymous place. The blow had the effect of stunning him for the moment, when Mrs. O'Callaghan laid hold of him a second time. A scuffle ensued, in the midst of which, the landlady screamed aloud, "Help! Help! Murther! Murther! Mr. Braknorky (Brackenordorchy), if you don't come to my assistance immadiately, I'll be kilt entirely."

No answer was made to Mrs. O'Callaghan's adjuration, at which she was very much astonished. She renewed the appeal, but with no better success. At length the bailiff achieved

his release from her grasp, and bounded upstairs with the agility of a grey-hound. Mrs. O'Callaghan followed as hard at his heels as her short fat person would permit, showering upon him all the way, the most copious and most varied abuse. The other had the impudence to enter, without knocking, at the door, or waiting to learn whether or not his presence would be agreeable, to every accessible apartment in the house. Hitherto he had searched without success. No Mr. Jenkins, nor Mr. Brackenordorchy, nor Mr. Any-body-else, was to be seen.

omitting the particular apartment in
newly-married pair—an able-bodied
Patrick Shannon, and his young wife—
Joseph knew, moreover, that Mrs.
who was pretty as well as young, and
great spirit, was within, and that
nd was employed in a house hard by.
fore, determined to carry out the idea
med, stole softly up the stairs, and at-
listened to the sound of the bailiff's
or to his voice. In a few seconds he
walk into Mrs. Shannon's apartment,
s bed-room and all. The newly-mar-
g woman was at work with her needle.
ment more, he heard Mrs. Shannon
abusing the little man of writs, for
intrude into her room; while he was
getically asserting that he had done so
rformance of his duty, and was only
ut for a friend to whom he wished to
r words. "Thunder and lightning,"
Mrs. Shannon, "and is it here you're

after seeking your friends? May be if Pat Shannon happen to drop in, and find you in this same place, it were better for you if you had been at a rasonable distance from it, you —"

The sudden shutting of the door, by some invisible agency, followed by the instantaneous turning of the lock, prevented Mrs. Shannon from finishing her sentence. "By the powers!" she exclaimed, "what does this mane?"

The bailiff was too much confounded to utter a word.

r shall I get out?" inquired the man
great alarm.
y you got in," replied Mrs. Shan-

ff attempted to open the door, but
is obstinate. It was, as already re-
ted on the outside.
)r arn't open," said he, in piteous

n, my husband will be here imma-
sure he won't be long in opening it

vant of the law' trembled from

is dialogue was going on, another
)lace between Joseph and his land-
landing of the second floor.
an the brute baste,"—to wit, the
ane by acting in this way?" in-
O'Callaghan.
mean no good; that's clear," replied

"Och, and your right there, any how. It's as plain as a Kerry mountain.—Maister Brackenordorchy," said Mrs. O'Callaghan, with a special emphasis, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you be after answering me one question I'm going to ax?"

"If I can, Mrs. O'Callaghan," said Joseph.

"Can you inform me what's the reason why so many persons call for a Mr. Jenkins, and seem so very anxious to see him, while not a mother's son ever inquires after you, Mr. Brack-

me rude ruffian has forced his way into
's room?"

h, sure and sirtain, I forgot that! Fear-
y darlint," continued Mrs. O'Callaghan,
ıg her head down-stairs as far as it could
ɔo, and addressing herself to a ragged
r only son, about eight years of age, who
:he parlour.

ı, mother," said the urchin, opening the
nd looking attentively up-stairs to the
ho first introduced him into the world.

n, haste, fly, my jewel! and tell Pat
n that there's a hathen-looking man
:n the room with his wife."

ı, mother," said the boy; but scarcely
: affirmative response to Mrs. O'Calla-
appeal to her son been yielded by the
than the street-door opened, and Mr.
n entered.

Shannon was a good-looking athletic
ressed in the habiliments of a day-
r, whose countenance seemed to express,

as plainly as if the fact had been written on his forehead in legible characters, that he was a man about whose determination of character there could be no mistake.

"Och, and may St. Patrick and all the blessed saints be praised for another sight of yer honest face, Pat Shannon," exclaimed Mrs. O'Callaghan, in joyous accents, as the other entered.

"What's the matter, Mrs. O'Callaghan," inquired Pat, eagerly.

"Is it what's the matter yer after axing,

aiming, as he seized him by the throat,—
hat brought you here, you big blackguard?"
he little officious, self-consequential per-
ge, seeing himself suddenly in the hands of
ge infuriated Irishman, trembled from head
ot. He was too terrified to utter a word.
ngth the brief sentence struggled through
ent-up throat—"I only came into the
in the execution of my duty."

And was it your duty, you mighty big
n, to lock yourself into the room with my
Phiddy, my honey," turning to his wife,
he hurt you at all at all?"

'aith and he didn't, for I wouldn't let
replied Mrs. Shannon.

ıever occurred to Pat, that the bailiff could
y have locked himself in, when he found
ey outside the door.

'll explain all if you'll only allow me,"
the affrighted little man.

'o purgatory with your explanations, you
looking monster," said Mr. Shannon, and

with that he threw the other on the ground. "Now, you big rogue," he continued, shaking his fist in the face of the prostrate and half-expiring bailiff; "now, you big rogue, will you ever meddle with my wife again?"

"I did not—did not——"

The little writ-deliverer was about to attempt a denial and explanation, but was interrupted by Pat, who again demanded, on pain of grinding the bailiff into powder, an answer to his question, whether he would ever again ven-

time, after you have fallen on your knees asked Phiddy's pardon; but remimber, if I ever see you here again, I'll show you quicker road to the street than down the rs."

"And sure, a passage out of the window is what the baste desarves," said Mrs. O'Callan, who had all this time been a silent spectator of what was going on,—doubtless from a riction that the bailiff could not be in better ls.

Down on your knees, you blackguard, and Phiddy's pardon," said Pat, in authorative nts.

I assure you ——"

I want none of the assurances ov' the likes ye, ye unmannerly vagabone. Down on knees this moment, or I'll throw ye out at vindow the next."

ne poor terrified, trembling bailiff, deeming ormer alternative to be, on the whole, prele to the latter, fell down on his knees, and

looked up to Pat, as if waiting further instructions.

"Now, you baste, ax Phiddy's pardon," said the indignant husband.

"I humbly beg your pardon, ma'am, if I have offended you in any way," said the affrighted official, in piteous accents.

"Rise up, ye spalpeen, and never let us see your ugly face again."

And as the bailiff, shaking like an aspen leaf, arose and was hurrying out of the room, Pat, by way of a parting salute, gave him a whack on the head, which sent both his hat and his wig—for he wore a wig—down-stairs before him. Never did human being, not literally *thrown* down-stairs, or out of the window, make a more rapid descent from a third floor, than did the



n of the spectators, of whom there was soon
lly number, was, that the hatless, bald-
l, excited stranger, had just escaped from
matic asylum, or from the custody of his
. The policeman considerately threw a
rchief around his head, and escorted
llowed by a crowd of boys wondering
t could be all about, to the house of a
in the neighbourhood. It is quite super-
to add, that the bailiff did not repeat his
the domicile of Mrs. O'Callaghan.

CHAPTER X.

Joseph falls into arrears with his landlady—Unpleasant consequences—Awkward affair.

MATTERS went on with tolerable smoothness between Joseph and Mrs. O'Callaghan during

to an open rupture with him at once. Ac-
gly, she one morning knocked at his door,
eing invited in, said, in honied accents,
he must ax his pardon for what she was
o say, but she was sure that a gintleman
m would be afther pardoning a poor
woman.

, certainly, Mrs. O'Callaghan," said
without waiting to hear what his land-
s about to say.

, an' its sirtain sure I was, that a gin-
like you would jist do that same,"
d Mrs. O'Callaghan.

t what were you going to say, Mrs.
ghan?" inquired Joseph.

ll, sir, an' if yer honour would not be
amiss, I was going to say that it would
at obligement to me if it would be con-
to you to pay me my small bill of three
ix and sevenpence."

, ay, to be sure. Really, Mrs. O'Calla-
said Joseph, a good deal surprised by

the application, coupled with a consciousness of his inability to pay it, "really, Mrs. O'Callaghan, I owe you an apology for having allowed it to run on so long."

"I'll not trouble you, sir, for any 'pology," said Mrs. O'Callaghan, not having any definite ideas of what the word apology meant, "if you can only make it convanient to pay the bill."

"I'm really sorry, exceedingly sorry," said Joseph, "but it is not in my power to settle the little matter just now, having been making

'Good morning, Mrs. O'Callaghan."

The latter had descended several steps of the
r, when, a thought suddenly striking her,
hastily returned, and re-opening the door
Joseph's apartment and thrusting her head
le, said—"Yer sure and sirtain, Mr.
:kenorchy, I've not offended you by axing
thrifle?"

Oh, not in the least—not in the least, I
re you, Mrs. O'Callaghan," replied Joseph,
nphatic tones.

hus re-assured, Mrs. O'Callaghan retired
of the happiest women in London,—or out
. Three pounds some odd shillings was
the sum she wanted to make up her rent,
she now looked forward to quarter-day
out, what she herself called, a "taste of
"

ext week came, and so did the eve of quar-
lay. Still there were no symptoms of
ph's bill being about to be paid. He came
e that evening at the unusually early hour

of eight; but it was now ten, and he had made no allusion to his promise of last week. "Shall I ax him agin for the money?" inquired Mrs. O'Callaghan, addressing herself to herself. "No, you'd betther not," she replied. "May be, Judy O'Callaghan, he'll be afther paying you early to-morrow mornin'," she resumed, continuing the self-sustained dialogue.

And having come finally to the resolution to wait till she should see what the morning would do for her, Mrs. O'Callaghan went to bed.

y-and-by Joseph himself was heard descending
e stairs on his way out.

"Mr. Brackenordorchy," said Mrs. O'Calla-
han, just as he was in the act of opening the
or. "I ax your pardon, sir, but you have
gotten to settle the thrifling account you so
ndly promised me; and this is the day I have
pay my rint. Would it be convanient now."

"Upon my honour, Mrs. O'Callaghan, I'm
ceedingly sorry I cannot at this moment.
e been disappointed in a large sum due to
e; but you may rely on it on Wednesday
xt, as on that day I am to receive £100 for
new work about to appear, of which I am the
thor. Will you take my word once more?"

"And sure I must, Mr. Brackenordorchy, if I
a get nothing betther," replied Mrs. O'Calla-
an, drily."

"I won't deceive you, Mrs O'Callaghan."

"I've only your own word for it, which you
ow I had before," said Mrs. O'Callaghan,
astically.

"An accident only has made me break it," remarked Joseph.

"An' may not an aksident do the same agin?" replied the lodging-house keeper.

"Impossible—quite impossible," returned Joseph. "My money on Wednesday next is as sure as the bank."

"An' *mine* too?" inquired Mrs. O'Callaghan, with an air of doubt.

"As certainly as the sun now shines. Good morning, Mrs. O'Callaghan."

"Good mornin' to ye," responded the latter.

on, after attentively listening to Mrs. aghan's narrative of what had occurred n her and Joseph at the street-door; did he mane by calling himself an athor?"

h, sure, an' isn't that the very thing been puzzlin' meself," replied Mrs. ughan.

e athor of some work, did he say?"

ı' sure he did say that blessed same."

ı ye know what he *does* work at?" pur- Irs. Shannon.

rrow a bit iv me does," answered Mrs. ughan. "But it cannot be much good, ıever comes home at *night* till late in the "

s. O'Callaghan," said Mrs. Shannon, very serious and speaking with a pecu- phasis.

s, darlint."

iver me to pieces iv I likes that word at ll," said Mrs. Shannon.

hat word, my jewel?"

"That ugly spalpeen of a word, athor!"

"Nather do I, honey," remarked Mrs. O'Callaghan. "I wish that somebody would explain its manin."

"Do you know, Mrs. O'Callaghan, that I think it manes a murtherer."

"The blessed Virgin and the holy saints protect us!" cried Mrs. O'Callaghan, starting from her chair, and eagerly crossing herself. "What makes you think so, Mrs. Shannon," inquired the other, as soon as her alarm would permit her to put the question.

"I'll sware it on the holy cross. And may e if you listen to-night at his door, he may be eard agin spaking to himself."

"Thakleen, my jewel, will you sit up with me ll he comes home to-night, and we'll both sten at his door together. Its dangerous to ve a hathen in the house that spakes to him- lf about murthers and murtherers."

Mrs. Shannon agreed to Mrs. O'Callaghan's roposal, and both accordingly awaited with e deepest anxiety the return of Joseph. He me home for the night at half-past ten, hav- g some literary matters which required his mediate attention. Joseph was in the habit speaking to himself, or as some prefer ex- essing it, thinking aloud; and the only won- r was, that neither Mrs O'Callaghan nor Mrs. annon had, in passing up and down the stairs, fore overheard him when so employed.

Soon after Joseph had entered his room, he ked the door. The turning of the key was signal for the two ladies to take their sta-

tion on the landing of the second floor. All the lights in the house, with the exception of that belonging to Joseph, had been previously put out. The pair of sentinels had not been two seconds at Joseph's door, when he re-commenced his confirmed habit of speaking to himself. He was, however, it ought to be here remarked, addicted to the practice of suddenly lowering his voice; and the result was that only particular words of his sentences were generally caught. "Yes," he began, walking as he usually did through the room on such occasions

ped the landlady. "The devil and he is timate friends."

"Hold your pace, woman," said Mrs. Shan-n, who exhibited a wonderful coolness on the asion; "hold your pace, or we'll have no ofs against him."

Joseph continued—"As for the sheets, I'll ow them out of the window."

'Phiddy! Phiddy!" cried Mrs. O'Calla-n, restraining herself with difficulty from aking aloud—"he's thrown my best linen ets, which cost seven and sixpence, out of the dow. Och, run down, jewel, and pick them "

Hold your tongue, ye foolish woman," whis-ed Mrs. Shannon, angrily; "he only says he throw them out of the window."

And," resumed Joseph, "he'll pick them

There they go; there they go," said Mrs. allaghan; "they'll be picked up in a mo-t." And she hurried down-stairs and rushed

into the street, to catch the assistant robber. To her surprise, neither thief nor sheets were to be seen. She again softly stole up-stairs, and took her station beside Mrs. Shannon.

"And as for that old Irish hag, Mrs. O'Callaghan, I'll ——"

"Oh, the blackguard! Oh, the blackguard!" roared Mrs. O'Callaghan, in tones that Joseph could not have failed to hear, but for the noise caused by the heaviness of his own footsteps, and the loudness of his own voice, in conjunction with the deep reverie in which he

"I don't understand that," replied Mrs. hannon.

"*I'll* close her mouth; *I'll* stop the waggings her vile tongue," pursued Joseph.

"Mrs. Shannon, do ye hear the ugly ruffian? What *can* he mane?"

"Hush, hush," said Mrs. Shannon, "and e'll hear it all presently."

Joseph continued.—"The only thing about hich I have any doubt is, as to the mode of e murder—whether it should be done by angling, or blowing out her brains. Oh," after moment's pause, "I'll blow out her brains once. A bullet's the thing. It does its rk neatly, and no mistake."

Loud cries of "Murther! murther!" proeding from the stairs, prevented Joseph from mpleting his soliloquy. Mrs. O'Callaghan and rs. Shannon ran a neck-and-neck race down e stairs, screaming "Murther! murther!" l the way; nor did they slacken either their ce, or their screaming, until they had reached

the middle of the street. Joseph, with candle in hand, hurried to the door of his apartment, and, without taking time to turn the key, burst open the door. Nobody, however, was to be seen, though he was certain that the screams of murder which had just broken so alarmingly on his ears, had issued from the stairs. After a moment's hesitation, he ran downstairs, found the street door open, and, on looking outside, saw Mrs. O'Callaghan and Mrs. Shannon surrounded by a large assemblage of persons. "That's him; that's the murtherer," cried both ladies in chorus, addressing two policemen, the moment Joseph presented himself at the door. The mob made a rush at him, and, but that the policemen got him pushed inside the house in time to save him, would, on the Lynch-law principle, have torn him to pieces on the instant. Joseph was told by the policemen that he must go to the Bow Street station-house, on a charge of attempting to murder his landlady. Utterly confounded at all this, he

red the meaning of such extravagant
uct.

)ch, you villain!" shouted Mrs. O'Calla-
, "and it's nobody knows the maning of
tter than yourself."

And wasn't you," cried Mrs. Shannon;
n't you going to murther this dacent
n?" pointing to Joseph's landlady.

eph vehemently protested that there was
uth in the charge: that any attempt or wish
rder his landlady was the most unfounded
reposterous idea that ever entered the head
uman being.

e policemen, however, heeded not his pro-
ions. They dragged him away to the
n-house, ironically remarking, that he
l have an opportunity, on the following
of convincing the magistrate of his inno-

e reader is left to form the best idea he
the state of mind in which our hero spen:
ght. The whole affair was still wrapt up

in as much mystery as ever. Charged with attempting the life of Mrs. O'Callaghan! Why, he felt that he might, with equal justice, have been charged with contemplating the assassination of his sovereign. Whatever might be his other errors or crimes—and there were seasons when his conscience told him they were neither few nor small—he felt that he was as innocent as the child unborn of ever harbouring the idea, far less of attempting to carry it into execution, of taking away the life of a fellow-

ent persons had been convicted and even
ted. The crime with which he was
ed was not, it was true, at that time, a
l offence. Still the punishment might be
ortation for seven or fourteen years; and
d not, by any means, relish the idea of
sent across the seas for either term; more
ally for an offence of which he was as in-
t as the magistrate himself, before whom
s to be brought on the following day.

e following day came in due course, and so
e moment at which Joseph was summoned
he presence of the magistrate. The charge
empting to murder his landlady,—though,
y speaking, even supposing Madams
laghan and Shannon's version of matters
e been correct, it ought only to have been
itating the murder," &c.,—the charge
tempting to murder Mrs. O'Callaghan
gain preferred. Joseph reiterated to
agistrate what he had protested to the
men, that the accusation was not only

unfounded, but that he had not the slightest idea on what it was grounded.

"We shall at all events," said the magistrate, "soon learn the grounds of the charge, whether it be well founded or otherwise. Prosecutrix," addressing Mrs. O'Callaghan, "state the particulars of this case."

Mrs. O'Callaghan.—Yes, yer honour.

Here the prosecutrix paused.

Magistrate.—Well, go on; proceed.

Mrs. O'Callaghan. — Well, this gintleman,

O'Callaghan.—I ax your worship's par-
I'll state the partiklars intirely, and
else. Well, yer honour, the gintleman
e eight weeks' rint, and a great many
besides; and, two or three weeks ago, I
iim, 'Mr. Braknorky, may I ——'"
: Court does not," interrupted the magis-
want to hear anything about the state of
:y matters between you."
:uniary matters, did yer worship say?"
rs. O'Callaghan, interrupting the ma-
in her turn. "Would yer honour
bliging as to be afther telling me what
nes?"
strate. — Why, money matters, to be

O'Callaghan.—Does your worship mane
of my lodgings?
strate. — Yes, certainly, that or any
ebt he owes you; but we don't want
anything about pecuniary matters just

Mrs. O'Callaghan.—Heaven bless yer honour's sowl, I understand you now.

Magistrate.—Well, proceed to state the circumstances connected with the charge against the prisoner.

Mrs. O'Callaghan.—I will, yer honour. The gintleman standin' there (pointing to Joseph) having owed me money for rint and other thrifles, I axed him one night, when it would be convanient ——"

"Now you are again," interposed the magi-

pistol in his hand to shoot my brains out,
——"

and him!" interposed the magistrate;
l him! Did you not see him?"

o, yer worship; and, by the blessed
we did not wish to see him, either."

don't understand this at all," said the
ate. "Let the policeman, who was first
spot, and took the prisoner into custody,
Court what he knows about the mat-
'oliceman, stand up."

policeman accordingly stepped into the
-box.

strate.—What do you know about this
liceman?

, your worship, as I was a-passing, on my
ar the door of this woman (Mrs. O'Cal-
, she and the other woman came both
into the street, calling out 'Murder!'
seconds afterwards, the prisoner rushed
er them, and the prosecutrix immedi-
id, 'That's him; that's him; take him in

charge; he's been attempting to murder me.' The other woman—that one (pointing to Mrs. Shannon)—said that she was a witness to the attempt, and would take her oath to it. A mob immediately collected about the place, and it was with difficulty that another policeman, who had just come up, and myself, could prevent the prisoner from being torn to pieces. We, therefore, took him into custody."

Magistrate.—But did the prosecutrix tell you any of the particulars of the assault?

to murder the prosecutrix; and yet you now
l me the charge against him is only that of
ditating or contemplating the murder.

Policeman. — The charge which she gave,
ur worship, and in support of which the
ier woman said she was ready to swear, was
t of attempting to murder her; but we after-
ds found that it was only a case of *medi-*
ng an attempt on her life.

Magistrate. — Well, state what you know
ut the matter.

Policeman.—What the prosecutrix has since
ted to me was, that this other woman (Mrs.
annon) having the night before overheard
prisoner walking through his room and
aking in a strange manner to himself, they
h determined, on the evening in question, to
en outside his door. They had not been
re many seconds when the prisoner again
an speaking to himself in a very unpleasant
e of voice, as he paced backwards and for-
ds in the room. They heard ——

"Just step down one moment, policeman," interrupted the magistrate; "we'll perhaps get the parties themselves to tell us what they heard. Prosecutrix, step into the witness-box."

Mrs. O'Callaghan did as she was desired.

Magistrate.—Mrs. O'Callaghan.

"Yes, yer honour."

Magistrate.—Just tell us what you overheard when you and your friend were listening at the door of the prisoner.

Mrs. O'Callaghan.—I will, yer worship; and it shall be nothing but God's blessed thruth, as sure and sirtain as I have a sowl to be saved. The first ugly thing he said, yer honour, was that the devil was sure to be there that night. (Laughter.) Well, we didn't much like the likes iv that. Next (for, yer honour, he meant to rob as well as murther me), next he said he would throw my sheets out of the window, and that some other vagabone would pick them up and run off with them. He then——"

May I be allowed, sir?" said Joseph, inter-
ing Mrs. O'Callaghan, and addressing him-
to the magistrate; "may I be allowed to
a few words, and I'll at once explain all
."

Not at present; but you'll have an oppor-
y of saying whatever you please, when the
cutrix has made her statement. Prosecu-
proceed."

Vell, yer worship," resumed Mrs. O'Cal-
n, "after saying that he would throw my
out of the window, he said ——"

ust stop a moment," interposed the magis-
"And did the prisoner throw your
out of the window?"

s. O'Callaghan.—No, yer honour, he did
I ran down-stairs, and out to the street,
ver a sheet nor anything else did I see

gistrate.—Are your sheets, then, still on
ed?

s. O'Callaghan.—They are, yer honour.

Magistrate.—So, then, there has been no robbery.

Mrs. O'Callaghan.—Och, and by my faith, yer honour, the rason of that same is as plain as a pikestaff; it's because he was prevented.

Magistrate.—Go on with your statement.

Mrs. O'Callaghan.—Then, says he, yer worship—didn't he, honey? (stopping abruptly, and turning to Mrs. Shannon).

"And faith he did, Mrs. O'Callaghan; as sure as I'm a livin' woman," returned Mrs.

Ah, the villain that he is," said Mrs. O'Cal-
an, now for the first time working herself
a paroxysm of passion, gnashing her teeth,
ing as fierce as a tigress at Joseph, and
ing her clenched fist in his face; "ah, the
hless villain that he is, he knows himself
: he said. Indeed, indeed, he does, yer
ur."

Yes, but we must know it, too," suggested
agistrate.

Well, then, yer honour, what then do you
: the brute baste said? He said, yer ho-
, that I was an old Irish hag." (Roars of
ter, in which Joseph could not help join-

And throth he did, yer honour," chimed
rs. Shannon, by way of corroborating the
nent of her friend. "He said, that old
hag, Mrs. O'Callaghan." (Renewed laugh-

What else did he say?" pursued the
trate.

"He said, yer honour, that he'd soon settle my hash for me." (Loud laughter.)

"Anything more?"

"Yes, yer worship, he said that he'd close my mouth, and stop the waggings of my vile tongue,—the big blackguard that he is."

Mrs. O'Callaghan accompanied the latter clause of the sentence with a very emphatic stamp of her foot in the witness-box, coupled with a most savage look at Joseph.

"Well, but," said the magistrate, "all that you have stated does not constitute any proof

Yes, he did, yer honour, as I hope to be
l."

Did he say anything else?" asked the
istrate.

We did not stay to hear anything else,"
ied Mrs. O'Callaghan; "but ran out of the
e for our lives, crying 'Murther! murther!'
ie way."

And did he pursue you?" inquired the
strate.

He did, yer honour, as fast as his heels
l carry him."

Did you hear any report of a pistol?"

We could not hear anything, yer worship,
ere so frightened," replied Mrs. O'Calla-

Policeman, did you see any pistol in the
ier's hand."

None, your worship."

Or find one in his lodgings?"

We did not, your worship, though we made
t careful search."

"Nor any other deadly weapon?"

"None, your worship."

"What was the appearance of his room?"

"There was nothing in it, your worship, but a bed, a table, some chairs, and a quantity of books and writing materials."

"Have you anything to say in addition to what has been stated by the prosecutrix?" said the magistrate, addressing himself to Mrs. Shannon.

"Nothing whatever, yer honour," replied Mrs. Shannon, "except to say that it's all the

I'm really ashamed," pursued Joseph, "to e to defend myself against so preposterous a rge; and I am sure, sir, that, when you have rd the statement I am about to make, the ole affair will appear equally ridiculous in ir eyes."

'The Court will hear what you have got to ," remarked the magistrate, with a slight ge of sarcasm in his manner, as if offended t Joseph should venture to anticipate his ision; "the Court will hear what you have to say, and then it will form its own opinion o the character of the charge."

'Well, sir," resumed Joseph, "the facts are se. It is ——"

'Don't believe a word that he says," cried s. O'Callaghan, before he had uttered half-zen words. "He is the mouth of a ——"

'Silence!" shouted the officer of the Court, rrupting Mrs. O'Callaghan in the midst of ntence whose remaining member will readily gest itself to the reader.

"You have been heard patiently in making your statement," said the magistrate, in a tone of reprehension, "and you must not interrupt the prisoner in making his defence."

"Very well, yer honour," said Mrs. O'Callaghan, making a clumsy curtsey to the magistrate.

"Proceed with your statement," said the magistrate, addressing himself to Joseph. But, correcting himself, he immediately added—"Just stop a moment, if you please. Does any one," looking round the Court, "know the

it was quite true that, on the night in ques-
, I did, in talking aloud to myself—which
long been a habit of mine—make use of the
ds which have been attributed to me; but,
as you will presently see, they admit of a
different construction from that which she
the other person have put upon them. The
is, sir, that I am on the eve of bringing out
w book—a work of fiction—the last sheets
hich are now passing through the press;
when I said, speaking to myself, that the
l was sure to be there, I merely meant the
ter's devil, who I knew was to call that
t for proofs which I received that morning.
ıd laughter.) And, with regard to the
ts of Mrs. O'Callaghan, which I am accused
aving meant to steal, and, with that view,
hrow them out of the window, I assure
sir, that the only sheets which I had in
thoughts were two proof sheets of my forth-
ing work which I had ready, corrected for
printer, and which, whenever I should hear

his ill-will rise at the door, I meant to throw out over the window, to save Mrs. O'Callaghan the trouble of letting him in. (Renewed laughter.) With ——"

"Oh, yer honour, there's not a word of blessed thruth in what he's ——" Mrs. O'Callaghan was in the act of again interrupting Joseph, but was interrupted herself by the magistrate ordering her to be silent, and threatening to remove her out of the Court, should she again attempt to interrupt the prisoner.

Joseph resumed. — "With respect to the

the meantime, looking daggers at Joseph, l muttering to herself, in the excess of her ignation, which well-nigh choked her—"Oh, blackguard! oh, the villain! oh, the big abone! He richly desarves the gallows!"

"I am sure, sir," resumed Joseph, again ressing himself to the magistrate, "that, after at I have said, you are satisfied the other ex- sion made use of—namely, 'I'll blow her ins out at once'—had no more reference to . O'Callaghan than to the King on the one. The fact was, that I had made, in my mind, a sudden transition from Mrs. O'Cal- han and the bill I owe her to the heroine of work I am about to bring out; and was at moment, having come to the *denouement* of story, debating with myself in what way it ld be best to dispose of her. Suddenly the llection flashed on my mind, that the cur- of popular taste, in reference to works of on, has of late run in the direction of the ible; and at once resolving, from considera-

[illegible] with the sale of the book, to [illegible] heroine. I instantly made up my [illegible] at the most summary and most *telling* [illegible] illustrating the deed, would be dis[illegible] pistol at her head. Contemporane[illegible] with this determination was the exclama[illegible] 'I'll blow her brains out at once!'— [illegible] indignation which Mrs. O'Callaghan, [illegible] for herself and me, seems to have [illegible] referred to her. (Loud laughter, in [illegible] the magistrate heartily joined.) Hearing [illegible] loud cries of 'Murder! murder!'

ight assist in apprehending any ruffian might have been making an attempt on r lives. Judge, your worship, of my sur- e when, on reaching the street, the very : incident which occurred was that of being elf apprehended, and hearing Mrs. O'Cal- an, while pointing to me, vociferating with sperate emphasis—'That's the man! that's murtherer!'"

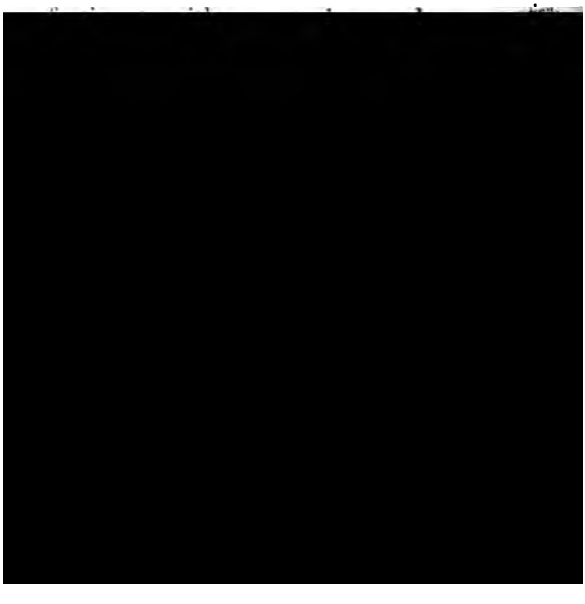
The magistrate and all present again laughed oderately at the ludicrous affair.

"I suppose, Mrs. O'Callaghan," said the gistrate, "that you are now satisfied that all r alarm was groundless, and that the whole ir is a mistake."

"And sure I'm nothin' of the kind, yer our," replied Mrs. O'Callaghan, astonished he remark of his worship. "He's only been n' to desave yer honour by inventions of his . Oh, yer worship, it's himself's the mouth t ——. I'm afraid to say the word, yer our, lest I should offend you. As sure as

my name's Judy O'Callaghan, a poor, honest, widow woman, he wanted to murther me intirely."

The magistrate was at great pains to convince her that she was mistaken, but all his efforts were unsuccessful. At length, turning to Joseph, his worship said—"Perhaps you'll pay Mrs. O'Callaghan the small sum you owe her, and leave her lodgings at once—as, owing to the mistaken notion to which she unfortunately still clings, there could be no satis-



erous countenance in my house agin. I'd lose all the rint he owes me."

erhaps, then, you'll *send* the amount," ted the magistrate, addressing himself to ı.

h, certainly, with the greatest pleasure," l the latter.

parties then left the Court, Mrs. O'Cal- ı soliciting the protection of a police- or fear of Joseph, on her way home, and agistrate smilingly acceding to her wishes.

CHAPTER XI.

Joseph loses one of his engagements—A loan transaction with a money-lender—Singular stratagem—Extraordinary adventure.

THE effect of the exposure of Joseph's affairs, as recorded in the preceding chapter, in conjunction with a feeling of dissatisfaction with

e to which he was at last subjected, he
ght himself of endeavouring to procure
1 of £40 or £50, which would afford him
mporary relief. He mentioned the cir-
ıce to a Mr. O'Brien, a clever, eccentric
ın, connected with the press, with whom
very intimate. The latter not only felt,
pressed, the deepest sympathy with
in his unpleasant situation. Nor did
fine his sympathy to mere words. He
ed his willingness to do what he could in
g Joseph to procure a temporary loan.
ed, that he himself would be very much
enced at the moment, if he could obtain
e of a ten-pound note. Mr. O'Brien,
me farther conversation, mentioned that
acquainted with a Mr. Snatchem, an old
man, in the habit of lending money,
ıe got a high rate of interest for the
ıodation; and that he thought that, by
oth putting their names to a bill for the
, they might get a three months' loan of

£50 or £60, at twenty per cent. interest. Joseph was in ecstacies. "Oh, never mind the rate of interest," he exclaimed; "we'll give any interest he likes to ask. How soon do you think it can be got?"

"Oh, I should think immediately," replied Mr. O'Brien.

"To-day?" asked Joseph.

"No, not to-day; not so soon as that. I may not be able to see him to-day."

"To-morrow, then?" pursued Joseph.

"Well, I should think to-morrow."

throughout the night. He was alternately
ed between hope and fear, expectation and
rehension; a state of mind which is one of
most painful in which a human being can be
ed. Sleep visited not his eyes for even one
e moment. He spent the night in wishing
he arrival of the morning, in order that he
ıt know his doom.

orning came at the usual time, and, for
in his life, Joseph proved himself an early
. He got up at six, paced his room to and
ır an hour afterwards; then went out for
lk to while away the intervening time;
ned, hastily shaved, and hurried away to
O'Brien's lodgings.

\h! Jenkins, my boy; good luck to both of
said Mr. O'Brien, extending his hand to
h, as the latter entered his apartment.

ıre we to get it?" inquired Joseph, eagerly.

ll right, old boy! Sixty pounds, and no
ce," was the other's answer.

fy dear fellow," exclaimed Joseph, grasp-

ing Mr. O'Brien by the hand, "I'll never forget this favour—never, as long as there's breath in my body."

"Oh, don't mention it," returned the other. "Now for the stamp. Let me see," continued Mr. O'Brien, fumbling in his pocket, "whether I've got as much money as will procure the stamp. By the powers, I've not! I've only just got half-a-crown and three ha'penny'-orths of coppers, and it requires four and sixpence. Jenkins, have you got the balance?"

"Was it meself you were calling, Mr. O'Brien?" responded a voice from the parlour at the foot of the stairs.

"Yes, surè and it is," returned Mr. O'Brien.

"And what is it ye want?"

"Have you got any money?"

"Och, an' iv it's money ye're wanting, there's precious little chance of yer getting it."

"I only want a trifle, and even that but for an hour or two."

"Then can't you be afther sayin' at once how much ye want?"

"Only tenpence halfpenny, Mrs. Connaught."

"Well, and throth you won't get it all here, that's sartain," replied Mrs. Connaught, rummaging among some coppers she had in a dingy and dusty cupboard. "I've just got tenpence, and not a farthing more," she added, after carefully counting her riches; "and that's all in coppers."

"It matters not," returned Mr. O'Brien,

"what it's in if there were enough of it; but we still want a halfpenny."

Joseph instituted a second investigation into the state of his pockets, and happily found the needful halfpenny, and an odd one to the bargain.

The stamp was forthwith procured; the bill drawn up, and both names adhibited to it. Mr. O'Brien hurried away to a small miserable room in the neighbourhood of his lodgings, occupied by Mr. Snatchem, and dignified by the latter



n already hinted, understood by both, t the matter of ten pounds would suffice meet the more urgent claims against Mr. Brien. If anything could have increased eph's joy, it would have been the circum- ıce of Mr. O'Brien's saying, with a noble nterestedness of mind, which, though not ningled with many foibles and defects, ays characterized him—"Jenkins, my dear ow, I dare say you're a little harder up just than I am; and very possibly besides, ng had longer experience in the line than I'm perhaps a little more successful in ing off those clamorous cormorants called itors, than you are. Therefore I'll do with odd seven pounds, and you can have the re fifty for yourself."

seph readily conceded the claims of his ad to greater experience in the gentlemanly fession of getting into debt without any ght as to whether or not there would be probability of ever getting out again.

Equally ready was he to admit, that Mr. O'Brien was much more successful in parrying off the importunities of impatient creditors. Nor, as will be very easily believed, did he at all demur to the orthodoxy of the conclusion which his friend deduced from the premises—namely, that he should content himself with the odd pounds, and let Joseph have the round fifty.

Our hero immediately commenced the work of paying, in some instances partly, in others wholly, the more clamorous of his creditors. For a short season afterwards he enjoyed a comparative respite from their persecutions—the luxury of which respite those only can have a proper idea of, who have been, like Joseph, worried not only out of temper, but almost out of life, by their solicitations and menaces.

Three months are not a long period; and on the eve of the expiration of that time, Joseph was apprised by a polite note from Mr. Snatchem, that the bill of sixty pounds, drawn in the joint names of himself and Mr. O'Brien,

l due on a particular day. What was to be
ne? Not a sixpence had either put aside
th a view to meet the bill; nor did they see
most slender probability of being able, by
r exertions they could make, to take it up.
eph now felt himself to be in a worse con-
ion than ever. This was the largest sum for
ich he had ever rendered himself liable to
summarily sued: his other debts, though
nerous, were principally in small sums, and
e owing to tradesmen; not to professed
ney-lenders, who, of all other classes, are the
st unfeeling, and the most vindictive in their
ceedings against those who fall into their
tches.

Mr. O'Brien, seeing the deep depression of
its—a depression verging on absolute de-
ndency—into which Joseph had plunged
self, because of the inability of either to
t the bill—entreated him not to resign
self to despair. "If," answered Joseph,
e had only a fortnight's indulgence, I am

certain of a sum of money from a publisher for literary labour done, which would more than suffice to take up the bill."

And this, it may be here right to remark, was strictly true. Joseph had written a compilation on an historical subject, for which he was to receive sixty pounds; and had an article in the current number of a periodical belonging to the same publisher, which came to seven pounds odd; while he had just corrected the proof of another contribution to the forth-

equire quite so much," answered Joseph. And
e proceeded to state, as we have just done, the
ource whence the needful sum would be
eceived.

"Leave it to me," said Mr. O'Brien, "and
I'll procure the indulgence."

"Do you think you can?" asked Joseph,
agerly.

"I'm sure of it."

Joseph was raised in a moment to the third
eaven of happiness.

It is proper here to remark that, though Jo-
eph and Mr. Snatchem were quite unknown to
ach other previously to the discounting of the
ill, they had, since then, become slightly
cquainted—that is to say, to the extent of
xchanging a "How d'ye do?" with each other,
hen they chanced to meet in the streets.

The day on which the bill fell due, arrived;
nd Mr. O'Brien, who thoroughly understood
e character and habits of Mr. Snatchem, made
erfectly sure, in his own mind, that the money-

lender, finding the bill had not been taken up, would call at his lodgings in ten or fifteen minutes past five o'clock. He accordingly prepared for the reception of Mr. Snatchem. He gave instructions to his landlady, if a Mr. Snatchem called in the course of the evening, to send him up-stairs, but on no account to say to any other person who might inquire for him, that he was at home. Mrs. Connaught promised obedience to Mr. O'Brien's orders, and with her promise he was satisfied; for he had always found her worthy of all confidence in

is part of his plan being executed to his tisfaction, he next drew down the window curins. Five o'clock struck; and he seated himlf in an easy chair, and commenced attentively tening for a double knock at the street door. t about ten minutes an energetic knock was ard. "Now, then, for acting my part," culated Mr. O'Brien to himself. He snatched a pocket handkerchief, which he had preously sprinkled, to the proper extent, with ter. He also applied to his eyes a particular mposition, which has the effect of instantaously giving the eye a red and watery appearce. Mr. Snatchem knocked at the door his room. "Come in," said Mr. O'Brien, in subdued and sorrowful tone of voice "How you?" said Mr. Snatchem, drily, and coldly tending his hand, as he entered the apartent.

"How are you, Mr. Snatchem?" responded other, in a way which rather resembled hing than speaking—at the same time slowly

and softly putting out his hand to receive the proffered hand of the money-lender.

"Sit down, Mr. Snatchem."

Mr. Snatchem sat down, and Mr. O'Brien buried his face in his handkerchief.

"I'm quite surprised that neither you nor Mr. Jenkins have taken up this bill," said the moneyed man, in reproachful accents, after a momentary pause.

"Oh! my dear sir, I beg you won't speak of money matters to me just now," sobbed Mr. O'Brien, partially raising his face, and revealing his eyes full of moisture, and having all the other appearances of being in the act of giving expression to the deepest sorrow.

"What's the matter? What's the matter, Mr. O'Brien?" inquired Mr. Snatchem, in a subdued and even half-sympathetic tone.

"Oh, my dear sir, don't ask me what's the matter, when you see that bed before you," replied Mr. O'Brien, sobbing audibly as he spoke, and burying his face still deeper in his

ndkerchief, after he had given utterance to
ie words.

Mr. Snatchem looked towards the bed. "What, Mr. O'Brien, some friend dead?"

"Ay, and the dearest friend I had on earth."

"Bless me; I'm truly sorry to hear it," said he other. "Any relation?"

"No relation; but one much dearer to me han any relation I ever had," groaned Mr. O'Brien.

"Dear me! Do I know your departed riend?"

"You do. Poor Joseph Jenkins!"

And again Mr. O'Brien gave vent to his grief n a succession of sobs, which seemed to have een fetched up from the lowest depths of his eart.

"Bless my soul! And is Mr. Jenkins dead?" id Mr. Snatchem, in tones expressive of great ncern.

"Don't ask me the question. Don't men- on his name; you only harrow up my feel-

ings. Look in that bed; a better fellow never breathed."

"When did the melancholy event occur?"

"Last night, about nine o'clock. It was quite a sudden event—the work of a moment—a fit of apoplexy."

"God bless us! So sudden as that!"

"Awfully sudden," groaned Mr. O'Brien.

"Then I cannot, under such affecting circumstances, say anything, at present, about the bill, I suppose."

"Oh! Mr. Snatchem," replied Mr. O'Brien, raising his head, and speaking in clearer tones, because uttering the language of rebuke; "oh! Mr. Snatchem, I'm quite surprised you could have the heart to allude to such a subject just now."

"These are matters, Mr. O'Brien, that must, you know, be attended to."

"It's quite useless to speak to me about such matters now. My mind is too much occupied about the death of my friend."

'ell, then," said Mr. Snatchem, "I must
ll the funeral is over, I suppose."
ou must, indeed."
'hen does the funeral take place?"
he day is not yet fixed. Certainly not
eight days."
'ell, then, I suppose I may rely on your
on to the matter in nine or ten days, at
t."
:an't promise quite so soon as that. There
various little things to attend to for two
e days after the funeral."
hat time, then, may I depend on the bill
akèn up?"
y a fortnight from this day, and it shall
nded to without fail."
ell, I will say a fortnight," answered Mr.
em. "Good night, Mr. O'Brien."
od night, Mr. Snatchem," replied Mr.
ı, holding out his right hand to receive
Mr. Snatchem, still keeping his face bu-
iis handkerchief by means of his left hand.

No sooner had Mr. O'Brien heard the outer door shut, as Mr. Snatchem quitted the house, than he began dancing for joy at the success of his scheme. The window curtain was put up, and the bed restored to its wonted state.

Next morning Joseph called to ascertain whether anything, and what, had been done to obtain the fortnight's indulgence from their creditor. "It's all right," was Mr. O'Brien's answer, as Joseph entered his apartment.

"Are you serious?" inquired Joseph, half doubtingly.

"Perfectly so."

"An entire fortnight?"

"An entire fortnight."

"Oh, how fortunate! By what process of reasoning did you prevail on old Snatchem to give us the indulgence?"

"I'll tell you that another time; not at present."

"I should like to know, because I regard it as a signal proof of your powers of persuasion."

"You shall know all when the bill is taken up; not till then. In the meantime it will be good policy for both of us to keep out of Snatchem's way until the thing is settled, lest the sight of either should chance to recal the matter to his memory, and induce him to revoke the respite he has given us."

"I shall take care," replied Joseph, "that he does not see my face until the money is in his pocket. I shall make a point of going to the country early every morning, and not returning till late in the evening, in order that there may be no chance of his seeing me."

"Do," said Mr. O'Brien. "I shall do the same. That's the best way to prevent his seeing you. Were we to move about in town in the usual way, there is no saying when or where he might meet with us."

Joseph kept his word; one day he spent at Chatham, another at Gravesend, another at Watford, and so on. The last day but one he spent at Windsor: the season was the close of

autumn. After spending the day in rambling about that interesting place, he returned to one of the secondary inns in order to have some refreshment previously to taking his place in the coach, which started for town at eight o'clock. It was now about seven, and the sun had just concluded his circuit for the day; but still it was not sufficiently dark to require the introduction of candles. Joseph walked, as was his wont, with slow and stately step, into the public room. Instantly a loud scream proceeded from a person who was sitting at the table. Joseph was too much confounded to be able to utter a word. What could be the meaning of this? The waiter was in the act of rushing into the room to see what was the matter, and the stranger was in the act of rushing out, in a state of the most terrible alarm. The result was, that both rushed into each other's arms with a force which made them severally stagger.

"A ghost—a ghost!" gasped the terrified stranger.

A what?" cried the waiter.

'The ghost of Mr. Jenkins," groaned the
er, half suffocated from fright.

The reader is left to form the best idea he
of the amazement of poor Joseph. He was so
irely under the dominion of astonishment at
at he saw and heard, as to be unable to give
erance to a single word. There he stood as
tionless as a statue, and as silent as the
ve; circumstances which were not without
ir effect in proselytizing "William" to the
ory of Joseph's ghostship, so potently believed
by the stranger.

'Oh! waiter," gasped the stranger, after a
nentary surprise; "oh! waiter, take me out
his room."

nd, as he spoke, he clung with more des-
ite tenacity than ever to the astonished
liam.

Would you step into the private room, sir?"
ired the waiter, supporting the stranger
ie arm.

"Anywhere, anywhere, to be out of this room."

William bore the half-lifeless stranger into the private room, in which mine host and hostess were at tea.

"Is the gentleman ill?" inquired Boniface, as he saw the stranger carried in by the waiter.

"William, William," cried the landlady, without waiting for an answer to her husband's question, "send for a doctor directly."

"It's not a doctor, ma'am, that the gentle-

red from his confusion, and anxious to
e some explanation of the extraordinary
istance, walked with the same staid and
manner as before, into the apartment
the stranger, the waiter, the landlord and
were all congregated.

here he is—there's the ghost again!"
ied the stranger, as Joseph presented
f.

landlady shrieked with such tremendous
, as to bring the whole establishment of
ts around her in a moment.

iface, who was a man of considerable
and not a very likely person to embrace
pernatural theory, unless on the most
ing evidence, directed a searching gaze
countenance of Joseph, and then declared
viction that he was no ghost.

u're quite right, sir," said Joseph, who
this time considerably recovered his
ure.

waiter having heard Joseph thus speak,

and seeing him look like a being of flesh and blood, at length ventured to express his concurrence in the conclusion to which his master had come.

"You're mistaken," gasped the stranger; "it is a ghost. I saw him dead, and lying in his grave-clothes, with my own eyes."

"Saw me dead and in my grave-clothes?" said Joseph, amazed and half horrified at the thought. "Why, the man must be mad."

"I think so too," said the landlord. "I wish his friends were here to take care of him."

nger; " calls himself what? Surely it
't be Mr. Snatchem. Mr. Snatchem," con-
ued Joseph, advancing a few paces to where
other was, and extending his hand to him,
hat's the meaning of all this?"

Mr. Snatchem shrunk back, shuddering at
idea of contact with a spirit.

"What! Mr. Snatchem, don't you know me?"

Mr. Snatchem made no reply.

"Don't you know Mr. Jenkins?"

"Mr. Jenkins is dead, and in his grave," re-
d Mr. Snatchem, in feeble and faltering
nts.

"Poor man! his intellects are deranged, or
has been seized with some unaccountable
porary delusion," remarked Joseph.

"But what's to be done with him?" said the
llord.

"Hadn't we better commit him to the care
he authorities?" suggested the waiter.

t this moment the sound of the horn an-
nced that the coach was on the eve of

starting to London, and Joseph being under the necessity of being in the office of the paper with which he was connected that night by eleven o'clock, said he was obliged to go; and quitted the house, begging Boniface to see that every care was taken of Mr. Snatchem.

Joseph had not been many minutes gone, before Mr. Snatchem began to recover from his fright, and to regain his wonted composure of mind. In a few hours he was so far recovered as to be able to return to town by the mail, which passed through Windsor in the course of the night.

Next morning Joseph hurried to Mr. O'Brien's lodgings, to relate to him the extraordinary adventure he had had with Mr. Snatchem. Mr. O'Brien was so convulsed with laughter at the romantic relation as to be unable, for some time, to utter a word. When his paroxysm of laughter had so far passed away as to admit of his conversing with Joseph, he acquainted him with the hoax he had played on "Old

Snatchem," when he came to intimate his determination to take peremptory proceedings against both for the non-payment of the bill. "Of course," he added, "when Snatchem knows the trick which has been played at his expense, he'll show us no mercy."

"Oh, we don't require it now," said Joseph; "when I returned last night, I found a cheque from Mr. Crompton, for £65, the sum he owed me. Here it is," said Joseph, handing Mr. O'Brien the cheque.

"Heaven be praised for that," said the latter. "Let us cash it, and take up the bill immediately."

"It may be done in five minutes. It is payable at Coutts' bank, which is not a minute's walk from this," remarked Joseph.

The cheque was forthwith cashed, and Mr. O'Brien sent the money with a friend to Mr. Snatchem, apologising to him for the hoax which had been played off at his expense; and urging as the reason why it had been practised, that

neither himself nor Mr. Jenkins could advance a single sixpence to meet the bill when it became due, and that he (Mr. O'Brien) knew of no other means by which they could induce him (Mr. Snatchem) to grant them the requisite indulgence.

CHAPTER XII.

h visits Mr. Lovegood—Conversation with Mr. Love-
d—Conversation between the latter and his daughter—
. Lovegood's death and character.

ERAL months had elapsed during which ph and Mr. Lovegood had not met; and former, one morning, having begun to oach himself for allowing so long an inter- to pass, without calling on one to whom elt so deeply indebted, of whose friendship ontinued to feel a growing sense, and for se general character, though not sharing in views as regarded the practical parts of gion, he felt an increasing admiration— rmined to atone for his past omission, by ng more frequently in future on Mr. Love- l. Joseph also made up his mind to call that

morning on him. On arriving at his residence, and knocking at the door, he was informed by the housemaid, that Mr. Lovegood had been for some days complaining of illness; but that if he would give his name—for, being a new servant, she knew nothing of Joseph—she would mention who was inquiring for him. Joseph handed his card to the maid, who immediately went upstairs with it. She returned in a few seconds, and said that Mr. Lovegood wished particularly to see him. Joseph accordingly proceeded to

which he and all men ought not to be always pared.

Joseph assented to the justice of the remark, hout feeling much of its force; and then pressed a hope that his friend would soon over.

'My recovery is very doubtful," remarked . Lovegood. "At any rate, it is the part of dom in me not to be too sanguine in my ex- tations of restoration to health. It ought to and I trust it is, enough for me to know, t I am in the best of hands. I ought not in , any more than in the ordinary dispensa- s of Providence, to have any will of my ; but should have my own will entirely orbed in the will of Him who knows what est."

But life is sweet; and it is human nature ling to it as long as we can," suggested ph.

Very true," remarked Mr. Lovegood; "and gion does not tell us to be reckless of or to

disregard life. On the contrary, it teaches us that to rush recklessly into peril, is a moral crime of no ordinary magnitude; but, on the other hand, we are not, however great may be our attachment to life, to refuse to resign it into His hands who gave it, when he is pleased to recal the gift."

Joseph made no reply. After a moment's pause, Mr. Lovegood resumed—"You know, Mr. Jenkins, that you and I have had several conversations on religious topics; and when I say that I now feel religion to be the one thing needful, you will bear me testimony, that I do not say it for the first time. What I say now, when probably on the brink of the grave and the verge of the eternal world, I said in the prime of life, and when the fountain of health was full to overflowing. Had you only, my dear friend, listened, when first we met, to my counsels in reference to religious matters, you would have lived a much happier life, and insured for yourself perfect peace, when you

be, as I am now, stretched on a bed of
ess, with a strong impression that death
be the issue. I am now more than ever
inced, that as religion alone can soothe and
ify the spirit in life, so it is the only thing
h can afford support and administer conso-
n to the soul in the immediate prospect of
h."

r. Lovegood evidently intended to have
eeded; but, just as he had finished the
r sentence, his medical man entered, and
ph, unperceived by Mr. Lovegood, stole out
he room and quitted the house,—more
erned about the illness of his friend, than
essed by the affectionate admonition he was
ie act of addressing to him.

seph called again on the following day, to
ire how Mr. Lovegood was. He was then
1 worse; so much so, as to be strictly
ibited by his medical adviser, from seeing
ne but the members of his own family, and
them as little and as seldom as possible.

One member of his family, however, his daughter Mary, a young girl of about twenty years of age, he insisted, contrary to the wishes of his physician and his wife, on seeing. Mary was a handsome and beautiful young girl; amiable, too, in mind, and accomplished in manners; but she never exhibited the slightest trace of any truly religious feeling. When, therefore, Mr. Lovegood was earnestly entreated by his wife to act in accordance with the instructions of the doctor, and not fatigue himself by conversation,

ing so affectionate, so indulgent, so worthy a
her.

'Mary," said the dying man—for we may so
anticipate the event, as to say he was in a
ng state—" Mary, my dear," said Mr. Love-
d, taking his daughter gently by the hand,
t down on the side of the bed."

Mary sat down on her father's bedside.

'You see your father is very ill, my dear."

Mary gave vent to her feelings in a fresh
d of tears.

'You know how earnestly and affectionately
ve sought, ever since you reached the years
eflection, to awaken your mind to a sense of
importance of divine things, and of the
ssity of personal religion."

he good man here paused for a moment, as
aiting to see whether his daughter would
e any reply. She made none. Then Mr.
egood resumed—" And times without num-
as is well known to Him in whose presence
, in all probability, soon to be, have I,

when no human eye saw me nor human ear heard me, supplicated the throne of grace on your behalf. My prayers have not as yet been heard in heaven; or rather, I should say, have not been visibly answered on earth. You have been an affectionate child, a dutiful daughter; you have been what the world calls a virtuous person. But mere affection and duty to me; the mere habitual performance of those actions which the world calls virtuous, will never, however praiseworthy in themselves, bring a single human being to heaven. Unless

ıear my voice on earth. You may
ng on your father for the last time in
ld—the last time, I mean, in which his
respond to your look of sorrowful affec-

Miss Lovegood gave vent to her uncon-
grief in an audible burst of feeling.
as if her heart would literally break.
ıt those who have been present at the
of a dying father, whose affection knew
s, whose solicitude for his offspring was
and constant, and whose conduct was
ry, in the highest degree, in all the re-
f life; none but such can form any idea
tense and almost overwhelming anguish
's mind at this moment.

a temporary pause Mr. Lovegood re-
"My dear child, there is nothing which
disturbs me in the prospect of the
ous event which I believe to be before
the solemn scene which invariably and
tely follows that event, but the concern

I feel for your condition. Who knows but my illness and its issue, seeing that the ordinary means of grace and the ordinary dispensations of Providence have failed to have that effect, may have been specially appointed for your conversion? If so, painful as the bereavement must be to your natural feelings, my death will be to you the greatest mercy you could have received—a mercy, it is true, in disguise, but still a mercy of the greatest magnitude."

Here the good man's feelings quite overcame him. For a little season he was unable to proceed; but, though no words escaped his lips, there was a language in his looks, an expression in the increased and tender pressure of his hand, which spoke with terrible power to Mary's heart.

"Mary, my dear, I feel myself getting weaker and weaker," resumed the dying man. "It is with very great difficulty I can now speak at all. I feel ——"

"Would it not be better, my dear father?"

terrupted Mary, in tender but scarcely articu-
e accents, now, for the first time, attempting
utter a word; "would it not be better for
u, my dear father, to take a little rest, as
u are so exhausted?"

"It is, my dear girl, because I feel so much
r you, that I endeavour to speak. Of the
st of the family I have the most confident
pes. Did I but see a saving change in you,
could close my eyes in death without a pang,
ve that which nature feels at being severed
r ever from those who are dear to me as my
n soul. If my last breath be now passing
ay, in what better way could it be spent than
seeking your everlasting welfare?"

Here Mr. Lovegood breathed more rapidly,
d with greater difficulty. "I fear," he con-
nued, after a few moments' pause, "I fear
at I shall be able to speak but a few more
rds to you. Let these few words be spent,
r dear child, in prayer for you. Will you
eel down by my bedside?"

Mary knelt down beside the bed of her dying father, and the good man poured forth his soul in fervent prayer, that his death, should death be the issue, might prove the spiritual life of his dear daughter. His prayer was so remarkable for its unction, that it seemed as if it had come from a pure spirit in heaven, instead of from a being on earth. It is impossible to describe the emotions of Mary's mind at this moment. She felt a power accompanying the prayer of her expiring parent, which she had never experienced before. She felt her heart softened, her spirit subdued, her soul humbled in the very dust, as the dying man, who seemed as if endowed, for the moment, with a supernatural strength, besieged the throne of mercy on her behalf. Whether Mr. Lovegood would have attempted to resume his parting counsels to his daughter, or, having committed her in fervent prayer to Him before whom he felt he was on the eve of appearing, we cannot say — the physician having entered the room just as he

l emphatically uttered the "Amen" to his plications.

Seeing Mr. Lovegood so exhausted, and ping that, though there was no probability of recovering, a little medicine which would e the effect of procuring sleep, might enable a to hold on a little longer, the physician ministered a small dose of laudanum. A few nutes after Mr. Lovegood had taken the pre-iption, he fell into a profound slumber, out which he did not awaken till the following rning.

Mr. Lovegood's wife was sitting by his bed-e when he awakened from his long sleep. ter a few words of conversation with her, he pressed a wish to see Mary again, mentioning t the circumstance of never having seen her, twithstanding all her amiable and morally cellent qualities, exhibit the slightest symp-n of that spiritual transformation of character, hout which there can be no real happiness in s life, nor felicity in the world to come,

pressed very heavily on his mind. Mrs. Lovegood told him that, since his last interview with Mary, she had been under the deepest concern about divine things; and that, after a night of great anxiety, mingled with much alarm, respecting her condition in the sight of her Creator, she had, about two hours previous to the moment at which she (Mrs. Lovegood) was speaking, suddenly found, to use her own words, "peace and joy in believing;" and that, without appearing in an ecstatic state of mind, she was now, as she herself expressed it, in a new world, experiencing a happiness she never before enjoyed, and of which she had no previous conception.

The dying man clasped his hands, raised his eyes to heaven, and said, with a solemn emphasis, which she who alone heard it can never forget, "Thank God for that; to His name be all the praise."

After a short pause, he expressed a wish to see such of his family as were in the house.

s wish was complied with: in less than a nute all the members of his family were nding by his bedside. He eagerly gazed . them, looking as if he felt it would be e last time he should ever be permitted to e them in time; and then said—"My dear ife and children, I am now about to be ken from you. My hour, I feel, is come. he last grain in my sand-glass is in the act of nning its brief journey. I am here just now: any minutes may not elapse before I shall be the world of spirits. My parting admonition each and all of you is, not to seek for your ppiness in the things of time; not to seek in the world's honours, riches, or pleasures. ek it above: choose Him who is the Great thor of all, as your portion for time and ernity. I have earnestly and unceasingly, life, sought to impress on you the infinite portance of divine things. With my dying eath, and with the great white throne pre- nt to my view, would I repeat my admoni-

tions. If I found the doctrines and promises of the Gospel to be my solace and support in life, I find them doubly valuable in this the hour of my death. Without them, what should I be at this moment? With them, death has no terrors to me. I am as calm and peaceful in spirit, as if I were already in those celestial regions where the spirits of just men made perfect, and holy angels, are completely and everlastingly blessed."

Here Mr. Lovegood paused, not as if he had finished what he meant to say, but as if some

though solemn circumstances which marked his dying moments, without inwardly wishing, "May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his."

Of the character of Mr. Lovegood a very imperfect sketch was given, when we introduced him into our pages in the first volume. It is due to the dead, as it is to be hoped it will prove profitable to the living, to furnish a few additional particulars. Mr. Lovegood was a Christian philanthropist in the most enlarged acceptation of the phrase. He sought invariably to associate together—as to the eye of enlightened reason they ever will be found united—the present good and the eternal well-being of his fellow-creatures. With him it was a fixed principle to do all the good in his power. He lay under the habitual conviction, that man is responsible for his time, and for his opportunities of usefulness; and that, consequently, after conceding to the necessities of nature and the comfortable support of his family, such a por-

tion of his time as they required, he was bound to labour for the good of others. He *did* so labour in various ways—often in ways unknown even to his family; unknown, indeed, to any human being, with the solitary exception of those who were the objects of his solicitude. His was not the benevolence that delights in display; his was not the charity that seeks to be paraded in the public prints, or proclaimed on the house tops. The labours of Mr. Lovegood were principally performed in the privacy of obscure life. He never denied himself to any one that sought his advice or assistance. No frown on his face ever frightened away or repulsed the poor timid applicant for an interview. He met all who sought to see him, with a cheerful countenance, and spoke to them in the accents of friendship. Hence, in hundreds of cases, those whom he was unable to aid, or whose purposes it was not in his power to promote—even they quitted his presence with sentiments of the highest esteem, and ever afterwards derived

fication from the recollection of the inter-

ich was Mr. Lovegood. The writer could r contemplate his character when alive, nor ie recur to it now that he is gone, without ining in his own mind, how unexpected surprising must be the disclosures of that ful day, when the world's teeming popu-ı, from the time of Adam down to the t man," shall meet in one mighty assem-ı to hear the irrevocable decisions of the e of all. How many myriads of men shall burst forth on the astonished multitude, as nthropists of the purest and loftiest order; whose benevolence was unwearied, and was bounded by their means; who passed igh life unnoticed and unknown for their s of charity and mercy. Their works of volence were known only while here, Him from whom nothing is hid, and e unhappy creatures to whose necessi-they ministered. In another world, their

benevolence will be revealed to all. Let this consoling conviction be ever present to the minds of those who are earnestly and unremittingly labouring, in secret, for the good of their fellow-men. Let it encourage their hearts and cheer their spirits to be assured that, when the darkness of time shall be dispelled by the light of eternity, all their acts of kindness to their fellow-creatures, shall be owned, acknowledged, and applauded, in the presence of an assembled universe.

END OF VOL. II.

JOSEPH JENKINS;

OR,

LEAVES FROM THE LIFE

OF A

LITERARY MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS,"

&c. &c.

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OSEPH JENKINS.

CHAPTER I.

esolves on visiting his native place—His feelings on ng it—His emotions on entering the house in which other died.

that has, for any length of time, lived range land, has not been often seized with ng desire to breathe once more his native d to revisit localities endeared to him by st delightful, because the earliest asso- s? There is something inexpressibly it in once more beholding friends and with whom one was familiar from the wnings of consciousness, and in gazing n those rural scenes which first delighted enile eye. Every spot in the place of ativity possesses a charm in the eyes

of him whose lot it has been to be long absent from it. Even the walls of his infant home,—the chairs, the tables, and every other object on which his childish vision was accustomed to gaze, exhibit a loveliness, in his view, of which language can convey no idea. The trees or bushes in the garden, the running rivulet in the neighbourhood, and the woods, and mountains, and meadows, in the surrounding country—all things, indeed, whether they be the workmanship of nature or of art, which his eye was in the habit of encountering in the boyish era of his existence, are now arrayed in a drapery of surpassing loveliness. Scarcely more dear, indeed, to his heart are the living forms of his friends. With these objects, inanimate though they be, he can hold communion. They revive a thousand recollections of his earliest and happiest days. Memories which have, for many a long year, lain buried in his heart, suddenly gush up in his mind with as much vigour and vividness as if they were but of yesterday.

Inanimate objects are, for the moment, invested with the attribute of consciousness. They become vocal also—speaking, in language which makes its way directly to the heart, of the feelings and pursuits, the sports and the pastimes of his boyish days.

Joseph Jenkins had, for some years past, been the slave of an eager desire to revisit his native place. His heart yearned after one more sight of the house in which his mother died. He longed to gaze again on the singularly beautiful scenery of Morayshire, on which, with all the enthusiasm of youth and the taste of one who had always an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature, he had so often rested his eye with rapturous delight. Twelve long years had now passed since he had quitted the place of his nativity; and he resolved, whatever might be the inconvenience to himself, once more to revisit the lovely valleys and majestic mountains of Morayshire. There were difficulties in the way of his going

in the manner and under the circumstances he could wish. These we will not name. The reader will, no doubt, at once perceive what they were. They were, however, overcome; at least, they were so in a great measure; and Joseph, with exulting heart, embarked at Miller's Wharf for Aberdeen, thence to proceed by coach to Elgin.

In four days after he had quitted the metropolis, he reached Elgin. Though he had been born in a village a few miles from Elgin, he considered that town as a portion of his native

sweetmeats, and other boyish presents—items which go far to make up the sum of juvenile bliss—with which his fond mother was ever loading him.

It was, therefore, no wonder if, as Joseph first descried Elgin, with its magnificent cathedral, and the lofty umbrageous trees which skirt its eastern and northern extremities, and which are interspersed, in many parts, with the houses themselves; it was no wonder if, as Joseph first beheld the ancient borough, while passing over the Stonecast (pronounced Stonecoss) Hill, his heart leaped with joy, and the blood rushed to his face. A crowd of reflections instantly rose in his mind, which it is not in the power of language to convey to others. Those only who recollect the feelings with which they first beheld the place of their nativity after a protracted absence from it, can have any conception of what was passing in Joseph's mind at this interesting moment. Five minutes more, and he entered the town. At

every successive revolution which the wheels of the coach performed, he recognised faces which were familiar to him in the spring-time of life. Again and again did his heart beat with joy, as his eye encountered the countenances of those shopkeepers (in the north of Scotland, called merchants), standing in their doors, from whom his mother was in the habit of purchasing the articles she required, and with several of whom he himself had had somewhat extensive transactions in the way of purchasing sweetmeats.

changes that had taken place in the aspect of the population since he had quitted Elgin. The conviction forced itself with a saddening power on his mind that, when he saw so many new and missed so many old faces, no small number of those who were known to him when he left the place, must have been conveyed, in mournful procession, through the principal street to the cathedral burying-ground at the eastern end of the town. The train of reflection to which he was insensibly resigning himself, was suddenly interrupted by the stopping of the coach at the Gordon Arms Hotel, then kept by Mr. John Webster, as kind-hearted and blythe a Boniface as was to be met with on the road; one, moreover, who will, doubtless, from his long connexion with the Gordon Arms, first as waiter, and afterwards as "mine host," be known to many of our English readers. Here, as the day was far spent, and he was considerably fatigued by a journey of sixty-six miles on the top of the coach—that journey

following so close on the heels of a sea-voyage of upwards of five hundred miles — Joseph resolved on resting for the night, without calling on any of his friends, or apprising them of his arrival.

Next morning Joseph got up early, and hurried out to the house, a few miles distant from Elgin, in which he had dwelt for the last ten years of his Scottish life, and in which his mother had breathed her last. It was with a melancholy pleasure that he entered it. Every object he saw—for the party who had taken the house previous to his quitting Scotland, had also purchased the furniture—every object he saw brought back to his mind the recollection of past days, with an almost paralyzing power. There was not a fixture or a piece of furniture in the house, that was not connected, in one way or other, with some interesting incident of his earlier years. But of all that he saw, nothing so directly went to his heart, or so powerfully affected him, as the chair in which

his mother had usually sat. It had been with her a favourite chair, because the gift of a dear departed friend. There it stood, in precisely the same place as that in which it was invariably to be found when his mother was at her meals, or when sitting at the fire employed in needle or any other work. It was still occupied; but, alas! it was by another. Joseph's love for his mother came welling from the fountain of his heart. He had been sad before; the sight of the chair with another sitting in it—a mother, certainly, but not *his* mother—was too much for him. His feelings obtained the mastery; he sat down, and gave vent to the emotions which agitated his bosom, in a flood of tears.

CHAPTER II.

Joseph visits interesting places in his native county—The Elgin Cathedral—Sueno's Pillar at Forres—The place where Macbeth met with the three weird sisters—The river Findhorn.

PERHAPS there are few counties in the king-

ıt in which Sueno's Pillar is situated, the ce at which Macbeth met with the weird sis-s, and the scenery on the banks of the river ıdhorn.

Living, as he had done, so many years in neighbourhood of Elgin, before quitting ɔtland, he had repeatedly visited the Elgin thedral. As, however, the remains of his ther lay in the burying-ground which sur-nds it, the place possessed peculiar though, some respects, painful attractions to him. each of these places, with the exception of banks of the Findhorn, he afterwards gave ne account in one of the metropolitan publi-ions.

Elgin Cathedral is allowed by all to be one the most magnificent ruins in the kingdom. is situated at the east end of the burgh, nmonly called the College of Elgin. In the ginning of the thirteenth century, Pope norius, in compliance with a request made him to that effect, instructed Bishop Andrew

Moray to build a cathedral at Spynie, a place about a mile and a half northward from Elgin. The bishop was not pleased with the proposed situation: he consequently petitioned his Holiness to be allowed to build it at Elgin, as a more eligible place. The Pope complied with the bishop's request, and by his bull, dated the 4th of April, 1224, granted full power to erect a cathedral at the east end of Elgin, which should be declared the cathedral church of the diocese of Moray in all time coming. The foundation stone of the original building (for, as will be presently seen, it was destroyed and rebuilt) was laid by the bishop on the 17th of July in the same year. About 160 years after its erection, the building was completely destroyed. It was burned to the ground by a personage well known both in the page of history and in the traditionary legends of Scotland. The circumstances under which its destruction took place, were these:—Lord Badenoch (son of Robert the Second of Scotland), better known by the

name of "The Wolf of Badenoch," was excommunicated by the Church, in consequence of having seized on the bishop's lands in Badenoch, and expressed his determination to keep forcible possession of them. Resolved to revenge himself on those of his enemies at whose instance this ecclesiastical punishment had been inflicted on him, he, in the summer of 1390, burned the whole town of Forres, a place about twelve miles westward of Elgin, together with the manse and the choir of the church. In the course of next month, he also burned to ashes the town of Elgin, the Cathedral Church, and eighteen houses of the canons and chaplains in the College, then, as now, forming the suburbs of the borough.

The Wolf of Badenoch, however, was not suffered to commit these depredations on civil and ecclesiastical property with impunity. Proceedings were forthwith instituted against him, and he was obliged to make suitable reparation; which having done, and having, at the same

publicly expressed his penitence, he received absolution at the hands of Walter Trail, Bishop of St. Andrews, in Blackfriars Church at Perth.

The rebuilding of the Cathedral Church was commenced with all possible expedition, under the superintendence of Bishop Barr—every parish in the diocese paying a subsidy, and all the canons contributing for the purpose. In consequence, however, of the commotions of the times, a considerable period elapsed before the building was completed. But in order that it might be protracted as little as possible, the chapter met, in 1414, on the death of Bishop Innes, and bound themselves by a solemn oath, that whoever should be elected bishop, should appropriate one-third of his revenue for the purpose of advancing the building of the cathedral. How long it took to complete it, is not known, but it is supposed to have been about twenty years.

The style of the building, like that of all other great edifices of the period, was what is

lled the florid Gothic. The cathedral stood
e east and west, and was built in the form of
ross. The length of the building was 264
t, the breadth 85 feet, and the length of the
nsept 114 feet. There were five great
wers; two of which were at the west end, one
the middle, and two at the east end. The
o west towers, so far as regards the stone-
rk, are still entire, and measure 84 feet each
height. What the height of the spires was,
not now be ascertained. It is conjectured
some authors who have written about Elgin,
t they were of wood, and that they must
sequently have fallen long since. The
tre tower must have been the grandest; for,
luding the spire, it measured 198 feet in
ght, and lasted long after the others had
n reduced to the state in which they now
ıd. The two towers at the east end are still
ire, as far as relates to the stone-work, but
y were not nearly so large as the others.
e grand entry, which was a very rich speci-

men of architecture, was between the two towers at the west end.

An opinion used to be generally entertained, and still prevails among the less informed classes of the community, that the present ruinous state of the Elgin Cathedral is to be ascribed to the blind and bigoted fury of the Reformers in the days of John Knox. Nothing could be farther from the fact. In "Keith's History of the Bishops of Scotland," there is inserted an act of the Privy Council, dated

him, by means of military force, to put down the rebellion which existed at that time in several parts of the kingdom; and that it was for the purpose of attempting to replenish his exhausted coffers, that the lead was taken off the roofs of these cathedrals, and disposed of by sale. Agreeably to the mandate of the Regent, the Elgin and Aberdeen Cathedrals were unroofed, and the lead was shipped at the latter place for Holland; but scarcely had the vessel left the harbour, than she sunk, and, with her crew and cargo, was wholly lost. The foundering of the vessel was attributed by popular superstition to the circumstance of the captain being a Roman Catholic. The Elgin Cathedral, thus uncovered, was never repaired, owing, no doubt, to the progress which the doctrines of the Reformation had by this time made; and, being thus exposed to the elements, the wooden part of the great tower gradually gave way, and on the morning of Easter Sunday, 1711, it fell to the ground with a tremendous crash.

Fortunately, though a great many persons had been on the spot a few minutes previously, there were none at the moment of its falling.

The diocese of Moray, of which this splendid building was the cathedral church, was one of very great extent. It comprised the counties of Elgin, or Moray, and Nairn, and the greater part of the counties of Banff and Inverness. It had no fewer than fifty-six pastoral charges belonging to it. The last bishop of the diocese was Patrick Hepburn, well known in Scottish history as the ecclesiastic who was fined for receiving into his house the intercommuned Earl of Bothwell, one of the husbands of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots.

The cathedral is surrounded by a burying-ground, one of the largest churchyards perhaps in Great Britain. In it are interred the remains of many distinguished persons, including several of the Kings of Scotland. Among the Scottish monarchs whose bones repose in this place, may be mentioned Duncan, who was murdered by

Macbeth. The churchyard is enclosed by a stone wall. What with the number of the graves, the beauty and variety of the sculptured memorials of departed worth and greatness, and the grandeur of the dilapidated cathedral—a building which is indeed pre-eminently magnificent even in its ruins—the scene is calculated to make a strong impression on the spectator.

During Joseph's stay in Elgin, he paid repeated visits to the cathedral; not on every occasion for the purpose of seeing the building itself, but sometimes with the view of lingering among the graves in the surrounding burial-ground. There rested the remains not only of his mother, but of many of his acquaintances, who, during his sojourn in England, had been consigned to the narrow house.

On the day following his first visit to the cathedral, he set out for Forres, which, as already mentioned, is twelve miles westward of Elgin, to see Sueno's Pillar or Stone, in the immediate neighbourhood of that town. This

curious and interesting stone is admitted on all hands to be the most singular monument of the kind in Great Britain, perhaps in Europe. Many of our most distinguished antiquarians are indeed of opinion, that it has no parallel in any country, Egypt excepted. It is cut out of a large block of granite, of the hardest kind to be found in Scotland. In height it measures twenty-five feet, and in breadth, near its base, about four feet. It is divided into seven departments. It is sculptured on both sides; but

obably some great victory which has been ined. The figures on this division of the ne are more defaced by time than those on e other divisions, but are still sufficiently dis- ct to prevent any mistake as to what they are. the next department appear a number of n, all in a warlike attitude. Some are bran- hing their weapons; while others, as if exult- at some joyful event, are represented as lding their shields on high. Others, again, represented in the act of joining hands, as reciprocally giving a pledge of encourage- nt and assistance. In the centre of the next e of figures, appear two warriors, who are, mingly, either making preparations for, or eady engaged in, single combat; while ir respective friends are witnessing the con- t with the liveliest interest. Next there a group of figures witnessing one of their nber beheading, in cold blood, the prisoners have been taken in war. Close to this is a d of canopy, which covers the heads of those

who have been executed. This canopy is guarded by men, each bearing a halbert. A number of dead bodies are lying on one side. Next are trumpeters blowing their trumpets, in testimony, no doubt, of the triumph which has been obtained by the parties, whose deeds of valour the monument is intended to commemorate. In the next division are seen a troop of horses put to flight by a band of infantry, whose first line are armed with bows and arrows; while those who follow are accoutred with swords and targets. In the next and last department,

Such is a description of this very extraordinary monument. As to its origin, or the particular events it was intended to commemorate, we are unfortunately left in uncertainty. Every historian, every traveller, and, indeed, most of the antiquarians in Scotland, have all more or less turned their attention to the subject; but no two of them are agreed as to the purposes for which it was erected. Some suppose, from the circumstance of the cross being on the obverse side, that it was planted to commemorate the first establishment of Christianity in Scotland. This, however, is very unlikely; for, had that been its object, it is difficult to see what connexion so many warlike figures could have had with it. Others maintain that it was raised in memory of the battle of Mortlach, which battle, having been gained by the Scots over the Danes, eventually led to the expulsion of the latter from the kingdom. This is also a very improbable hypothesis—the battle in question having been fought nearly twenty

miles from the spot where the stone is erected. In fact, there is scarcely any event of national importance that occurred between the commencement of the tenth and the close of the twelfth century—for the date of the pillar is generally supposed to lie between these two periods—which has not been supposed by some antiquarian or other, to have been the cause of its erection.

The hypothesis of the Rev. Charles Cordiner, a Scottish antiquarian of the last century, respecting the origin of this monument, appears the most probable. His opinion is, that it was raised to commemorate the defeat and expulsion from Scotland, by the Scots, of those Scandinavian adventurers mentioned in the "Annals of Torfans," who, joined by a number of chieftains from the opposite coast of Caithness, had, in the ninth century, established themselves at the neighbouring promontory of Burghead—the most northern point to which the expedition of Agricola penetrated—and who, during the

150 years they kept possession of the place, committed the most extensive depredations throughout the surrounding country. In support of his hypothesis, Mr. Cordiner reasons in this way:—"In their sanguine endeavours to extend their sway, and, at the same time, secure a more speedy retreat to their lines, when carrying off booty, or baffled in any attempt, the aid of cavalry was of essential and almost indispensable importance, and naturally became the distinguishing characteristic of their forces. Of consequence, as it was the great object of Caledonian policy and valour to seize their horses, in order to defeat their enterprises; so when, at a fortunate period, they succeeded in totally routing the Scandinavian bands, and compelling them to leave their shores, if they wished to erect a conspicuous memorial of the event, the most striking article would be, to exhibit the seizure of the horses, and the inflicting of a capital penalty on their riders; and this is done in the most conspicuous department of the

column. It is moreover evident, from the concurring testimony of history and tradition, that part of the troops and warlike adventurers who had embarked in the grand expedition undertaken by Olaus, Prince of Norway, about the year 1000, did reinforce the garrison at Eccialsbacca, in the Burgh of Moray, and made some daring advances towards the subduing of the surrounding counties; and that, soon after that period, their repeated defeats induced them wholly to relinquish their settlement in that province. No event was therefore more likely to become a subject of national gratitude and honour than those actions in which the princes of Norway and their military adherents were totally defeated, and which so fully paved the way for returning peace to smile over these harassed and extensive territories. And, in consequence of the Scandinavian forces finally evacuating their posts, a treaty of amicable alliance might be formed between Malcolm and Canute, or Sueno, King of Norway; and the

august figures on the base of the cross have been sculptured to express that important reconciliation; while the figures on the adjacent edge of the obelisk, which are joined hand in hand, and in attitudes of friendly communication, may allude to the new degrees of mutual confidence and security which took place after the feuds were settled that are represented on the front of the column."

The traditions of the country are certainly more in favour of this view of the matter, than of any other hypothesis which has been advanced. The very name, indeed, given to the pillar — viz. "Sueno's Stone," which it has retained from time immemorial, shows that the opinion of the peasantry in the district always has been, that that Norwegian monarch must, in some way or other, have been connected with its erection.

Having several acquaintances in Forres, Joseph, after quitting the site of Sueno's Stone, proceeded to that delightful town, where he

spent the night. On the following day, being, as mentioned in a previous part of the work, exceedingly fond of natural scenery, he resolved on spending some hours in feasting his vision on the rich and varied scenery for which the banks of the neighbouring river Findhorn, have been always famed.

With the exception of two or three miles, immediately before it empties itself into an arm of the Moray Frith, the scenery along the whole course of this river is exceedingly beautiful. From Altyre to Relugas, a distance of five or six miles—the former being three or four miles from Forres—the scenery exceeds anything which it were possible for the most fertile imagination to conceive. The former estate belongs to Sir William Gordon Cumming; and the other, at the period at which Joseph paid his visit to Scotland, was the property of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder; and, as both baronets were remarkable for their taste, the effect of the magnificent scenery along the banks of the

river, was greatly heightened by the rich plantations and forests belonging to them, which the eye was able to take in from many of the places whence the best view of the Findhorn was to be had. Joseph has often, since then, declared, that never, in the whole course of his existence, did he gaze on any scene with such rapture as that with which he beheld the magnificent scenery on this river, five or six miles above Forres. It was on a fine August morning, with as clear a sky as any of which Italia herself could ever boast, that, accompanied by a friend, he set out from Forres in search of the sublime and beautiful in nature—if, indeed, a person can be said to set out in search of anything which he knows he is sure to find. After Joseph had reached the banks of the river, a little on the south-west side of Altyre, every fresh step he took opened up new beauties to him. But there was one spot whence was commanded a view which, for its native majesty, its wild magnificence, and the prodigality of its rich-

ness, has, we verily believe, but few parallels in Europe. It seemed one grand amphitheatre, of unparalleled extent; or, rather, a series of amphitheatres, slightly separated by the windings of the river and the serpentine shape of the mighty mountains which formed the river's banks. At one place, the mountainous banks along the margin of the river were covered, on either side, with rich verdure; at another, there was nothing but craggy rock. Here the banks gradually sloped; there, they rose almost perpendicularly. In either case they were covered with luxuriant heath, largely interspersed with bramble bushes; while the oak, the larch, the fir, and various other trees, all of nature's planting, rose up in every direction, and were all so beautifully blended together as to give a surpassing richness to the general scene. On the day before, heavy rains had descended in that part of the Highlands whence the Findhorn takes its rise; the river was, in consequence, considerably swollen, and foamed and roared as

it dashed along its course, in a way which was equally striking to the eye and the ear. To add to the grandeur of the view, various small islands, richly studded with trees, stunted in height, but abundantly clothed with foliage, sprang up in the centre of the river; while, to give still greater effect to the whole scene, on the day on which Joseph gazed on it with rapturous admiration, not a breath of wind stirred abroad. All was calm as well as clear. The sun shone with a brilliancy not often witnessed in our northern latitudes; and yet not with so much power as to be unpleasant. The temperature was just the happy medium between heat and cold. The stillness of the place, the silence of the scene, were, indeed, occasionally broken, but that was under circumstances which only imparted additional sublimity to the general effect. The screams of the eagle, and the flapping of his wings, as the noble bird quitted his eyrie and gambolled in the air, were the only breaches that were made in the profound

silence which prevailed. The utter solitude of the place also contributed much to the deep, we had almost said overwhelming, impression produced by the surpassing sublimity of the scene. Not only was that solitude unbroken by the sight of human being, but no traces of the presence of man, by means of his workmanship, were visible to the eye. There stood Joseph and his friend, as if dissevered from the human family—as if living in a world of their own. But the scene was one which admits not of description. It was a scene for the poet to feast

necessary to refer particularly to it. The spot at which the celebrated interview took place, is generally supposed to have been a particular one which is still pointed out on the estate of Brodie, the property of the Laird of Brodie, three or four miles westward of Forres, on the right-hand side of the road to Inverness. Such is undoubtedly the locality which Shakspeare himself had in his eye, when introducing the incident into his tragedy. In this, however, it is now ascertained on the best evidence, that he was mistaken. The poet followed the well-known historian Boethius; and other authors following his authority, the error has been handed down till the present day. The author of this work believes he may take credit to himself for having been the first to detect the prevalent error. Having spent nearly thirty years of his life in that part of the country in which many of the incidents embodied in the tragedy of Macbeth, and this incident in particular, occurred, he feels he is entitled to speak

with more than ordinary confidence on the point.

As the subject is one of great and general interest, it may be right to mention some of the grounds which justify the conviction, that the meeting of Macbeth with the weird sisters did not take place on the estate of Brodie, or on any spot westward of Forres. On referring to the third scene of the first act of the tragedy, it will be observed that, at the time Macbeth met with the witches, he was in company with Banquo and the army, then on their way from Fife to Inverness. It will also be recollected that Banquo is represented as putting the question to Macbeth immediately on meeting with the witches — "How far is't called to Forres?" It necessarily follows, therefore, that the spot referred to could not have been the scene of this memorable interview; for, in that case, the murderer of Duncan must not only have already passed through Forres, but must have been several miles on the other side of it;

and if so, his companion, Banquo, could never have put the above interrogatory.

Where, then, it will be asked, did the celebrated meeting take place? There is every reason to believe that, as it is distinctly stated the meeting occurred on a moor, within a few miles of Forres, that moor is the one in the vicinity of Gateside, about eight miles westward of Elgin; and, consequently, four miles on the east or this side of Forres. Such, at all events, was the route which Macbeth must have taken on his way from Fife to Inverness, through the town of Forres; and, on this hypothesis, and on no other, can we perceive the propriety of Banquo's putting the question—"How far is't called to Forres?"

That the spot on the estate of Brodie usually pointed out as that at which Macbeth met with the witches, could not have been the place, is farther evident from the fact, that there is no "blasted heath" in its immediate vicinity. Nor is there any probability that there could have

been a blasted heath at the period at which the interview took place; for the estate of Brodie has all the appearance, from its situation, soil, and other circumstances, of having been always favourable to vegetation: so that, even supposing it not to have been cultivated at that time—which, from the known antiquity of the family of Brodie in connexion with that locality, is improbable—Nature herself must have given it a verdant aspect.

What favours the opinion, in addition to that which has been already stated, that the interview between Macbeth and the weird sisters took place in the locality we have assigned to it, is the fact, that that locality is still emphatically a "blasted heath." It is nearly a mile in length, and, in some places, more than half-a-mile in breadth. It is a singularly bare, desolate place, with a range of high hills on the south side, and a large open space of country, now generally cultivated, with the Moray Frith and the hills of Caithness in the distance. Nor is this all.

Not only is the moor itself, at which the meeting in question is assumed to have taken place, still a "blasted heath," but, from its peculiar soil, it must ever remain so. The progress of cultivation can never reach it. It may farther be mentioned, that so desolate and barren is the place, that people have a great dislike to travel through it in dark nights. The road to Forres, and thence to Inverness, lies now, as in Macbeth's time, through this large tract of moor, still covered over with the "heath" so common in the mountainous parts of Scotland. It is just such a place, from its desolate and forbidding aspect, as supernatural beings would single out for an interview with mortal intelligences.

Since on this subject, it is worthy of observation, that no distinctive character seems to be ascribed by the great majority of Shakspeare's readers, to the three weird sisters, or witches, whom Macbeth met on his way to Forres. They had, however, peculiar offices assigned to them.

"They were," says Pennant, the tourist, "the Fates, the Valkyræ of the northern nations, Gunna, Rota, and Skulda, the handmaids of Odin, the arctic Mars, and styled the Chusers of the Slain; it being their office, in battle, to mark those devoted to death." It would appear from several ancient authorities that, besides singling out those who were to be slain in battle, it was the special office of these three witches to conduct the spirits of the departed to "Valhalla, the paradise of the brave, the hall of Odin." Shakspeare seems to have been aware of the offices

feathers of swans, and armed with spear and helmet."

Assuming—which there is every reason to do—that the above hypothesis regarding the place at which Macbeth and the three weird sisters met together, is correct, there is something remarkably strange in the fact, that it was in the immediate neighbourhood of the same spot, that Macbeth afterwards murdered King Duncan. Until the discovery of the actual locality of the murder of Duncan, was made by Sir Walter Scott, three or four years before his death, it was taken for granted that the crime had been perpetrated in Duncan's own castle at Inverness. Sir Walter, however, makes it clear, that the murder was committed at a place called "Bothgowan, or, the Smith's House, near Elgin." This place, though now under a different name, is known to have been situated on the farm of Cloves, lately occupied by Mr. Brander, and is somewhat more than a mile from the spot at which Macbeth met with the

three witches; so that he committed the deed which raised him to the throne of Scotland—in other words, fulfilled the prediction of the weird sisters, of being "king hereafter," in the immediate neighbourhood of the place at which they uttered it—at a time when its accomplishment seemed, in the highest degree, improbable.

CHAPTER III.

Joseph goes to a penny wedding—Penny weddings in the Highlands of Scotland—General remarks.

JOSEPH, though having, in his earlier years, often heard of penny weddings in the mountainous districts of Morayshire, had never been present at one. And, as he knew they were generally productive of amusing scenes, he resolved on going to the first that should take place. The sought-for opportunity was soon afforded; and he, accordingly, accompanied by a college friend, proceeded to the place, about ten miles south-west of Elgin, at which it was appointed to be held.

It may be right to mention, for the information of English readers, that penny weddings

used to be quite common in the Highland districts of the north of Scotland, though latterly they have been gradually becoming less frequent. They are called penny weddings, in contradistinction to other weddings, because the parties present *pay* for the pleasures of the evening. The bride and bridegroom personally invite their own respective acquaintances to the wedding several days before the time appointed for the performance of the marriage ceremony; but any other person who wishes it, and is willing to pay the stipulated

With the profits of their wedding, the author has known several instances in which the "newly-married couple," as the newspaper advertisements say, have made a beginning in the world, and afterwards become opulent persons.

It may be known to many of our readers, that in Scotland all marriages take place at the house of the parents of the bride, or of those relations with whom she may chance at the time to be staying. If in the humbler ranks of life, and she has been a faithful and obliging servant, it is quite common for the bride to be married in the house of her mistress. In any case, a marriage in a church or chapel is never heard of in Scotland. In the case of penny weddings, the marriage ceremony, so far as the clergyman is concerned, is performed at the house of the bride's parents, if she have any; and if not, at the house of some relative or friend. But the festive part of the occasion is reserved until she is brought home to the house

of her husband. Marriages in Scotland usually take place about five in the afternoon; and, when the wedding is to be a penny one, only a few persons, and these, for the most part, near relations, are present at the clerical part of the ceremony. The party afterwards sit down to tea, which is followed by a glass of genuine whisky, and a few biscuits. If the bridegroom's house be not far off, the newly-married pair, with their friends, at once adjourn to it, where the evening is spent in feasting and hilarity. But in rural districts—and in these only are penny

idea of the sensation created in a particular district, for six or seven miles around, when it becomes known that a wedding is in contemplation. The bride and bridegroom are in everybody's mouth. For weeks before the event comes off, nothing else is talked of in the whole country side. Every little incident in the history of either party is raked up from oblivion, and discussed and commented on with a freedom and boldness which would satisfy the most devoted friend to liberty of speech.

The interest in the coming marriage continues to grow as the period at which it is appointed to take place approaches. Formerly the custom used to be—a custom then required by law—that the banns should be published, or, as they say in Scotland, the parties be "cried," two Sundays before the ceremony took place. After the parties had been thus asked in church, neither of them ventured out oftener than necessity required, because of the badinage to which they were sure to be subjected by

all the unmarried portion of the community. In the part of Scotland where penny weddings were wont to be most frequent, there used to be a superstitious belief that, if an unmarried person only rubbed shoulders with either a bride or bridegroom—which the parties are considered to be from the time of their being asked or "cried" in church—the individual fortunate enough to get sufficiently near for the gentle collision, was sure to be married soon afterwards. Hence all the young women in the place literally persecuted the bride, in their anxiety to rub shoulders with her. This was a source of annoyance, and still is, in some cases, to a "published" bride. Then there is that feeling of modesty which prevails to so great an extent among young women in the rural districts of Scotland, when allusion is made to their approaching nuptials—a feeling which almost makes them blush to be seen by their former acquaintances. The extent to which this feeling is carried in the north of Scotland, would

appear incredible to the English reader. Thus, between one circumstance or other, the period which intervenes between the first announcement in the church of an intended marriage, and the period at which it takes place, is, to the bride, one of a very trying nature, apart from all private considerations connected with the new relationship into which she is about to enter.

Earnestly does she pant for the arrival of her wedding-day, in order that her embarrassing situation may approach its end. It comes in due course, though she deems the interval from the first publication of the banns until the wedding is over, a little age. To both bride and bridegroom the wedding-day is, in more senses than one, an important day. Most arduous are the duties of both; but those of the bride are peculiarly so. She is expected to talk perpetually to all around her, during the eating and drinking part of the business. Great things are expected from her in the way of

pressing her friends to partake of the good cheer provided for the occasion. And then, when the dancing begins, which it does about seven or eight in the evening, she is expected to dance with everybody who chooses to ask her. On the floor she must toil away, though scarcely able perhaps to move a limb. But by far the most singular duty of the bride at a penny wedding is, that of advancing to all the male persons present, and kissing them in succession. Where this has to be done in 150 or 160 cases, without so much as a moment's breathing time between the salutes, it will readily be believed that the bride has a rather arduous task to perform. The accuracy of this statement may be questioned by those unacquainted with the usages which prevail in some of the more remote parts of Scotland. It is, nevertheless, strictly true. For its truth the writer, indeed, pledges himself; as he speaks on the point from what he has witnessed with his own eyes.

As no ordinary-sized house would contain the half of the guests who are present at a penny wedding, they usually sit down to dinner in the largest barn, or other outhouse, in the neighbourhood. Tables or chairs in sufficient numbers are out of the question; but an apology for tables is made by means of a certain number of deals of timber, adjusted as they best may; and forms are found to answer for chairs. With regard, again, to knives and forks, as these are articles rarely used in those localities where penny weddings are most frequent, every guest is expected to take his own knife and fork with him; if not, there is no alternative for him but to use his fingers. And when a guest, unprovided with knife and fork, is reduced to this necessity, you generally see him trying to keep himself in countenance, and to silence those who, being themselves better provided, may betray a disposition to be witty at his expense, by saying—"Ah, never mind! Fingers were made before knives and forks." The

position is one of undoubted orthodoxy; no one ventures to dispute it, because nobody can.

Candlesticks and snuffers are equally scarce commodities at these penny weddings. For the former, as we had once occasion to remark in a previous work, large turnips, with a hole cut out by a knife, are found to be very passable substitutes; while the fingers of the nearest guest are expected to be available for the work which, in our more refined regions, is usually assigned to a pair of snuffers.

Dinner over, dancing begins; and at penny weddings people *do* dance. You see none of those insipid, formal, sleepy movements which are called dancing at Almack's, and other less exalted places in this country. There they dance with a spirit and energy which show that they are in earnest. They cheer each other on by cries peculiar to the rural districts of Scotland, and of which, as all depends on the singular manner in which they are uttered, no idea can be given by description. And with these

indescribable vocal sounds, are mingled the loud snapping of fingers, the clapping of hands, and the beating of feet. And then to see the countenances of those who are the occupants of the floor! There is a language in their looks which cannot be mistaken. They have for the moment unreservedly resigned themselves to the pleasures of the occasion; and their enjoyment is as visible in their countenances as the sun is in the firmament. As the evening advances, the company, aided by the inspirations of copious draughts of "mountain dew," increase in the vivacity of their spirits, and in the energy with which they perform the physical evolutions characteristic of Scottish dancing. The four or five fiddlers stuck up in some corner of the place, and made more musical by the agency of whisky, participate in the merriment of those whose feet are responding to their soul-inspiring strains. By and by the hilarity becomes so uncontrollable, and withal so general, that all regard for regularity, either in the music of the

fiddlers, or the movements of the dancers, vanishes entirely. The Apollos continue to produce sounds, but they have ceased to discourse music. The parties occupying the floor continue to move about, but they no longer dance. All is now confusion: the place has the appearance of a mob without any definite object in view. The sound of the violin has died away; the fiddlers are asleep. The more orderly of the company begin to take their departure for their respective homes: others follow without knowing why. It is now three or four, or it may be five in the morning; and the only remains of the late company are a young man who has sprained his ancle in the dance, lying in a corner, until a friend brings a horse, from a house at some distance, to take him home; and a fiddler in the opposite corner, who, having resolutely declined to be awakened by either the shaking or pricking of friends, has been left to sleep away to his heart's content. Judging from the desperate energy with which he is snoring,

and the rapidity with which the nasal sounds succeed each other, you are justified in concluding that there is no prospect of an immediate termination to his slumbers.

If the weather be fine, the guests at penny weddings usually adjourn, when they become a little excited, from the barn or other outhouse in which the dancing commenced, to the open air. There, on the green sward, with no other covering than the sky, do they "trip the light fantastic toe" until the moon and stars have shrunk into invisibility before the splendours of the rising sun. The penny wedding at which Joseph was present, afforded an instance of this. It was on a fine summer's eve that he proceeded to the spot at which the wedding was to take place; and as beautiful a summer's morn as ever dawned on our meridian, succeeded that beautiful eve. The dancing on the occasion was kept up till a later hour than had ever been known. Probably the reason was that, having taken the green sward and the open air

earlier than usual, and there being consequently fewer facilities for quaffing potations of whisky, the guests were better able to protract the merriment on the occasion. But whatever may have been the cause, the dancing was continued until half-past five in the morning—the lovely warblings of the lark mingling with, and almost drowning, the faint and feeble sounds sent forth by the exhausted fiddlers.

It ought to be mentioned, that a penny wedding requires the most active preparations for it, during the previous eight days. Nor do

which is a very different matter in the rural districts of Scotland, from what it is in England. As in thinly peopled districts, all persons are known to each other, the circumstance, especially in the case of the bride, of being exposed for nearly two hours to the gaze of every one in the church, just as if the married couple were a pair of wild beasts—is one of a very trying kind. Perhaps it is to her the most trying ordeal she has to go through in connexion with her marriage. What, however, cheers her up during the emergency, is the consideration that it is the last incident of the scene; and that after it is over, she will settle quietly down in her new relation of a married woman.

Penny weddings are looked forward to with the deepest interest by all the unmarried young women in the district. They are usually productive of attachments which terminate in marriage. At these weddings "the lasses" appear to the best advantage. For weeks before the wedding-day, all is bustle in preparing their

dresses for the occasion; and, when the day arrives, they not only put on their best apparel, but also their best looks. They regard a penny wedding as one of the most favourable opportunities which can occur of making conquests. Hence—and surely no one will be so ungallant as to blame them—they do all they can, by the smartness of their dress and the fascination of their manner, to entangle some of the swains who are present, in the meshes of a love sufficiently ardent to justify the expectation that it will ripen, in due time, into a matrimonial

wedding for twenty weddings of the ordinary kind—weddings at which only a few friends are present, and where no payment is received from the guests.

CHAPTER IV.

Pluscarden Abbey — Its antiquity and situation — Curious traditionary legend connected with it.

REFERENCE has been made, in a previous chapter, to the Abbey of Pluscarden, as being one of the most magnificent ruins in Scotland. The

many hundred feet in height. About a mile and a half in an opposite direction, is another range of high hills, but so gradual in their slope, and so fertile in soil, as to be capable of profitable cultivation. Around the abbey itself are numbers of large trees, many, if not all of them, boasting an antiquity of several centuries. One pear tree, in the spot where the garden of the abbey stood, is ascertained to have been planted by one of the earliest monks who lived in the abbey, and consequently has reached the almost incredible age of six hundred years. In a southern and western direction, there are small forests, some of them of man's plantation, and others of nature's growth, which greatly add to the beauty of the scene. Connected with the place, there are many interesting legends; and it is for the purpose of briefly relating one of these, in which there is much of the air of romance, that we have been led to refer to the venerable building. When Joseph first heard it, it struck him as a legend, out of

which a skilful novelist could easily manufacture his three volumes. The outline may be given in eight or ten pages, under the heading of "Edmund and Anna."

EDMUND and ANNA, the one the eldest son, and the other the eldest daughter of two of the most influential men in the north of Scotland, were among the most devoted lovers the world ever witnessed. Anna possessed every quality, mental and personal, calculated to win the affections of our sex. But, independently of

Melvyn, and each of his other four rivals, was unhesitatingly preferred to them all. No less fervent was the affection with which he regarded Anna. His entire existence was bound up in hers, and the world and life itself, when weighed in the balance with her, were indeed found to be wanting.

The nuptial morn of the youthful lovers was one of the most delightful which ever burst on the world. It was in the month of May. The ground was beautifully carpeted with new-born grass. The garden, the orchard, the hedge, the plantation, the forest—all smiled in their new attire. The sun poured forth his beams with more than wonted profusion, tinging all creation with an exquisite radiance; while innumerable choristers of every species of the feathered tribe, imparted, by the melody of their warblings, additional charms to that bright morn. Nature herself, in fine, seemed, on this occasion, to be jubilant at the approaching nuptials of a pair who were so pre-eminently

worthy of each other's warmest and most sincere affections.

The vassals of Emerson, Anna's father, exulted without measure at the circumstance of their chieftain's only daughter being about to be united to the youth of her choice; and as all were that evening to participate in the ample festivities of the baronial hall, they attired themselves in the best costume of their clan, and prepared to celebrate the joyous event with all becoming respect for their chieftain, and the young bride and bridegroom.

The afternoon arrived, and, at the hour of five, the beautiful bride approached the hymeneal altar, accompanied by her bridesmaids and the wives and daughters of the more respectable of her father's vassals. Edmund was present at the appointed hour, luxuriating in waking dreams of the matchless bliss which was about to be secured to him. The venerable Abbot of Pluscarden, a man who was verging on seventy years of age, and whose

countenance eloquently discoursed of his unaffected piety, stationed himself beside the interesting couple, and, before proceeding to go through the matrimonial ceremony, he uttered, with a mingled air of mildness and solemnity, the usual behest — "Join hands." The lovers extended their respective hands to each other. Anna's was white as the unsunned snow, while her beautiful countenance was suffused with a deep blush, indicative of modesty — a blush which, if possible, imparted new fascinations to her unrivalled face. The reverend abbot now commenced the marriage ritual. With uplifted hands, and a countenance beaming with benignity, he was addressing his orisons to the Supreme Being, imploring his special benediction on the youthful pair now kneeling at the altar, when an arrow from some invisible bow infixed itself in his heart. That instant he dropped on the floor at the feet of those who surrounded him. All present were horror-struck at the strange circumstance, and

gazed on each other in mute amazement—simultaneously listening, at the same time, as if by instinct, in the hope that they should hear such sounds in some part of the building as would lead them to the discovery of the assassin; but the first thing that broke the death-like silence that prevailed, was the expiring groan of the aged abbot. The bride fainted at the appalling scene; and, while the bridegroom was in the act of raising her up, Melvyn, attended by a host of his myrmidons, suddenly appeared at the portals of the place, their flaming eyes speaking the

The hall was now crowded with foemen, ranged under two great divisions; each vassal willing and prepared to shed the last drop of his blood in the quarrel of his respective chieftain. The conflict commenced with the utmost fierceness on either side. The clashing of the instruments of death might have been heard far and wide, till at length, overpowered by superior numbers, the clansmen of Emerson were almost all strewed on the floor, either already in the embraces of death, or momentarily expecting to be so, from the number and severity of their wounds. Edmund and Emerson defended Anna with more than mortal bravery; but Melvyn and their leading vassals at last surrounded them, wrenched their daggers from them, and consequently rendered Anna's farther protection beyond the compass of human courage and power.

"Spare the two miscreants," referring to Emerson and Edmund; "spare the two miscreants, that mortification may be their portion,"

cried Melvyn, addressing himself to his surviving clansmen, as he seized the affrighted Anna in his arms, and hurried with her to the door. A steed was there in waiting, which he mounted, and, placing Anna before him, he galloped off with his prize to his own castle, only seven miles distant, followed by his vassals. "Thou art now in safe custody, young lady," said he to Anna, as one of his servants shut the ponderous iron gate which fronted his walled castle.

On reaching his mansion, Melvyn led Anna into the most splendid apartment in it; and,

"Nay, young maid, hast not thou the use of that member so characteristic of thy sex?" said Melvyn, sarcastically.

Anna, who had but partially recovered from her swoon, when wrested from the arms of Edmund, and who had taken it for granted that both he and her father had been the victims of Melvyn's fury, implored the chieftain, in accents which were repeatedly interrupted by the irrepressible grief which swelled her gentle bosom, and which vented itself in an ocean of tears, to terminate her life that instant, as an act of tender mercy.

"A few hours of a solitary dungeon will, perhaps, bring thee to thy senses, and cure thee of thy regards for Edmund; if not, I shall then wed thee per force," said Melvyn; and, so saying, he dragged the agonized Anna to a gloomy cell, in which he was wont to incarcerate the persons of such of his vassals as had incurred his displeasure.

The enraged chieftain then despatched a

special messenger for a priest to unite himself and Anna in marriage; but the priest being some distance from home, several hours elapsed before his services could be obtained.

Emerson and Edmund, who, though worsted in the conflict between them and Melvyn's party, had been permitted to enjoy their liberty unmolested after the latter had decamped with Anna, began to muse on the calamity which had befallen them; and to think whether or not it was within the range of possibility to do anything for the recovery of the person of the bride.

Edmund was intimately acquainted with Melvyn's castle and its vicinity; and knew that, after sunset, there was one part of its walls defended only by one person, which he thought it might be, perhaps, practicable to scale; and if they could succeed in this, and slay the sentinel, they might, undiscovered, enter the castle itself, and yet rescue Anna from the grasp of the haughty chieftain.

The project wore a sufficiently desperate aspect; but Edmund, ay, and Emerson too, though comparatively advanced in years, were both in that reckless state of mind which fitted them to undertake any enterprise within the confines of practicability.

Calling to their assistance, and acquainting them with their project, the most spirited of those of Emerson's vassals who had survived the recent conflict, the bridegroom and the bride's father, accordingly, armed themselves at every point; and hastened to the neighbourhood of Melvyn's walled castle.

The sun had buried himself below the western horizon two hours before they left Emerson's hall on their adventurous purpose. The night was exceedingly dark; hours had to elapse before the moon would show her visage; and not one of the countless lesser luminaries which at other times bestud, and sparkle in, the firmament, was visible to the eye. All were enshrouded from mortal gaze by one apparently

vast cloud. Emerson, Edmund, and their party, amounting in all to twelve, arrived at the part of the wall they were to attempt to scale; and one of the tallest and stoutest of their number placed himself in the position best adapted for enabling the others to avail themselves of the assistance of his shoulders in endeavouring to scale it. Edmund, with sword in hand, was the first to make the attempt, and, on reaching the summit, was astonished to find there was no sentinel there. Impressed with the idea, from the various voices he heard on the outside, and

with the sentinel; and at the most important part of it before him. The brilliant illumination visible in one of the most spacious apartments, led them immediately to it. Edmund unceremoniously burst open the door, rushed in, and was followed by Emerson and the rest of the party. There was exhibited to their astonished gaze, the spectacle of Anna in her bridal robes, pouring forth the agonies of her heart in rapidly succeeding sobs and tears, and being supported by one of Melvyn's sisters. The lord of the castle grasped her snow-white hand in his. Around were a numerous party, and the priest, who had arrived but a few minutes before, had just pronounced the first sentence of the matrimonial service. "Villain!" exclaimed Edmund, with his eyes directed to Melvyn, and flashing with boundless indignation. And, as he uttered the epithet, he rushed toward his hated foe, and, ere the latter had time to use a weapon in his own defence, Edmund sheathed his sword in his bosom. Melvyn fell

prostrate on the floor; but such was the deadly animosity he bore towards Edmund, that, though he only survived two minutes thereafter, he partially rose up, seized his dagger, and aimed it at the breast of Anna—exclaiming at the same time, under the impression that the thrust was successful, "Nor shalt thou, scoundrel, enjoy her either;" but Edmund had already seized her in his arms, and the thrust which was made at her, proved mortal to Melvyn's own brother, who, in the confusion of the moment, occupied the place on which Anna

knot was tied. The bride and bridegroom returned to the house of the latter, and spent the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

CHAPTER V.

Joseph visits a friend in Alves—Sacramental services in the parish church — Moderatism and evangelism in Scotland contrasted.

AMONG the friends of his mother whom Joseph visited during his temporary sojourn in his native county, there was one in the parish of

Elgin, in which the Gospel was faithfully preached, the state of religion in that parish presented a remarkable contrast to what it did in the other seven or eight parishes constituting the presbytery. Evangelical himself, and in earnest about the momentous matters of eternity, the minister of Alves invariably took care to invite those clergymen only to assist him at the dispensation of the sacrament, who shared his views, and were equally zealous for the spiritual well-being of those committed to their care. Hence the truly pious belonging to all the surrounding parishes, always looked forward to the yearly return of the administration of the Lord's Supper at Alves, as to a high religious festival. Multitudes came to be present on the solemn occasion, from a distance of fifteen, twenty, and even, in some cases, thirty miles. Some there were (those who could conveniently leave their homes) who came on the Thursday morning, that they might be present at the preparatory services of that day—at the prayer-

meetings held in the evenings in the houses of the elders and other pious individuals—and at the immediately preceding services of the sanctuary held on the Saturday. But, as comparatively few could leave home for so long a period, the great body of strangers from a distance arrived about nine or ten o'clock on the Sabbath morning—the solemn services of that day commencing at the latter hour. And beautiful, inexpressibly beautiful to the spiritual-minded man, and picturesque in no ordinary

sacrament, always was in the summer season—the month of July, if we remember rightly—the pious peasants, who came a great distance, were often to be seen, oppressed with the heat and wearied with the length of the way, walking barefooted, and carrying their shoes and stockings in their hand. And, as they walked, they conversed together about spiritual things. They spoke of their religious experience—related to each other the impression which particular sermons had made on their minds on particular occasions—what passages in the holy oracles had principally occupied their thoughts of late—what uninspired, but pious authors, they liked best—and to which of the works of those authors they were most partial, and most frequently read. Among the books which almost all had in their keeping, or, which is nearly the same thing, the substance of which was deeply engraved in their memories, there were "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," "Baxter's Saint's Rest," "Boston's Fourfold State," the sermons

of the Messrs. Erskine (Ralph and Ebenezer), and "Willison's Afflicted Man's Companion." Clear and correct are the views which the Scotish peasantry have of divine truth. Many a simple pious peasant, unacquainted with human learning, has he who pens these lines known in his native land—at whose feet he would far sooner sit for instruction in divine truth, than at the feet of the most learned and most distinguished divine of the day. Need it, then, be added, how deeply interesting to the renewed mind it must have been, to listen to the conversation of these godly people, as they proceeded on their way to worship their Maker amid the solemnities peculiar to a sacramental occasion. No one could have seen them coming from all quarters to the parish church of Alves, without being forcibly reminded of the description given in the Old Testament, of the children of Israel making their yearly pilgrimages from all parts of Judea to Jerusalem, there to worship Jehovah in the temple.

On the sacramental occasion at Alves, at the period to which we refer, the number of strangers was so great that the church could not contain, capacious as it was, one-half the congregation. Though the church was crowded to suffocation, there was an immense concourse of persons in the adjoining churchyard; and for them, also, the then clergyman of the parish—a namesake of the writer of these volumes—provided divine worship. So that, contemporaneously with his own impressive preaching within the walls of the church, there were the ministrations of some zealous and gifted clergyman in the adjacent churchyard. The occasion was inexpressibly interesting—the scene was inconceivably solemn. As distinctly does the writer remember, as if it had been but an event of yesterday, listening in the churchyard of Alves, twenty years ago, to the searching sermon of the minister who had come from a distance to assist his reverend namesake. The day was oppressively hot: the perspiration ran in copious streams

down the face equally of preacher and hearer. And yet the immense concourse who formed the open-air audience of the minister, sat as patiently beneath the scorching rays of the sun for two hours—nearly an hour and a half being occupied with the sermon alone—as if they had been luxuriating in the Arcadian groves pictured forth in the imaginations of the poets of antiquity. And what, does the English reader suppose, were the seats on which those of the assembled multitude who sat at all, reclined? They were chiefly of nature's workmanship. Some scores there might have been who sat on the grave-stones in the immediate vicinity of the preacher; but the great majority of those who sat at all had no other seat than the green grass beneath their feet—more green because springing out of ground appropriated to the reception of the dead. Hundreds, in order that they might be as near to the minister as possible, did not sit at all, but stood beneath the burning beams of the sun during the two hours

the services lasted. The scene altogether recalled to my mind the days of the Covenanters —a class of persons with whose history and habits I was at that time more familiar than I now am. Regarding them then as I still do, as being with, perhaps, the solitary exception of the Waldenses and the Albigenses, the noblest army of witnesses and martyrs for the truth the world ever beheld, the occasion was to my mind one never to be forgotten. Still I can imagine I gaze on the scene. The vast assemblage, with the minister in their midst, are at this moment vividly present to my mind. I fancy I see the solemn aspect of the preacher, and witness the no less solemn demeanour of the hearers. He was earnest—they were attentive. Impressive, in the highest degree, was the minister's manner; serious, in the highest degree, did his hearers all appear. Searching—most searching —was the sermon delivered on the occasion. Awfully profound indeed must have been the sleep of that conscience which was not roused

by it. Forcible were the preacher's appeals to the unconverted; encouraging and consoling were his addresses to those who had experienced the power of regenerating grace. An appropriate and impressive prayer followed, as it had preceded, the delivery of the sermon; and the worship of God was closed, as it had commenced, with a suitable song of praise. In that song of praise every one present engaged. We do not believe there was even a solitary exception. The large concourse, met together for the worship of their Maker, united with one

hand when the first of the series of "tables" was to be "served." It may be proper here to mention, for the information of English readers, that, in the Presbyterian Establishment, instead of all the members sitting down at once, as they do here, to the communion-table, only about a fourth and fifth part of their number sit down at a time. Hence there are four or five separate communion services. The reasons of this are, first, that there is not accommodation in the area of the Scotch places of worship for all the members of a particular church sitting down at once; and, secondly, that there are always not only large accessions of strangers from the surrounding country in the capacity of hearers and spectators, but of communicants also. The result is, that on most sacramental occasions in the Scottish Church, where the clergyman is evangelical, the services are protracted from ten till half-past two. In Alves, at the period referred to, where the faithfulness of the minister and his assistants, led to a lengthened address at

each successive distribution of the sacramental elements, the services were protracted till nearly four o'clock. After the brief interval of an hour and a half, they were again resumed, when the solemn work in which the communicants had been engaged, and the solemn scenes of which non-communicants had been spectators, were made the special subject of another sermon. The latter service—the sermon being, as on all other occasions in the Presbyterian Church, prefaced and accompanied by praise and prayer—occupied about two hours; so that, with the intermission of an hour, or an hour and a half, the services of a sacramental Sabbath in the parish church of Alves, at the period to which our own observations point, lasted from ten in the morning till nearly eight in the evening. And in hundreds of other parish churches in Scotland, where evangelical truth is preached, the services are still as protracted, or nearly so, on sacramental occasions. On the Monday, other two sermons, called thanksgiving sermons, are

preached by the clergymen who have been assisting the minister of the parish; and with these, conclude a series of the most solemn religious services of which the human mind can form any conception. In England—whether we speak of the Establishment or of Dissenting places of worship—no idea can be formed, from the way in which the sacrament of the supper is administered among us, of the solemnity of feeling with which a sacramental occasion is regarded among the evangelical portion of the Scottish people. For at least three weeks before the advent of the sacramental Sabbath, the ministrations of the preacher have a special reference to the coming occasion. And prayer-meetings in the houses of pious persons, instead of being held once a-week, are, as the day approaches, held every night. It is the same for a week, at least, after the Sabbath has passed. A deeper tone of piety is perceptible in the conversation and conduct of the parishioners for a few weeks previously and subsequently to the

sacramental Sunday; while on the day itself, you would almost imagine that the parishioners had ceased to belong to the world at all. The entire day—those portions of it which are necessarily spent at home, as well as those which are spent in the sanctuary—is exclusively set apart for devotional exercises. Individual self-examination and prayer, and family worship, including praise as well as prayer, occupy the morning until breakfast-time. That over, which it usually is by nine o'clock, the inmates of every house, with the strangers who may be temporarily residing with them, prepare for proceeding to the sanctuary. When the public services of the day are ended, the parishioners return to their respective homes, where, in individual retirement and around the family altar, they spend the remainder of the evening, in pouring out their hearts in prayer and thanksgivings to God. Scarcely a word of worldly conversation is heard to escape their lips. No loungers are to be seen in the fields. It is, in a

sense of which none but those who have spent a sacramental Sabbath in the parish of a pious minister, can form the slightest idea, a solemn season; reminding one of the solemn seasons of which we read in the records of Old Testament inspiration.

How striking the contrast to this state of things is that which is exhibited in the pulpits and parishes in which the evil genius of Moderatism has found a lodgment. Moderatism, it is right to mention, for the information of those who may be unacquainted with the import of the term—Moderatism signifies those principles and that mode of preaching, which studiously exclude all that is vital in the Gospel scheme, and substitute, for evangelical truth, a cold, heartless system of morality. Moderatism deals only with men's heads; it makes no appeal to their hearts. It takes no cognizance of the inward man; it, indeed, denies, practically at least, that there is an inward man. It addresses itself solely to the denunciation and

correction of the grosser immoralities of one's life. He who is honest and harmless in his intercourse with his fellow-men is, in the eye of Moderatism, a saint of the first magnitude. The religion of the heart is, in the vocabulary of Moderatism, synonymous with fanaticism in its worst forms. If a man talk of his religious experience, he is giving utterance to the language of cant. If a Moderate allude at all to the atonement, or to any of the other distinctive doctrines of the Gospel, the allusion is either so vague as not to be understood, or is

preaches only because he is paid for it. He is inculcating precisely such moral truths as are to be found in the works of Plato, Socrates, and other ancient philosophers. And yet he is not delivering those truths, though he dignifies them (what an awful prostitution of language!) with the name of a Gospel sermon, with a tithe of the earnestness or animation which either of the heathen philosophers we have named, would have shown in the inculcation of the same propositions. Hence, anything more heartless than the sermons and services which are heard and witnessed in a Moderate place of worship, cannot be conceived. There sit the listless hearers; for indifference on the part of a preacher invariably communicates itself to his audience. It is a contagious disease. It cannot enter the pulpit without infecting the congregation. A more painful moral picture is not to be seen, than that of a people sitting under the ministrations of a Moderate preacher. All is dark and desolate—cold and cheerless. You feel that you are

living in a moral frigid zone. If you have any sense of spiritual things, every word of the preacher falls on your ear with a chilling and withering effect. Terrible have been the fruits of Moderatism in many districts of Scotland. Instances have been known in which, in entire parishes, it would have been difficult to find half-a-dozen really pious and spiritually-minded individuals. There was, to be sure, the external appearance of attention to religious duties; but it was appearance only. The worship, if worship it might be called, was purely mechanical. There was no more soul or spirit in it than if the parties had been so many figures of wax or of wood.

Such is that Moderatism which, for several generations, has been, spiritually speaking, the curse of Scotland. It may be compared to a great moral upas tree, poisoning and destroying everything within its reach. It was the natural effect of that system of patronage introduced in the reign of Queen Anne, which enabled grace-

less patrons to put into the pulpits of the parishes under their control, in defiance of the wishes of the people, a body of men calling themselves ministers of the Gospel, but who knew, experimentally, no more of the power of religion, than the cattle which grazed on the surrounding lands. Moderatism is now, happily, in a fair way of being entirely exiled from Scotland. It is vanishing before the progress of evangelical truth; and will, it is to be hoped, ere another generation shall have passed away, cease to exist entirely in any other place than the pages of Scotland's ecclesiastical history.

But we have been committing a slight digression. We were speaking of the contrast exhibited on a sacramental Sabbath in a church of which a Moderate is the minister, to the state of things in a place of worship where the pulpit is filled by a pious evangelical preacher. Where Moderatism prevails, all is mere form. Even the administration of the Lord's Supper, which

is the most solemn ordinance connected with the Christian faith; even that solemn ordinance, when administered by the hands of a Moderate, degenerates—it is painful to write it—into a matter of mere mechanical observance. The preacher speaks in cold, unimpassioned tones, and in the most vague and general language which can be employed, of the circumstances under which the ordinance was instituted. His tone and manner tell, with a terrible plainness, that his heart is not affected by the truths to which his lips are giving

could more plainly show, that that which is to every true Christian the most valued and most delightful of all the ordinances of religion, is to Moderatism so irksome as to be all but intolerable? What wonder if the people who are doomed to sit under the ministrations of a Moderate, should not enter into the spirit of the ordinance, nor derive any pleasure or profit from its observance? All who choose, are permitted to sit down at the communion table in a Moderate church. No distinction is made between the really pious and the irreligious; or, rather, all are assumed to be religious. But it is painful to advert to the fearful desecration of the most sacred of all Christian ordinances, which takes place on a sacramental occasion in a Moderate place of worship. No Christian can think of it without shuddering at the thought. Let us, therefore, turn away from the farther contemplation of so awful a theme.

The occasion on which Joseph Jenkins was present in the church of Alves at the celebra-

tion of the Lord's Supper, was not the same as that which we have sought to describe in the earlier part of the chapter; but he witnessed the same scenes, saw the same high-toned devotion on the part of both ministers and people, and heard the same class of divine truths inculcated and enforced. Though not entering into the scenes and services of the occasion with the same feelings as if he had been a spiritually-minded man, he was very much struck with what he saw and heard. There was to him what he called a moral picturesqueness in the

loveliness. He was a striking illustration of the truth of the scriptural statement, that the spiritual man only can discern spiritual things.

CHAPTER VI.

Joseph quits his native place to return to London—Meets with the "Dr. Hornbook" of Burns, in Glasgow—Their conversation together—Curious and interesting particulars respecting Burns and Dr. Hornbook, which have not before been published.

THE leave of absence which Joseph had obtained was now within ten days of its expiry; and, as he intended to return to London by land, with the view of seeing as much as possible of the country, he resolved on quitting Elgin on the following morning, in order that he might not be obliged to perform the journey too hurriedly. He started at eight o'clock, and reached Aberdeen at four in the afternoon. There he remained that night, and set out next morning at five o'clock for Glasgow, which city he

reached in the evening, at eight o'clock. Curiously enough, he met that night at the house of a friend in which he put up, with an individual who occupies a prominent place in the pages of Burns, and who is, consequently, as fairly booked for immortality as the poet himself. The individual to whom we refer is Dr. Hornbook, the hero of the popular poem, entitled "Death and Dr. Hornbook." Hornbook, as most of the readers of Burns are aware, is a fictitious name. The real name of the individual who is gibbeted in that piece of sarcastic writing, was John Wilson. To his Christian name, indeed, Burns furnishes a clue; for, in one verse, he is called "Jock," which every Scotchman knows is synonymous with John. In the course of the evening Mr. Wilson—who, it may be here remarked, died only a few years ago—referred to the sarcastic poem, at the request of the mutual friend of Joseph and himself, under whose hospitable roof they were. Mr. Wilson, though never alluding in promis-

cuous company, or when in conversation with any stranger, to the fact of his identity with the Dr. Hornbook of Burns, never betrayed a reluctance to refer to it, when in the society of any friend in whom he could repose confidence.

The opportunity of hearing anything new on such a subject, was too good for Joseph to lose. He and Mr. Wilson entered into conversation together, and he found the latter quite unreserved in his revelations on the point—readily and fully answering any questions which were put to him.

Mr. Wilson mentioned the circumstances connected with his history prior to his acquaintance with Burns. These have never been correctly given by those who have published editions of the poet's works, with explanatory notes. Indeed, it may be remarked, that nearly all about to be mentioned, is now published for the first time. Mr. Wilson was bred a weaver, in the west of Scotland, and worked at the business for several years. He was a most indus-

trious young man, rising up early and sitting up late, and emphatically eating the bread of carefulness, in order that he might save as much of his earnings as would enable him to pay for a course of education which would qualify him for becoming a Presbyterian minister—an object which was with him one of eager and unceasing ambition. With that view he did engage in the necessary preparatory studies; but, having become the father of an illegitimate child, all his clerical prospects were blasted. He quitted Glasgow, where he had been studying, and retired to the parish of Tarbolton, in Ayrshire, in which Burns at that time lived. Being a man of superior talents and extensive information, he and Burns soon became very intimate together. The poet, it ought to be mentioned, was at this time preparing the first edition of his works. He was, consequently, altogether unknown to general fame, though the more discerning of those who saw his manuscript productions, discovered and admired the poetic

genius they displayed. None were more hearty in their admiration of the poems of Burns than Mr. Wilson; little imagining at the time that he was destined to be handed down to posterity in them, under the very unenviable circumstances in which he is made to appear.

Mr. Wilson having proceeded so far in his narrative, Joseph inquired whether he knew any cause which could have provoked the splenetic effusion.

"Oh, yes," replied the other; "the cause was this. He and I were both members of a Benefit Society, connected with the locality in which we were living. I was treasurer of the Society. He was always irregular in his periodical payments, and on one particular occasion had fallen so far in arrears as, in terms of the rules and regulations, to be liable to have his name struck off the roll as a member. I at that" ——

"I beg pardon for interrupting you; but *was* his name struck off the roll?" said Joseph.

"No, it was not," returned Mr. Wilson. "I prevented that, by not letting the members generally know the full extent of his shortcomings. Just at this particular time, he called on me one night, and asked the loan of a small sum of money. Knowing his careless habits—for he had already begun to give himself up to drink, though not a confirmed drunkard—I refused, adding, or, rather, assigning as the reason, 'You know, Robert, that you are already deeply in arrears to the Society, and that I am rendering myself liable for some of the payments you ought to have made, by concealing your deficiencies from the other members.' Stung by the refusal to lend him the money, in conjunction with the circumstance of reminding him of his arrears, he went home and wrote the piece in which I am held up to ridicule."

"And was the effusion published immediately on its being written?" asked Joseph.

"Oh, no; and I must do him the justice to

say, notwithstanding the injury he has done me, that I do not believe he ever intended to publish it. He did not mean it to be known beyond the limits of the parish in which we lived. He, in the first instance, only showed it to several persons acquainted with us both. At their request, he allowed them to take copies. It thus got into a very general manuscript circulation in the parish. By and by it got into print, in the form of a handbill. Thence it found its way into the public journals, until it became universally known. As a farther proof that he did not mean it to be published, it was not inserted in the first edition of his poems, which appeared some time after the poem had been written."

"Did it excite a great sensation in the locality in which you both lived?" inquired Joseph.

"It did: it raised a laugh at my expense, as clever ridicule always will at anybody's expense against whom it is levelled. Even those who knew the thing to be wholly unfounded, joined

in the general laugh. The result was, that I could scarcely look a friend in the face. I was obliged to leave that part of the country altogether. I returned with my wife and family —for by this time I was married and had several children—to Glasgow, where I have ever since remained."

"And you think," remarked Joseph, "that your refusal to lend Burns the small sum of money, was the sole cause of his penning the bitter piece."

"I am perfectly certain of it; for, until that time, we had been two of the greatest friends in that part of the country; and it was only a few months before, that I received a silver snuff-box from the Society to which I have referred, as an expression of the sense the members entertained of my services as treasurer, with a very handsome poetical eulogium, written by Burns himself. He had, besides, made me several small presents, some of which are still in my possession."

"Did you ever meet with him after the publication of the piece?"

"I often accidentally met with him; but we never had any intercourse together after he had written the poem."

"Do you think he ever afterwards regretted writing it?"

"I am sure of it; for he repeatedly wrote to me, expressing the greatest concern that ever he had penned such a piece; saying he felt he had injured me, and hoping that, as it was written on the impulse of the moment, and without

never had been in practice at all. I followed the vocation of a schoolmaster. He begins the poem with these words, 'Some books are lies frae end to end,' and so is all he says about me—with the single exception of the reference he makes to my acquaintance with 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine.' That work had, a short time before, made its appearance; and I, feeling that I understood—as anybody may understand—the greatest part of its contents, merely kept a few of the more common kinds of medicine in my own house, for the benefit of my family. I never visited any patient in the pretended character of a professional man. I never prescribed out of my own house; and was not even in the practice of vending medicines."

Joseph was a good deal surprised at this; for he, in common with his countrymen, thought that the Dr. Hornbook of Burns, must have been in the habit of prescribing for persons who were ill. The friend, of whose hospitality he and Mr. Wilson were partaking, perceiving an

air of incredulity on this point, about Joseph's manner, confirmed the statement of Mr. Wilson, as being the assertion of a fact which consisted with his own personal knowledge.

It may be right here to repeat, so many incorrect accounts having been given of Mr. Wilson's history previously to the publication of " Death and Dr. Hornbook," by the editors of Burns—that the accuracy of this information may be relied on. Not less incorrect have the editors been in reference to the way in which he occupied his time on his return to Glasgow.

all the editors of Burns are agreed—and on that point they are correct—namely, that Mr. Wilson was a most worthy man at the time that Burns lampooned him, and that he continued to maintain, ever afterwards, an unblemished character. He was held in the highest esteem in the part of Glasgow in which he lived; and received more than one testimonial of respect from his fellow-parishioners. The author of this work is in a condition to add, that not only was he an excellent member of society, but a most exemplary Christian. He was a decidedly pious man; and there can be no doubt, that it was the circumstance of his looking on all the events and incidents of time—all the trials and troubles of life, with the eye of a sincere Christian, that enabled him not only to forgive Burns for the great injury he had done him, but to maintain through life, notwithstanding the mortification he must have experienced, that cheerfulness of manner for which all who were acquainted with him knew that he was remarkable.

No right-minded person can learn these particulars respecting Mr. Wilson, without feeling the deepest pain, that so worthy a man should have had his whole existence embittered by the heartless ridicule heaped upon him by one with whom he had been on terms of the closest intimacy, and to whom, instead of ever having done an injurious act, he had repeatedly performed offices of friendship. The disposition to indulge in satire, is one of the most reprehensible which a man can possess; and, instead of being encouraged by society, it ought to be denounced and



attaches to the name of Burns, have the reflection of having needlessly wounded the feelings of his acquaintances. And many of those acquaintances whom Burns has so mercilessly ridiculed, were far worthier men than himself in all that constitutes moral greatness—which is, after all, the only true greatness of mortal beings. The evil of ridicule, when the poisoned shaft is thrown by the hand of a popular author, does not terminate with the life of him against whom it is directed. So far from being interred with his bones, its effects are felt for generations afterwards. Not more than four weeks have elapsed since the author of these volumes met with one of Mr. Wilson's descendants; and he told him that, though he mentioned to him his relationship to the Dr. Hornbook of Burns, he studiedly concealed it from those with whom he usually associated; adding, that he lived in a state of constant terror, lest the relationship should be discovered.

It would afford much gratification to the writer, if the Scotch papers were to transfer to their columns the leading facts he has communicated respecting the early history and subsequent life of Mr. Wilson. It would be doing no more than an act of justice to the memory of a most excellent man; and, it may with truth be added, an act of great kindness, if not, indeed, of humanity, to his surviving relations.

CHAPTER VII.

Joseph is again sent to the country to attend contested elections—Publishes an account of his journey, by way of quizzing modern books of travels.

THE death of George the Fourth, shortly after the general election referred to in a previous chapter, having necessarily led to another dissolution of Parliament, Joseph was again sent to the country to attend some of the contested elections. The district allotted him on this occasion was Hampshire. On his return, he wrote an account, in one of the magazines of the day, of his journey, by way of quiz on the then, as now, common custom of almost every person who leaves his own country for a few weeks, publishing his travels in the land or lands he has visited. The article appeared under

the title of "Modern Travelling; or, Simon Stubbs' Tour to the Isle of Wight." As a specimen of a style of writing which Joseph had not before attempted, and as being, at the same time, a continuation of his actual history, we here subjoin it.

THIS is the age of travelling: it is the age of something else; it is the age of writing books of travels. No one now thinks of crossing the water to any part of the Continent, or, indeed, of leaving his home for a few days, without giving, as the phrase goes, "the results of his travels to the world." I have just returned from a tour to the Isle of Wight; and, as books of travels are so much the order of the day, I can see no admissible reason why I should not also "give to the world the results" of *my* journey. If my present attempt should be favourably received, it may possibly induce me to lay before the public the particulars of a tour I lately performed from my residence in

Covent Garden, to the remote and very imperfectly explored regions of Wapping. I flatter myself that the materials out of which I have constructed this article, are quite as important as those which constitute the marrow of most modern works of travel. I have only farther to observe, in the way of preface, that I shall not avail myself of the right now so generally claimed by travellers—the right, namely, of describing things they never saw, and narrating circumstances which never occurred. I shall limit myself to what I actually saw, and to what really did occur on my journey. I write under one advantage—the advantage of being unknown; for nobody, I believe, ever heard of the name of Simon Stubbs. In what follows I shall, consequently, be able to write with greater freedom generally, and with less reserve when speaking of myself, than if I were what is called a "known author." So much by way of preliminary observation: now, then, for the narrative of my journey.

I set out from London, on my tour, on the 28th of ———, in 182—: and, there being no morning coach to be had—owing, I suppose, to the number of persons travelling in consequence of the elections which followed the then dissolution of Parliament—I was obliged to take the mail and to travel by night. I do not like travelling by night, but in this case, the urgency of my business would not admit of the delay of another day. I left London about eight o'clock. There were four of us inside. There was a gentleman of whom I could learn nothing on the way, beyond the fact that he was a Tory, and thought Mr. O'Connell a very athletic man. I assented to the latter proposition; and, touching the gentleman's expression of his political faith, said, that though I chanced to be of a different way of thinking, yet that we had the happiness of being in a free country, where every man had an undoubted right to entertain what opinions he pleased. Another of my fellow-travellers was a young

sailor, who was about to join the Britannia, at Portsmouth. He possessed an ample flow of spirits, and seemed to have but one drawback to his perfect happiness; that drawback was the absence of a hammock, in which he might have a nap on the way. The third inmate of the coach was a female, who at once confessed to being the landlady or proprietress of the "Hen and Chickens" public house, in the Mile End Road. She was on her way to some village in Hampshire, the name of which, as I neglected at the time to enter it in my note-book, I do not remember. However, the matter is of no great consequence. The object of her visit to the particular locality in Hampshire to which she was destined, was to get a renewal of her lease of the "Hen and Chickens" from her landlord, who, from some unaccountable whim, had taken it into his head to live in that part of the world. We had not proceeded many miles, when the sailor and the lady of the "Hen and Chickens" fell fast asleep; and, as the Tory

gentleman was going only two stages, I was soon left to my own meditations. I take it that the female was a widow. Be this as it may, she was tolerably "fat and fair," and manifestly of the mature age of at least forty-five. So long as her eyes continued open, she proved a very pleasant companion. Balmy sleep, however, eventually overcame her; and, all of a sudden, there was an entire cessation to her eloquence. When within about six miles from Petersfield, she awoke from her slumbers; and, rubbing her eyes, yawned out—"Can you tell me, sir, what *is* the clock?"

"Ma'am," said I, "it is half-past two."

"Dear me," said she, "is it so much as that?"

"It is, indeed."

"Well, really!"

"You have been asleep, ma'am."

"I thinks, sir," answered she, in self-reproachful accents, as if ashamed of having taken a doze in the coach in the presence of two persons of the opposite gender; "I thinks, sir, I

does nothing but sleeps." And so saying she recommenced her loquacity with redoubled energy.

The scenery, I am told, was beautiful all the way; but, as in accordance with what I stated in the outset, I make a point—whatever other travellers may do—of never describing anything I have not seen, I shall say nothing about the scenery between Brompton and Petersfield; the darkness of the night having denied me the gratification of even a single glance at it.

Having reached Petersfield, which is nearly fifty miles from London, I had occasion to remain there for some time, and accordingly quitted the coach. On knocking at the door of the principal inn (the name of which, I am sorry to say, I have forgotten), Mary put her head, which was snugly enough encased in a nightcap, out of the window, and gazed at me—it was now day-break—as if I had been some wild animal. She uttered not a word; but it was very easy to guess what was passing in her

mind. I have not a doubt she was saying to herself—"Who are you?" I did not condescend to tell her who I was—I am usually rather reserved on that point—but told her I wanted a bed for the remainder of the night, or morning, whichever she might please to call it. She came down-stairs and opened the door with such commendable expedition, that I could not refrain from rewarding her prompt attention with a piece of silver—no matter what the amount. It was now about three o'clock, and I slept till nine. I then rose, put on my clothes, and, having taken breakfast, proceeded on foot to the country seat of a Member of Parliament, on whom I had occasion to call. The distance of the hon. gentleman's residence was about six miles from Petersfield. I determined on walking, because I thought I should thereby have a better opportunity than if I had taken a horse and gig, of seeing the country; which to me, who had been cooped up in London for some years, almost suffocated with its everlasting

smoke, was, I can assure the reader, a very pleasant sight. The day was oppressively hot, and I had to maintain a constant warfare all the way, both in going and returning, with legions of troublesome insects of all species; but then I was reconciled to these inconveniences, and should have been so, had their magnitude been ten times as great, in consideration of once more feasting my eyes on the green fields, and again breathing the fresh air. The sight of corn growing, and cows feeding, and ducks and drakes waddling about the farm-houses, was a perfect luxury to me; and recalled to my mind, in a very forcible manner, the happy period of my juvenile life, when such scenes were matters of daily occurrence. When about three miles from Petersfield, I became doubtful which of two ways was the right one to C—— Lodge; but seeing, at a short distance, a young man who was cutting grass with a scythe, I went up to him, and inquired which was the way to the place in question.

"That, zur," was the laconic answer, pointing to one of the two ways.

"Is that the only way, young man?" said I.

"No, zur, there be another."

"Then, is the one to which you point me, the nearer of the two?"

"No, it ben't that neither," was the reply, which was given with infinite dryness of manner.

As the clodpole (as Cobbett would have called him) spoke, he laid down his scythe, and, advancing a few steps towards a stile, which stood

perspiration off his brow with the sleeve of his smock-frock; "how should I know vich road you would like best? some likes the farthest, and some likes the nearest. There be Lunnun chaps as comes down this here way, vot likes to get a long valk, zur."

This completely silenced me. I had no doubt that he set me down as a "Lunnun chap as had come down to that there place." I took the nearer road, and walked on.

I had scarcely advanced fifty yards from the clodpole, when a butterfly came sailing slowly past me. So great a number of years had elapsed since I had seen one of these fluttering insects, that all my schoolboy feelings rushed unconsciously upon me; and I was about—just as if the intervening quarter of a century of my existence had been blotted out—to engage in a vigorous pursuit of the harmless creature across the fields. However, a recollection of what I was, or, at least, ought to be, at my advanced age, compared with what I had been twenty-five

years before, happily occurred to me, and I relinquished all idea of the chase.

Before I reached the place of my destination, I had to climb a very steep hill. What between the height of the hill and the oppressive heat of the weather, it will be readily believed that I stood in no small need of a few minutes to draw my breath. "I sat me down" on the top of the eminence; and, while resting my fatigued body, gratified my mind with the sight of the landscape before me. The prospect was

that no one can appreciate aright the beauties of nature but themselves. Allow me to tell them, that they are very much mistaken. The assumption is as unfounded as it is conceited and arrogant. I never wrote a line of poetry in my life; what is more, I am innocent of ever having attempted it—and yet I will not yield in my admiration of the beauties of nature to any poet in Christendom.

I duly reached C—— Lodge; and, having arranged the trifling matters which led me thither, returned to Petersfield. The only incident worthy of mention that occurred to me on my way back, was that, feeling thirsty, I asked a young woman, whom I saw standing at the door of a farm-house which I had to pass, whether she could let me have a little milk to drink. "I'll bring you some presently, sir," was the answer; and that moment she darted into the house, and brought me out a bumper, with incredible expedition. What a luxury the milk in the country is, compared with the chalk-

which amused me, was that of a clownish-looking person in the crowd, with a smock-frock, and a hat which was thoroughly ventilated by means of the vast number of holes which old age had made in it, interrupting Sir William repeatedly, while making his speech; and the hon. baronet, at last tired to death by these interruptions, saying with infinite good humour —"Brother electors, if you'll allow me, I'll stop my speech until that *gentleman* (pointing to the party interrupting him) is done with *his* speech; and I'll then resume mine." I never was so pleased in my life with a Tory, as I was with Sir William. Toryism, I find, after all, is not incompatible with gentlemanly feelings and manners.

At six o'clock I started, on the outside of the stage coach, for Portsmouth. The vehicle was quite full of passengers. Two boys, apparently about ten years of age, sat on the "hind part," betwixt myself and another passenger. This passenger, I suspected in a moment, from

his physiognomy, to be a Radical; and one, too, of the surly school. My theory was soon—to my own satisfaction, at least—completely established, by his pulling from his pocket a copy of the "London Democrat," which he devoured with an insatiable voracity of mental appetite; never even raising his eyes from it, nor exchanging a word with any fellow-passenger, for at least ten miles. By the time we had gone that distance, the boys, who had been very drowsy before, and quite as silent as the Radical himself, were suddenly seized, as if by a sort of

about, or you'll find it a much easier matter to 'jump' down than to 'jump' up again."

"They are two very ill-behaved boys," grunted the Radical, raising his eyes from the columns of the "Democrat."

"Oh, poor fellows," I remarked, interposing a word on behalf of the youths; "boys are generally lively, and must have something to amuse them."

"They are two of the worst-bred boys I ever saw," resumed the Radical, in still more churlish accents. "If they were mine, I would lash them till the skin was taken off their backs."

"Oh, poor little fellows, you don't mean that!"

"I do, indeed; and sarve them right, too."

"Sir," said I, "I'm"—

"Sir," said he, interruptingly.

"Will you allow me to finish my sentence, sir?" said I.

"Certainly, sir; by all means, sir; go on, sir; finish your sentence, sir."

"What I was going to say, was, that I'm quite surprised to hear you. I have got children, but I certainly should not like to act so harshly towards them."

"Well, sir," said the Radical, looking quite savage; "well, sir, I've got a few cherubs, too."

"Then, I'm sure you don't mean to say that you would thrash your 'cherubs' for so trifling an offence as being a little lively on the top of a coach."

"I do mean to say it; and what's more, sir, I would *do* it," answered the other, emphatic-

but I would thrash them till I had torn their skin into ribands."

I *sat* aghast (for I was not in a standing position at the time) at the ferocity of disposition which the fellow betrayed. I felt a Mount Vesuvius of indignation burning within me. I wished, in my own mind—I hope I shall be forgiven if the wish, in the circumstances of the case, was uncharitable—I wished that the savage had been in the service of some despotic monarch, in order that his own hide might have been thoroughly flagellated. I paused for a moment, and then muttered out, in the best way my excited feelings would allow me, "Sir, you quite surprise me."

"Can't help that, sir; would do it," was the reply, given with a coolness, mingled with a harshness of manner I have never seen equalled.

"Well, sir, all I can say, sir, is, that I by no means admire either your taste or feelings, sir." I dare say I used a good many more "sirs," in the course of our altercation, than strict pro-

priety of speech would warrant; but my feelings were a great deal too much worked upon to be very measured, or very fastidious in the use of words. And I do not now regret that I spoke my mind plainly.

"Sir," said the Rad., touching the collar of his shirt, which might, with great propriety, have been in the hands of the washerwoman; "sir, I don't mind what you or any one else admires. I always thinks for myself; and what's more, sir, I always *acts* for myself, too." So saying, he resumed his perusal of the "London Democrat."

I saw it was of no use to remonstrate with a person of this description; so I said no more: but I could not help thinking with myself what an unpoetical monster—no, unpoetical is not the word—what a barbarous monster the fellow must be to talk of lashing the skin off the backs of "cherubs!" I don't know whether I'm right, but my notion always has been, that cherubs are a sort of infant angels. If so, the idea of flogging their backs until their skin was torn to

ribands, is not only an outrage on all good taste, but is absolutely atrocious.

I spoke not another word to this English savage that night; neither did he speak a word to me; nor, I may add, to anybody else. He never afterwards lifted his eyes from the Radical publication he was perusing.

I do not at this moment remember, though I used to be well acquainted with the fact, what was the circumstance which occurred to Dr. Johnson, in his journey to the Hebrides, that induced him to form the resolution of publishing an account of his journey to that island; but this I know, that the conversation which passed between this Radical and myself was the circumstance that determined me to publish my travels on this occasion. When the idea first occurred to me of giving my tour to the world, my only fear was, that the limited extent of the journey I proposed to myself would not afford me sufficient materials; but when I recollected the affair of the American, who wrote five news-

paper columns, in the shape of a memoir of a child of his which died at the age of six weeks, my apprehensions on the subject vanished. I thought with myself, it surely would go hard with me, if I could not make a readable article out of the incidents consequent on a journey to the Isle of Wight, when a Yankee could manufacture five newspaper columns in the form of an obituary of a child that died at the very tender age of a month and a half.

When within about five miles of Portsmouth, the sun, which had before been hid from our view, appeared as in the very act of going to bed; that is to say, was just employed in "setting" himself. It appeared to me—and let me be understood as speaking here with all possible seriousness—it appeared to me as if he had been, by some unaccountable mistake, setting where he usually rises, which everybody knows is in the east. I was so convinced of this fact, that I mentioned the thing to my fellow-passengers in that division of the coach where I

was located. Every one of them, always excepting the Radical, who was too much busied with his favourite periodical to think of anything else; every one of them took the sun's part, and said that he was setting in his usual quarter. For some time, in opposition to them all, I held to my own hypothesis; but, on mature reflection, I was obliged to give way. When I thought more fully on the subject, I came to the conclusion, that it was much more likely that I was in error, than that the sun himself had made a mistake as to the proper place of his setting. I was the more fortified in this conviction, when I found that the regularity and propriety of procedure of the luminary whose conduct I had thus ventured to arraign, was so promptly and decidedly vouched for by all present.

I have since learned—and it is but an act of justice to the sun to make the admission fully and candidly—I have since learned, that the mistake was wholly on my part, and that it

occurred to me in consequence of the zig-zag character of the road we travelled, which set at defiance all my astronomical or geographical notions (I know not in this case which is the right word); which astronomical or geographical notions are not over accurate at any time.

When within about two miles of Portsmouth, I saw a woman standing at the door of a cottage, with her head wrapped in flannel. She was evidently labouring under the toothache. I deeply sympathized with her; very probably for this, more than for any other reason, that I unfortunately happened, at the moment, to be violently suffering under the same infliction myself.

On reaching Portsmouth, I made it my first work to call at the committee-room of Mr. B——, it being the evening preceding the election; and, feeling a lively interest in the result of to-morrow's poll, I asked Mr. B—— how matters were proceeding. "Oh, just the usual way in such cases," answered he, rather hesi-

tatingly. The truth was, though I was not aware of it at the time, the symptoms looked very badly. The show of hands, which had a few hours before been taken, was in favour of the two Tory candidates, Sir George C—— and Lord F. This was not very favourable to Mr. B——'s prospects next day. However, a show of hands is not always a correct index to popular feeling. Mr. B—— and his Liberal colleague were returned, though by a small majority.

On passing through one of the streets, I was struck at seeing, in a druggist's shop, what appeared to me a wooden representation of a Scotch Highlander, at least six feet in height, and of very athletic proportions—such as we often see at the doors of snuff-shops in London. I could not, for the life of me, conceive what earthly connexion a kilted Highlander could have with Epsom salts, senna leaves, and the other stuff called medicine, with which people are drugged to death; and consequently, by all

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clearly, and was only amazed and mortified at my own stupidity in not having seen it before. They were pitiable fragments of humanity. The sight of so many of them flung me into a train of moralization on the iniquities and miseries of war.

I was surprised, on going down High Street towards the river, to see so many caravans and stalls of every kind. The thing was explained at once, when I found it was the day of the fair. I was struck with the amazing disproportion which dolls and gingerbread bore to the other articles offered for sale. If the demand for dolls bear any relation to the supply, the people of Portsmouth must either be the most inveterate anti-Malthusians in existence, or the dolls must be patronised by children of a very large growth.

Having been advised by a friend to put up at the Quebec Hotel, as a place where I should find very comfortable accommodation, I inquired of a man I met in the street the way to the

Quebec. "Go straight on," said he, "for some time, then turn the corner, and then go right a-head." Straight on! turn the corner! right a-head! What a direction to give to one who had never before put a foot in Portsmouth in his life! The fellow might as well have spoken to me in the dialect of Timbuctoo. Happily, however, I soon met with another person, of a more rational cast. He gave me a direction which was intelligible, and I proceeded to within a dozen or two yards of the house—when, at a loss what course next to pursue, I

pressing himself, one of the most crusty customers it has been my fate to meet with. Had the Quebec Hotel been an opposition shop, the cause of his crossness would have been perfectly intelligible.

A few paces more brought me to my desired quarters. I engaged a bed for the night, and then went out again with somewhat of an intention to go to a dentist, to have the tooth, which was still paining me, extracted. But afterwards, I thought that as it was dark, and I had heard of the wrong tooth being sometimes drawn by mistake at night, I came to the conclusion that I had better defer the operation till next morning. The person performing the operation may take the matter quite coolly, when he extracts the wrong grinder by mistake; but it is no joke to the party who undergoes the operation.

I then went through the fair with the view of amusing myself for half-an-hour or so before going to bed. Passing a sort of booth, of

unusual dimensions, at the entrance to which were stationed a set of noisy fellows with all sorts of music, I asked what was to be seen. "Vauxhall, sir," was the answer from three or four voices. I determined on going in, to see a Portsmouth Vauxhall; and was surprised that no charge was made for my admission. On getting into the interior, I saw nothing but just as many variegated lamps as were sufficient to make darkness visible, and twenty or thirty persons, consisting, of course, of both sexes, most of whom were dancing as energetically as

other Vauxhall! I thought that to call such places Vauxhall was an outrage on the name. It appeared to me a very strange thing that I should not be charged anything for admission in the one case, and a shilling in the other.

From Vauxhall the second, I proceeded immediately to the place where the caravans were stationed; but, on my way, I took the precaution of buttoning my coat. A more ragamuffin, Old-Bailey-looking set of personages than the mob in front of the vehicles, I had never before seen; and, as I had a few sovereigns in my pocket, for which I thought I might find some use before my return to London, it appeared to me better to take care of them myself, than allow any of the persons before me to relieve me of the charge. I had, too, a watch on my person, which, though by no means remarkable for the regularity of its goings, might possibly, I thought, *go* on this occasion. I was surprised to see so many persons without coats on their backs. Whether this was from the heat of the

weather, or from the fact of their having no coats to put on, I could not, and cannot now, determine. Very likely both causes had something to do with the matter. Of all the things which amused me at the "show," was that of a Yorkshireman, who kept constantly bawling out an invitation to the spectators to go and see some wild beast, which constituted his exhibition. He assured his audience, that they would never again see such a curiosity "durin' the whole of their natural born lives." As the price of admission was only one penny, I had a good mind to see this four-footed wonder; but was afraid I might be too late for my bed, as the Quebec shuts up, and shuts out, too, at eleven o'clock precisely. I returned, therefore, to the Quebec, and went forthwith to bed, which was a very excellent one. I never slept on a more comfortable bed in my life. My room was No. 2, which looked on the sea, and was only two or three yards from it. I am by no means partial to salt water; but, as twenty-five years

had elapsed since I had slept on a bed looking on the sea, I was not at all displeased, after so long an interval, to be similarly situated again.

I rose next morning at eight o'clock. It is quite an era in my existence to get up at so early an hour. However, in this case, I could not help myself. Took nearly half-an-hour to shave myself, owing to the bluntness of my razor. Shaving is a very unpleasant operation at any time: it is particularly so when one's razor won't cut.

Having taken breakfast, I inquired whether there was a coach to be had to Southampton. There was not; and, as I had pressing business there, I found there was no alternative but to hire a boat. I asked two boatmen what they would charge to row me there, which is distant from Portsmouth about twenty miles. "Twelve shillings," was the answer. I tried to reduce their charge down to half-a-guinea; but it would not do. I was consequently obliged to let them have their own terms. I thought

twelve shillings an enormous sum to give for being conveyed to Southampton; but I was reconciled to the amount, from two considerations—first, the expenses did not come out of my own pocket, but out of the treasury of the morning paper; and, secondly, there was the satisfaction of having a boat to myself, and two men my obedient servants for the time being. Immediately on entering the boat, I inquired whether there was any chance of being sea-sick. "Bless your soul, sir, none whatever; the sea is as smooth as glass all the way." I have a great horror of sea-sickness. From the experience I have had of this sensation, I never could admire the sea-sick scene in Don Juan. Byron never wrote anything so absurd. I will maintain, in opposition to the whole universe, that ardent love and regular sea-sickness never existed together. They are incompatible. Had Don Juan been thoroughly sea-sick, he could not have wasted a thought on Julia. He would not, had she been in the vessel at the

time, have moved a single step to save her, even had some one attempted to throw her overboard. It is clear that Byron never knew experimentally—and mere theory, in such cases, is worth nothing—what sea-sickness is; or he would never have written such nonsense about his hero's affection for his mistress. He would never have represented his Don as exclaiming, amidst his severest qualms—"O Julia! oh!" But I will not pursue the subject farther. Byron has written so many excellent things, that we can well forgive him an occasional blunder of this kind.

Before we had proceeded many yards in the boat, I inquired whether there was any danger of being boat-wrecked on the way. "Not any," was the answer; "our boat, sir, has stood many a tough breeze. Besides, we'll keep very close to the land all the way." The poor fellows, I suppose, took me for a Cockney. If they did, I have no doubt they were undeceived before we reached our destined port.

When about two miles from Portsmouth, I saw fourteen or fifteen cows on the shore. I concluded at once the animals were at the sea-bathing. I was much surprised to see some of them drinking out of the sea. I thought in my own mind that they must be very thirsty before they could bring themselves to drink salt water: at any rate, I know I should.

About two or three hundred yards farther on, I was delighted to hear a lark singing above our heads; but my feeling of pleasure at the sweet voice of the charming bird, was mingled

I felt a strong disposition to quarrel with the boatmen; but, on mature consideration, I was satisfied that the fault did not rest with them. They did their best; the blame attached to the wind and tide, which were both against us. If, therefore, I had any legitimate ground of quarrel, it was with the wind and tide; but where would have been the use of quarrelling with them?

I was much surprised at seeing particular patches of the sea, twenty or thirty yards in circumference, as smooth as glass, while all around, the water was more or less ruffled. I could not, nor can I now, account for this. "There are more things" in the sea, as well as " in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

Speaking of the smoothness of particular parts of the sea, reminds me of the superior reflecting capabilities which some persons have ascribed to it. I have heard it said, that so great are the reflecting powers of the sea, when

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judge, I should say, my ideas were good. I deeply regretted I had not pen, ink, and paper with me. From a want of these, all went as fast as they came, and are consequently lost to the world. What a loss! Its full magnitude will never be estimated.

When about half-way between Portsmouth and Southampton, I began to debate with myself what would be the best form in which to give the results of this tour to the world. At one time I thought of a detached publication; but, on mature consideration, I came to the wise resolve of making a magazine the medium of my communication with the public. A very excellent thing is a good magazine. This last sentence is not very good English; but let it pass. I begin to think there is no use in being very particular in matters of style.

I will not say much more about our voyage, though in justice to the scenery along the opposite coast, I must say it was charming. After a tedious passage of five hours, we arrived all

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We had not been fifteen minutes on our steam-boat voyage, when what the sailors would call a " tremendous squall " arose, with the not particularly pleasing accompaniment of a prodigious shower of rain. I felt unspeakably thankful that I had resisted the solicitations of the boatmen to return to Portsmouth with them. To be tossed about on the wide ocean, at the mercy of the winds and waves, in an open boat, and to be drenched to the skin to the bargain, is by no means a particularly pleasant thing.

We reached Portsmouth a little before seven o'clock. Evils, say the moralists, do not come singly. It's all very true ; they generally come in pluralities, if that be a proper term. During the half-hour I had been in Southampton, I had suffered much from my old enemy, the tooth-ache, and also from a keen appetite, without having time to take something with the view of

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Can it be, that there is any virtue for this troublesome complaint in the sea air? It would not matter much if there were, as the relief would, to most persons, be only temporary: people can't be always on the sea.

I slept again in No. 2 of the Quebec Hotel, and rose next morning to have a sight of the town. It is a very irregular dull sort of place; the streets seem to be all at sixes and sevens, and to straggle in every possible direction. The population is considerable.

Having taken a hasty glance of Portsmouth, I set out on the same day on a second visit—but by land this time—to Southampton. In the suburbs of the former town, I was amused at seeing a man with his coat off and his hat on, sound asleep in a wheelbarrow on the side of the road. "Well, sure," as the Cockneys would say, of all beds in the world, to sleep in a wheelbarrow was, I thought to myself, the drollest. And on the side of a public road, too! The man, it was clear, must be an Irishman.

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that of Lord Brougham; and the resemblance even in that case is very slight. It is clear to me as daylight, that this portrait of Lord John was the work of some Tory artist, who had done the thing with the special intention of holding him up to ridicule. If ever his lordship should have occasion to pass in that direction, I would call his special attention to this caricature of his person. I am not sure whether an action of damages would not lie against the proprietor of the house, for this daily libel on the personal appearance of his lordship.

In the course of this stage, I was surprised to see one of the four horses galloping all the way, while his three colleagues in the harness never exceeded the pace called a moderate trot. The thing appeared to me very strange. "Joe," said I, addressing myself to coachee, and tapping him on the shoulder; "Joe, just tell me why that horse on the right side gallops all the way, while the others only trot."

"Oh," said Joe, looking over his shoulder

towards me, who sat directly behind him, and speaking in accents of infinite good-nature; "oh, he does it just to please himself."

"Oh, very good," said I; "if he's pleased, that's everything. He has an undoubted right, Joe, to please himself."

It was clear, from the simple and unsophisticated way in which Jarvey gave me the above answer, that he thought it a most luminous and satisfactory one. I could not, for the life of me, hint that I was not satisfied with it.

The scenery on the land side of Portsmouth

eye, when he took the brush and palette in hand. Of this I am certain, that Cuvier never heard of such a beast. It is one of the best specimens of a monster I ever heard of. It has the horns of a ram, the face of a bull, a mane, or something like it, resembling that of a lion, while its feet are like—I really cannot tell what they are like. This work does not, unfortunately, give engravings, otherwise I would present my readers with a sketch of this most extraordinary animal: a description of it is out of the question.

On reaching Southampton, I applied for a bed for a few nights at the Portland Hotel; but it so happened, that all the beds were pre-engaged, in consequence of that being the time both of the races and the election. I got, however, accommodation in the Crown Commercial Hotel; but had occasion to be a good deal in another inn, which shall be nameless, because of a little incident I am about to mention. The coffee-room swarmed with flies to such an

extent, that one could hardly help thinking that all the flies in Southampton had congregated in that room; and they were withal so troublesome, that I found it impossible to get on with my writing with any comfort to myself. I have somewhere—at least so I think—read of a warrior, who, being in the momentary expectation of an attack from the enemy, grasped his sword in the one hand, while he wrote his letters and despatches with the other. Comparing small things with great, I was pretty much in the same predicament. I had to keep off the troublesome insects with the one hand, while I guided my pen with the other. Often did I find myself engaged in an unequal conflict, and on repeated occasions I was obliged to leave my foes masters of the field, and seek for a cessation from hostilities by going into the street. When, on one occasion, the war betwixt them and me, was raging at its height, the waiter, a country-looking, good-natured sort of person, chanced to drop into the room, with a towel

under his arm. An idea struck me. A towel is an excellent weapon wherewith to fight the flies: it is a capital thing for compelling them to fly out at the windows or doors, or at any opening that chances to be within their reach. "John," said I, "will you assist me?"

"To do what, sir?"

"I'll tell you presently."

"You have got a formidable army here."

"An army did you say, sir?" observed John, pricking up his ears and looking quite confounded, evidently associating something awful with the word.

"Yes, and very undisciplined troops they are."

"Troops, sir!"

"Ay, and they are as offensive as they are numerous. They are always acting on the offensive."

"Offensive troops, sir!"

"Yes; I mean you have got a great number of flies in this room."

"Oh, a great number of flies, is it, sir?" his

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"Oh, they're not so troublesome, sir, after the gas is lighted."

"And when do they set to work again in the morning? Early risers, I suppose, John—eh?"

"Vy," said John, with a smile of infinite good-nature, at my use of the phrase early risers as applied to flies; "vy, sir, at half-past five in the morning."

"Ah, John, they rise too early for me. I could not think of getting up before that hour to finish my letters. We must take some means or other of getting them expelled."

"Get them out, you mean, sir."

"Yes, certainly; clear the house of them, in some way or other."

"Oh, we'll soon do that, sir; but the evil of it is, they'll soon find their way in again."

"Well, John, it will be some relief to get rid of them for a short time. Will you assist me in turning them out?"

"Oh, most certainly, sir;" and with that he set to work, and chased them out, by means of

his towel, in thousands at a time. In a few minutes, almost every one of them had fled. Shortly after, however, as the waiter said, they began to come in again on the sly; but, happily, they did not muster so strong as before, the whole of that evening; and, having finished my business, I left Southampton—a very excellent town, population, 22,000—on the following morning, for the Isle of Wight.

The Isle of Wight would never forgive me, if I did not say it is a delightful place; but I cannot just now describe the beauties of its scenery, nor give a record of my adventures in it. I returned to London in ten days, all well. Travelling, I find, is a very expensive thing. I was, however, in this case, reconciled to the calamity of spending money, from the consideration before referred to—namely, that my expenses did not come out of my own pocket. It makes, as Mr. O'Connell would say, "a mighty difference" in the comparative pleasure of a journey when one's expenses are paid by

others, instead of by himself. I was quite delighted to get back to London. London is the place after all.

I have often wondered, while inditing this journal of my eventful tour to the Isle of Wight, whether any of my readers will say that Simon Stubbs is an entertaining fellow. I don't see why they shouldn't. If I thought such was their opinion, I would soon find some pretext or other for travelling again, for their special gratification.

CHAPTER VIII.

Joseph loses his engagement—His growing pecuniary embarrassments—Remarks on periodical and general literature, considered as a profession—Joseph's disappointments.

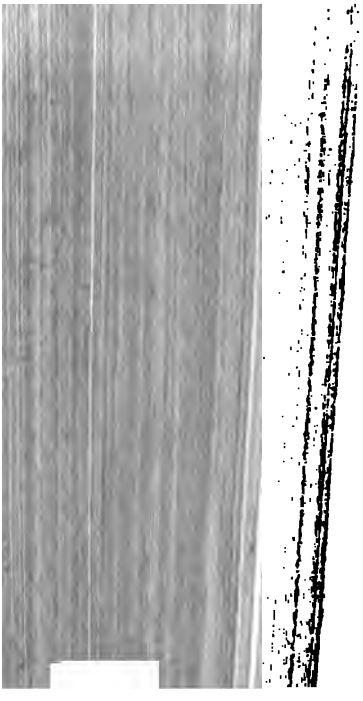
JOSEPH had been only three weeks returned from his election journey, when a dispute occurred between him and the editor of the paper with which he was connected, which led to the loss of his engagement. The words which passed between him and Mr. Leader, had their origin in his non-attention to certain instructions given him by the other. To those instructions Joseph had neglected to attend, in consequence of having accidentally met with a dissolute acquaintance, with whom he adjourned to a tavern, where he spent the evening, altogether forgetting his professional duties. He had, on

several previous occasions, been guilty of the same misconduct, and had been duly warned that, if a repetition of it should occur, the result would be the loss of his engagement. He disregarded the warning; he repeated the offence, and was visited with the threatened punishment.

What was now to be done? He had not only—as will be understood from what was stated at some length in the second volume—not saved anything, but had run himself deeply into debt. To obtain another such engagement as he had lost, on any of the other daily journals, was, he knew, a matter of great difficulty at any time; and, at the particular time at which he lost his engagement, it was especially so, in consequence of the number of candidates then applying for such engagements. His only resource, therefore, lay in literary exertion. But to what department of literature ought he to turn his attention? To attempt to write a book was out of the question; for, though he might have

possessed the requisite talent for the production of a work on either of several subjects, yet his mind was so harassed and unsettled, as to unfit him for the close and continuous application of his mental powers to the preparation of such a work. In magazine contributions, therefore, his only hope rested. To the precariousness or uncertainty of this source of dependence for one's support, the author has had occasion, in some of his former works, to refer. The subject is one, however, of so much importance, and so many excellent young men have been

follow as a matter of course; and that, consequently, they may consider themselves as in a condition to earn a permanent living by their magazine labours. They reason, in other words, that, if they have, for the last three, four, five, or six months, averaged a certain monthly sum, say twenty guineas, by their contributions to the periodical literature of the day, they are justified in concluding that, with the same amount of industry and the same exercise of talent on their own part, they will average the same sum for a long series of years to come. No conclusion could be more fallacious—no conviction more unfounded. Every day's experience is at variance with it. The party may write as well, even better than ever; and he may be singularly happy in the choice of his subjects; and yet, from the unaccountable capriciousness of the proprietors or editors, he may, without any previous notice, be entirely shut out for ever afterwards from their pages. Innumerable instances of this have come under



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he very rarely, if ever, recovers himself again. As a literary man, he is lost for ever.

But we ought not to confine our observations to magazine writing. They ought to receive a more extended application. It may be doing an act of essential service to thousands of gifted, but far too sanguine young men, just entering on the perilous career of authorship, to make some remarks respecting the present position of literature in general, viewed as a profession. On this point the writer has touched in a former work. A few more facts, however, may be here adduced.

It is an established fact, that not one in five hundred of those who have devoted themselves to professional authorship, are able, by the labours of their pen, to earn a permanent livelihood. It has been ascertained that, in London alone, the number of persons who have adopted authorship as a profession, and who have no other means of subsistence, is from 3000 to 4000. To these are to be added the

thousands who have commenced a literary career with the view of following it as a profession, but whose total failure, or very indifferent success, has induced them to relinquish it, and apply themselves to other pursuits. Now, assuming that the entire number of persons who are either living as they best can, by the produce of their pen, or who, having within the last twenty years found that existence by its means was impracticable, and have therefore abjured literature—is about 10,000, it will be found very difficult to name twenty individuals, or one out of every five hundred, who have been able to convert their literary talents into the means of procuring for themselves a permanent and ample living. It is true, that authors now and then—more perhaps by accident than anything else—enjoy a degree of popularity which, while it lasts, is very productive in a pecuniary point of view; but then how *long*, in the majority of such cases, does such popularity last? "Ay, there's the rub!" Evanescent,

indeed, with very few exceptions, is, to use the nomenclature of political economists, a *productive* literary reputation. The reputation, considered simply as an abstraction, is often enduring; but it is inoperative in its pecuniary relations. There are scores of popular authors, whom it were easy, were it not invidious, to name, who cannot, at this moment, obtain a single sixpence for anything they write. Many of them are suffering all the horrors of want; and hundreds of others, possessing superior talents, though never having risen to eminence, are in the same deplorable condition.

But to return to our hero. Joseph had the mortification, as well as pecuniary disappointment, of finding that, on an average, notwithstanding his former success, not more than one out of every four of the articles he offered to the current magazines was accepted. None but a literary man, of sensitive mind, can have any idea of the bitter disappointment experienced by literary men when their contributions

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ence. From their sad experience, they can bear testimony to the truth of what we have said.

Such was the condition of Joseph. To get only one article inserted in the periodicals of the day, while three were rejected, was very discouraging to him. He saw that the effect of the disappointment was, to make him write much worse. Meanwhile his pecuniary necessities were becoming greater and greater every hour. His creditors were daily growing more and more clamorous, and he himself becoming more and more desponding. He was a most miserable man. To the supports of religion he was a total stranger; he had never felt its power. His prospects were as gloomy as can be conceived. At times, indeed, the question whether he ought not to put an end to his earthly miseries by terminating his earthly existence, suggested itself to him. He now began to become sensible of the folly of his past career; but, like thousands of other thoughtless persons, he did not make the dis-

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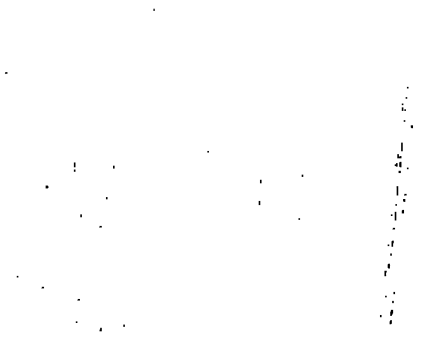
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result of a guilty conscience, enjoy rest and peace—even when night came, there came with it no exemption from his misery. Either he did not sleep at all, but lay awake mourning over and cursing his own folly; or, if he did close his eyes, it was only a broken repose he experienced—a repose disturbed by the most terrible dreams. He might have written of himself with a terrible truth—"Of all men the most miserable."



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to the scale by which the journals into whose columns or pages his contributions found their way, were in the habit of paying; but this occurred so seldom, and the articles were so short, and the rate of remuneration so low, that all the money he derived from this source, was barely sufficient to procure him one good meal a-day. And even this source of income, if his scanty receipts deserved the name, soon dried up, and he was sometimes a month without earning a sixpence.

In what way, it will be asked, did he manage to subsist at all? By means to which all in his situation are obliged to resort. He saw no other alternative, unless he was prepared to commit a sort of passive suicide, than that of raising, from time to time, a few shillings on such articles as he had in his possession. Hitherto, amidst all the vicissitudes of his life, he had never been in a pawnbroker's shop. That was a place to which he had not dreamed of having recourse, even at times when he had been most perseveringly

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go. But what article should he pawn? That was a perplexing question. He had several articles of clothing in good condition; for, as may have been inferred from previous parts of the work, he had been in the habit of keeping a good supply of apparel of the best quality. Should he pawn some of his books, or a portion of his clothing? The choice lay between the two; for, though he had trinkets of some value which had belonged to his mother, the idea of depositing them as security for the loan of a small sum never entered his mind. Should he pawn his books? These, certainly, not being necessaries of life, could have been parted with much more conveniently than any portion of his wardrobe. But then they were the gifts of two friends, both of whom were dead. When we mention that one of those friends was Mr. Lovegood, the reader will at once infer what the character of the works, so far as they were his gifts, was. Joseph could not think of parting with them. They had, it is true, lain in his

the books and his clothing, he determined on parting with such portions of the latter as he could, in the meantime, most conveniently spare.

To the pawnbroker's he accordingly went with a green surtout, which had not been much worn. To quit his lodgings on this errand was to him one of the most painful trials his feelings had ever experienced. He chose the evening for the purpose, the evenings being at the then season of the year dark. He wrapped up the coat in an old newspaper, and left his lodgings with the parcel under his arm, as confused in appearance as if he had been committing felony —as if the article had not belonged to himself. Had a policeman seen him as he passed along the streets, his manner could not have failed to attract his attention, and awaken his suspicions as to the mode by which Joseph had come into the possession of the bundle beneath his arm. He at length reached the pawnbroker's—commonly called "My Uncle's"—shop, and peeped

into it, to see if there were any one inside, before he would venture to cross the threshold. There was one person, a woman, standing beside the counter, declaiming most eloquently and energetically in praise of the excellent qualities of a gown which she was pawning, hoping thereby to prevail on "My Uncle" to raise a little higher his estimate of the value of the commodity she was submitting to his inspection. Joseph shrunk back: he could not endure the idea of entering the shop while another was in it, though that other was a woman evidently in the humbler ranks of life, and wholly unknown to him—as he was to her. He fancied that she, stranger though she was to him, would at once discover the true cause of his being there. He imagined that nobody could see him without knowing the exact nature of the peculiar pressure which had driven him to the desperate expedient of seeking the aid of the pawnbroker. It is singular how all persons situated as Joseph was, take it for granted that, if they have

recourse to any step which denotes poverty, everybody with whom they come in contact will at once discover, as if by intuition, the real state of their private affairs, even in their minutest details. Joseph was as yet an utter ignoramus in all such matters. The woman whom he saw vehemently maintaining that her gown was worth double the price which "My Uncle" put upon it, would not have bestowed a thought on him; very probably would not have even passed a look with him, nor interrupted for a moment the strains of eloquence she was addressing to the money-lender, in favour of her gown. The pawnbroker—as pawnbrokers always in such cases are—was deaf to all her entreaties to obtain a higher estimate of the value of the article which she was submitting to him; and she was obliged to bring down her notions to his standard of value. He disdainfully flung down on the counter the three shillings at which he estimated the value of the article, and she, taking them up, left the shop,



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everywhere exhibited. At last he muttered out a sentence or two to the effect, that he wished to "get some money on this"—meaning the coat which he laid on the counter. He was unacquainted with the usual phraseology in such cases—"I want to borrow," or "get an advance" of so much money "on this surtout."

The pawnbroker contemptuously took up the parcel, unloosed the paper in which it was wrapped up, and, after having examined it very carefully, inquired in that cavalier tone and with that repulsive manner for which pawnbrokers are proverbial, "What do you want for it?"

Joseph was taken aback by the question. He had not thought of fixing a sum. After a moment's hesitation, he said, "Whatever you think it worth, sir."

"I can only advance eighteen shillings on it," said "My Uncle," eyeing Joseph, as if he had been deliberating in his own mind whether or not, from his confused manner, he ought not to conclude that the article had been stolen, and

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stance of Joseph being in so great a hurry to make his exit from the premises, re-awakened, in the pawnbroker's mind, the suspicion that he had come by the pledged article by dishonest means. Again he scrutinized him closely, but, after a few moments' hesitation, he inclined to the opinion at which after his first fit of doubting he had arrived—namely, that it was poverty, and not guilt, that had put Joseph in his power. He accordingly handed him the duplicate, and our hero departed.

The eighteen shillings, small as the sum was, proved of great service to Joseph. It is curious to reflect how far a very small amount of money can be made to go, when the pressure of want compels the party to limit his expenditure to the plainer necessaries of life. Many a time had Joseph spent a larger sum than eighteen shillings at a single sitting in a tavern, with his former boon companions. He now felt—and the reflection was most painful—that to his extravagance and recklessness in such cases was

CHAPTER X.

Makes great efforts, but without success, to obtain literary employment — Hollowness of literary friendship — Public ingratitude—A dying scene—Departed friends.

DURING the four weeks referred to at the close of the preceding chapter, Joseph had constantly occupied himself in looking out for some sort or other of literary employment. Every morning he read the various journals, in the hope that he might see something that might suit him. He, however, looked in vain. He did, indeed, see several notices in the advertising department of the papers, which he thought might possibly lead to something; but, on farther inquiry, he found they were all delusion. Advertisements under the attractive head, "Literary Assistance Wanted," he found to

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stanced—none but those who have been doomed to experience a succession of blasted hopes, can have any idea of the wretchedness of the man whose mind has been thus exercised.

The result of the repeated frustration of Joseph's hopes, in connexion with literary pursuits, was to make him deeply regret ever having chosen literature as a profession or as a means of living. The remembrance of his past reputation as a reviewer in a weekly journal of high literary character, and as a contributor to several of the most popular periodicals of the day, only now gave additional pungency to the mortification which he felt at being excluded from the columns and the pages of all. He now saw the emptiness of literary fame; and he saw, at the same time, the hollowness of that friendship which is so often supposed to subsist between literary men. Hundreds whom Joseph had formerly obliged by lauding their works, and who had been forward to fawn upon him, and speak of him as one whose friendship they prized

above that of any man living, had not only no assistance to give him in this the hour of his need, by tendering him, in a delicate way, the temporary loan of a small sum; but they were not sufficiently clear-sighted to recognise him as he passed them in the streets. It was truly wonderful to witness the change for the worse which their eyes had undergone in the short space of three or four months. The result of all this was, to inspire him with a disgust both for literature and literary men. He made up his mind to abjure the former; and as for ending his intimacy with the latter, that would have been a superfluous act, seeing that the thing had already been done to his hand—that is to say, all his literary acquaintances had cut him.

There was only one individual among all his recent literary acquaintances, in reference to whom he would have made an exception—that is to say, whose friendship he reckoned to be sincere, and with whom he would, therefore,

have wished to continue on intimate and friendly terms. He was a member of one of the learned professions, and, for many years, held an influential situation connected with the daily press. Many of our readers will, no doubt, readily perceive to whom our observations point, even though, instead of mentioning his real name, we call him by that of Robert Thomson.

Mr. Thomson, a middle-aged man, was not only a person of remarkably refined literary taste, but one whose heart was full to overflowing of the milk of human kindness. He looked on the entire human race as equally the offspring of one great and gracious Parent. In every man, therefore, he recognised a brother. He was conscious that he possessed superior talents, and, as Providence had placed him in a sphere of great influence, he never for one moment forgot that a corresponding responsibility, in reference to the use he made of his influence, rested upon him. His great talents were steadily consecrated to the sacred cause of

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This was a principle of action which, as it is practised but by few, was not understood by the mass of mankind. He refused to become a party man in the world of politics, though the most tempting inducements, so far as pecuniary considerations were concerned, were held out to him. He also rejected all the offers made to him to compromise his principles, by promoting the purposes of particular persons on isolated points of minor importance. The result of all this was, that he was neglected by both the great parties in the State. This will not excite surprise in the mind of any one who has had opportunities of getting behind the curtain, and, consequently, of seeing the heartless hollowness of all political factions. What was most surprising and mortifying, was the fact, that even the public, in whose service he was spending and being spent, did not seem to have any adequate sense of the claims he had on its homage and heartfelt gratitude. By the mass of his fellow-men, for whose well-being, moral and

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their own consciences, and the knowledge that their services to their fellow-men were pleasing in the sight of Heaven, and would be acknowledged and rewarded in the world to come.

Joseph, as before remarked, would have been but too happy to continue his intimacy with Mr. Thomson, though resolved to have no more intercourse with those other acquaintances connected with the press, with whom he had formerly so frequently associated. That, however, could no longer be. Mr. Thomson had been some months confined to his room, chiefly to his bed, through illness; and not the slightest hopes of his ultimate recovery were held out by his medical advisers.

It was only the very day after the reflections referred to had been passing through Joseph's mind, and that he had formed the resolution just mentioned, that Mr. Thomson, addressing himself to his affectionate wife, said, " Amelia, my dear."

" Yes, Robert."

suffering body—that eventful moment to which I have so long looked forward with so absorbing an interest."

"Well, Robert, come when it may, you have no reason to dread its arrival," remarked Mrs. Thomson, in accents just only articulate enough, from the excess of her feelings, to be understood.

"Death," said the dying man, "has long been disarmed of his terrors to me. I know whom I have believed. In his atonement and perfect righteousness centre all my hopes. Will you," he added, "bring me Cowper's poems?"

"Oh yes, my dear."

And she brought to him a copy of Cowper's poems, which was lying on the table. He took up the volume, and turned over its pages. At length he said, "I cannot see, Amelia. I cannot find the passage I want."

"Can I find it for you?" inquired Mrs. Thomson, in tender accents, putting out her hand to receive the volume.

"If you will, I shall be glad," he replied, handing her the volume. "The passage is near the end of the fifth book of 'The Task.' I do not remember the page, but it begins with the words,

'Yet few remember them.'"

Mrs. Thomson, after searching for some time, found the passage, and mentioned the circumstance to her dying husband.

"Will you, then," he said, "read it to me, as I am unable to read it myself?"

Mrs. Thomson was not at this time aware of the purport of the passage, and did not know what was occupying her husband's mind when he wished her to read it. She commenced reading:—

"Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown,
Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chas'd them up to heaven."

Here Mrs. Thomson's feelings overcame her. The appropriateness of the passage to her husband's case now flashed upon her mind, and

she gave vent to her emotions in a flood of tears. He held out his hand, and grasping in it that of his wife, bade her compose her feelings, and read the remaining lines. She did so, amidst sobs and tears:—

> "Their ashes flew—
> No marble tells us whither. With their names
> No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
> And history, so warm on meaner themes,
> Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
> The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
> But gives the glorious suff'rers little praise."

The primary reference in this passage of Cowper, is to those who have suffered martyrdom for their religious opinions. But men whose bodies are consigned to the flames, are not the only martyrs for truth. There is a living as well as a dying martyrdom; and there is a passive as well as an active persecution. A man may be as much persecuted by ingratitude and neglect, as by the infliction of the pains and penalties of the law. And the former persecution is often the more difficult of the two to bear. Mr. Thomson was thus per-

secuted: he lived a martyr to his virtuous principles and upright conduct; and he died, literally died of a broken heart—a heart broken by the neglect and ingratitude of his fellow-men.

The passage being read, Mr. Thomson again pressed the hand of his wife, but made no reference to what he had just heard. For several minutes he spoke not, nor attempted to speak a word. He was evidently, judging from the calm and contemplative aspect of his countenance, combined with the gentle movement of his lips, directing his prayers to the throne of that Being in whose presence he was about to appear. His intercourse with Heaven then ceased for a little season, and, turning to his wife, he said—

"Amelia."

"Yes, Robert."

He took her hand anew in his, and, gazing in her face, said—"In death as in life my only hope is in the finished work of my Redeemer. I die happy—God bless you." He gazed for some moments—oh, the infinite affection there

was in that look!—on his wife. It was his last look: the words he had just spoken were his last words. In a moment more he closed his eyes, and then heaved a gentle sigh. It was the breathing out of his spirit into the bosom of his Maker. Let the author add, lest any should think otherwise, that this is no fancy picture; it is a portraiture from life.

The death of Mr. Thomson made a deep impression on Joseph. His mind, subdued and chastened as it had recently been by a succession of painful privations, was at the time in a proper tone for profiting by such lessons as were afforded him by the death of his friend. He admired his character before, even though evincing no practical sympathy with the high and holy principles which were the guide of his life; and now that he was gone, he saw a double beauty in the sterling rectitude of his conduct. Deeply did he deplore the circumstance of his not having cultivated his acquaintance more; but regrets were unavailing now. It is always

thus: we never duly appreciate moral worth, when that worth is among us. It is only when it is gone—when he in whose words and actions it received a living embodiment, has been translated from our world to a purer and happier sphere, that we perceive its full value, and abandon ourselves to vain regrets that we did not more highly prize, and more studiously court, the society of him whose loss we deplore.

CHAPTER XI.

Joseph obliged to revisit the pawnbroker's — Pawnbroker's manners—Increasing pressure of Joseph's circumstances—Leaves his lodgings.

THE small sum, referred to in the last chapter but one, as having been procured at the pawnbroker's, was now gone, notwithstanding all the economy which Joseph could practise. He was consequently once more without the means of purchasing the most humble meal. What was to be done? A little reflection on the subject satisfied him, that the only resource for him, if he would escape actual starvation, was in another visit to the money-lender. That point, therefore, was decided. The only question was, as to the article on which he should solicit a small sum, wherewith to administer to his more

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the shirts having cost him eighteen shillings, and neither of them being much worn.

"Can't give it," remarked the man of pledges, in a surly tone, contemptuously flinging down the shirts on that part of the counter where Joseph stood.

"Then what will you give?" inquired Joseph.

"Can't advance more than a sovereign," replied the pawnbroker.

"Make it twenty-five shillings," said Joseph.

"Not a farthing more," pursued "My Uncle," abruptly turning away from his customer, and proceeding to adjust some articles in the window.

"Then I suppose I must take it, though it is a great deal too little," remarked Joseph.

The pawnbroker took the articles, threw them under the counter, tossed down a sovereign, put his hand into a drawer, drew out a ticket, made the necessary entries thereon, and then flung it also on the counter, in imitation of

the scornful way in which he had thrown down the sovereign but a few minutes before.

What will not necessity make men submit to? But for the dire necessity of Joseph's situation, he would have flung both the sovereign and the duplicate in the other's face, and, very likely, have made several hurried "plantations" of his fist in the same locality—to the bargain. He was painfully alive to the insulting demeanour of the person with whom he was, unfortunately for himself, transacting business; but still he felt obliged to sacrifice his feelings to his necessities. He accordingly took up the sovereign and the duplicate, and walked out of the shop without saying a word. He went to his home—if home, where there was nothing but destitution and misery, it could be called—and mused over the painful position in which his own follies had placed him, until he felt as if his heart would actually break.

His history for the next four weeks offered a repetition of that of the previous month. For

that length of time he continued to live, or, rather, to exist, on his twenty shillings. The last penny being at length gone, and not a morsel of food in his apartment, there was no other alternative for him but to resort again to the pawnbroker. Other four shirts followed the example of the four previously mentioned, and in another month, the remaining four, all he had, travelled the same road. In six weeks more, every article in his possession, with an exception afterwards to be mentioned, was also gone. His only clothing now consisted of what was on his back, and that was every day diminishing in value, as well as suffering in appearance. Hitherto he had been paying three shillings for the wretched room in which he vegetated; and his landlady, with the shrewdness characteristic of her class, perceiving that matters were weekly getting worse with her lodger, took care that he should not be suffered to fall in arrears to her. Every Saturday evening she applied for her money;

and, if he begged to be allowed to let it stand over till next week, she became so clamorous and so importunate in her applications, that he would rather have died of absolute want than have submitted to the movements of her tongue. The predicament, therefore, in which he found himself at last placed was this—either he must perish of hunger in his present lodgings, or he must seek some hole in which to lodge, where the rent would not be half so much. For the last fortnight he had lived on three-pennyworth

But where he went nobody knew. He gave not the slightest intimation to the landlady whose lodgings he had left. Indeed, as there had been nothing in her conduct so kindly as to induce him to mention the place, so there was nothing in his present circumstances to render it necessary that he should give her the information. No one had called on him of late; he had received no letters, except answers to unsuccessful applications for some sort of employment or other; for latterly he would have been but too happy to become the veriest drudge, as clerk in any office or otherwise, so as that he could have thereby got only a guinea or sovereign a-week. He meant, however, to make no farther applications for employment of any kind; for to such straits had he been reduced in the article of apparel, that he was no longer fit to be seen in public, and, consequently, was not in a condition to accept of any situation or other employment requiring his being seen, even had it been offered to him.

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see any one who might call, said—"My name is Freeling. Will you give Mr. Jenkins my card, and, *if* he is in, he will be happy to see me." Mr. Freeling, who was a friend of Mr. Lovegood, and met with Joseph in Mr. L.'s house, offered his card to the landlady; but she did not take it, repeating, with additional emphasis, her assurance that Mr. Jenkins had left her premises, and that she had not the remotest idea where he was gone. Mr. Freeling returned home quite disappointed at not having seen Joseph, or obtained any clue as to where he was to be seen.

CHAPTER XII.

Joseph's new lodgings—Painfulness of his position, in consequence of the conflict between his necessities and feelings — Resolves to advertise for a wife with money — The issue of the expedient.

We must now so far, for the moment, anticipate the future, as to mention that, though no one knew to what place Joseph had repaired when he left his last lodging, that his new abode was in a miserable alley leading from Drury Lane.

He now again changed his mind, and resolved to renew his efforts to do something for a subsistence. Scheme after scheme for retrieving his ruined fortunes suggested itself to his mind; but many of his projects were of so impracticable, if not absurd, a na-

ture, that no sooner had he formed them, than he saw, bewildered though his mind now was, that they must be abandoned. Indeed, he felt not only surprised at his own folly, but ashamed of himself, because of the supremely ridiculous ideas that presented themselves to him, as pointing out the probable means of rescuing himself from the painful position in which he was placed. Among these, was the idea of advertising for a wife with a limited fortune, or a small annuity; for his notions did not soar so high as a handsome fortune. His mind was so chastened, and his spirit so subdued, by his recent adversities, that he would have been contented with anything, either in the shape of employment, or in the shape of a wife, possessed of such means as would suffice to place him above absolute want. And it will invariably be found to be so, in the case of those who are reduced, as he was, to the very verge of starvation. However elevated their notions may become, after they have been

snatched from the doom of death, with which they were menaced, from the absence of the necessaries of life—they are, for the moment, so humbled and abased as that they fancy they could be the most contented and happiest of men, were their bread and water henceforth to be made sure. Joseph's books, tenaciously as he had clung to them, were by this time all in the pawnbroker's hands; and the only articles now in his possession on which he could raise a trifling amount, were the trinkets of his mother, referred to in a former chapter. These trinkets consisted of a brooch, in which was placed a small portion of his father's hair, and two rings, one of which he always wore on his finger. The brooch was peculiarly dear to him, because it had been so to his mother; and the rings he had always resolved not to part with, unless his life should be placed in the most imminent jeopardy, for want of food. At all events, he had made up his mind to try the effect of an advertisement

for a wife with a limited competency, before having recourse to the pawnbroker with either of the articles in question. Previously, however, to sending his advertisement to the "Morning Herald," it was necessary that he should have the money wherewith to pay for it. And whence was this to come? There was no alternative but to pledge either of the three trinkets. Which of them was it to be? The brooch, after a moment's reflection, he set aside as out of the question. Rather, he resolved in his own mind, than part with it, he would part with life—would submit to die of want. So he thought at the time, and so have many, in similar circumstances, thought, until the extremity of their case had reached its climax. Eventually, after much deliberation and carefully weighing the respective claims of the two rings to be spared the stigma of being deposited in a pawnbroker's drawers, to be, in the course of time, exhibited in his window—Joseph decided as to which he should place in

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a sum, at her own disposal, as would relieve his mind for ever afterwards from the apprehensions he now felt of actually dying of want.

So much for the part of the advertisement which related to the lady. Now he had to apply himself to that part of it, equally necessary with the other, which referred to himself. This he found to be a more difficult and delicate matter than in the case of the lady. How should he describe himself? The question, when put to his own mind, quite confounded him. Even to convey an idea of his age, he found to be a very perplexing task. He knew his age was thirty-five; but he was at a loss to know whether or not he ought to prefix a statement of the fact by calling himself a "young man." He was even doubtful whether he ought to give his real age. It was a question whether it would not be advisable to represent himself as six or seven years older than he was; for he felt that his recent reverses had added fully that number of years to his *seeming* age.

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happy? The question was not with him, whether this was altogether or partly true. Even supposing he felt conscious that it was literally true, it occurred to him, whether such a eulogium would come with a good grace from himself; whether, if pronounced or written at all, it would not be more becomingly pronounced by other lips, or written with other pen, than his. He recoiled at the thought of sending such an encomium on himself to the press; and, under the influence of that feeling, put his pen through the eulogistic passage. And yet, what if something self-laudatory were essential to the success of his scheme? What if the absence of some flattering representation of himself, personally and mentally, should be fatal to the expedient to which he was about to have recourse? He had no money to spare in first trying the experiment in one way, and then, if unsuccessful, resorting to another mode of accomplishing his purpose.

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age, devotedly attached to literary pursuits, of kindly disposition and agreeable manners, is desirous of meeting with a lady, possessed of some property, and of an age and disposition similar to his own—with whom to enter into a matrimonial union. The most entire secrecy may be relied on. Letters, *post paid*" —(a most essential condition in the circumstances in which Joseph was then placed)—" to be addressed to J. J., at the Twopenny Post-office, Drury Lane."

Joseph again and again read this advertisement, and suddenly summing up the requisite resolution, left his lodgings to proceed with it to the office in Catherine Street—calling at a pawnbroker's on the way, to "raise," on the ring before referred to, the means wherewith to pay for its insertion. Just as he had quitted "My Uncle's" an idea struck him—and he was amazed that it should not have struck him before—namely, that it would be a very awkward thing to present such an advertisement himself,

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exceed seven shillings. He procured a copy of the "Morning Herald," and by calculating the number of words in his advertisement, and the number of words which went to make up fifteen lines in that journal, he found that he was within the seven-shilling limits. He accordingly enclosed that amount with his advertisement, and dropped the package into the letter-box after the evening had become dark. Next morning the advertisement appeared. To describe the feelings with which Joseph read it, were impossible. A dimness came over his eyes, and a dizziness seized his head. He felt that he had taken a desperate step. Still it was taken, and he resolved to await the issue with all the calmness he could command.

Eventful as had been the career of Joseph, he felt that this was emphatically an era in his existence. No pen can describe the emotions that now agitated his mind, as he waited the result of the extraordinary expedient to which he had resorted. "Will there be any an-

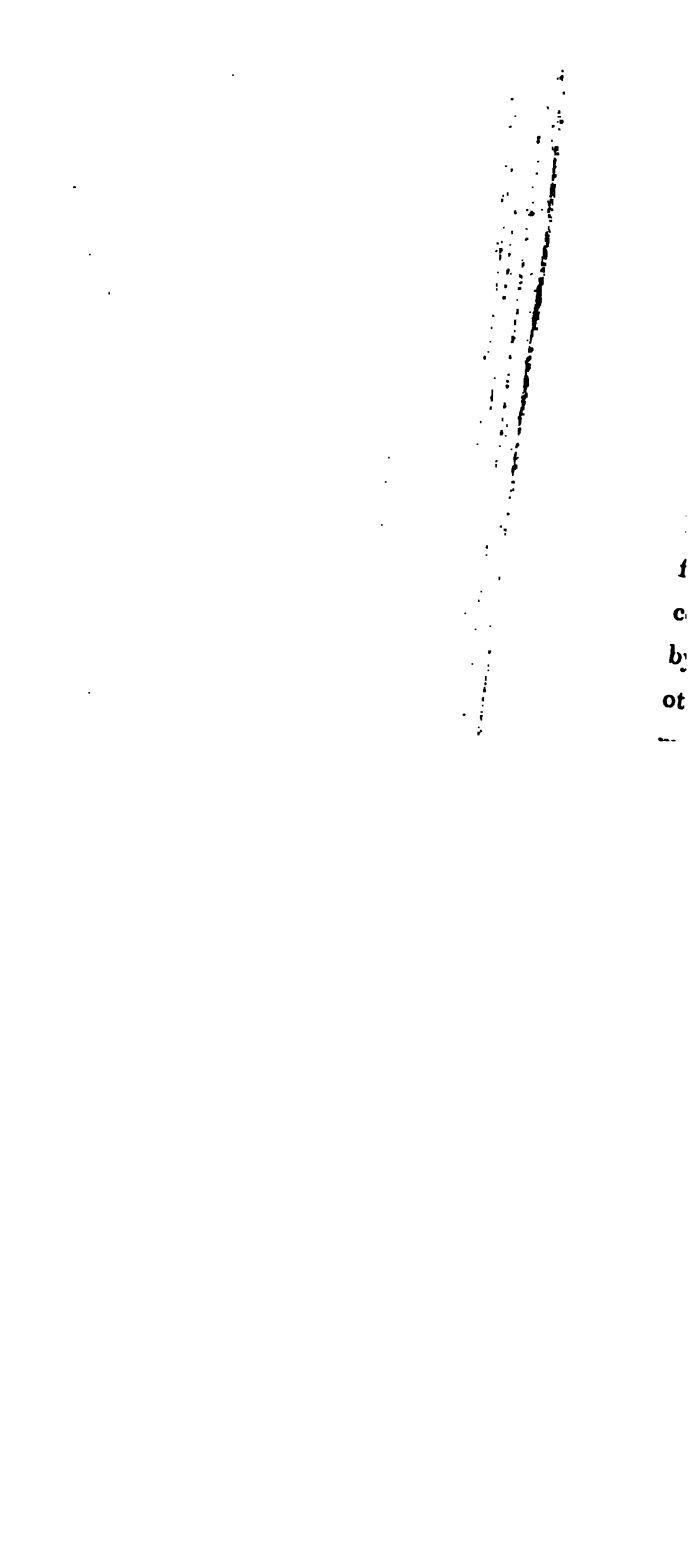
swers to the advertisement?" "Will there be many?" "What will be their character?" "Will any one take advantage of the circumstance of my advertising for a wife, to attempt to practise a hoax at my expense?" These were among the questions which ever and anon suggested themselves to his anxious mind; and the only answer he could give was, that the event alone would decide. He could not reasonably expect any answer sooner than the middle of the day, there not being time for an answer before then. When the clock struck

ters, and Joseph be at once identified as the party advertising. To ask the children of any of the family living in the same house as that in which he now lodged, to go to the post-office to inquire for letters addressed "J. J.," would, he also thought, be a rather dangerous course—as even in the event of the real character of the letters not being ascertained, some strange suspicions might be formed as to who or what a person could be who was afraid to give his real name and address. Eventually he employed the boy of a widow living in the neighbourhood, to call every two hours at the post-office, and inquire whether there were any letters agreeable to the address he had given, and which he wrote on a slip of paper. One letter in answer to his advertisement was received at two o'clock, another at four, and a third, and the last, about seven in the evening. Each of the three writers represented herself as possessing considerable property, and intimated her willingness to enter into a correspondence on the

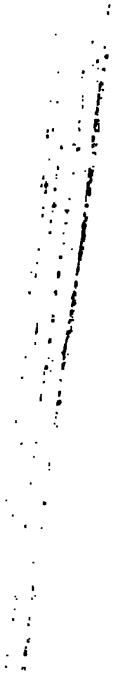
subject of Joseph's advertisement. All spoke in decided terms of their virtuous principles and affectionate disposition—concluding their notes with an assurance that, should they be fortunate enough to come to a matrimonial arrangement with "J. J.," it would be the great object of their lives to render him perfectly happy.

One of the three answers was written in so masculine a hand, that Joseph doubted whether it was a lady's production at all. He had strong suspicions that it was a man's hand disguised, and that the letter was the result of some heartless scheme to trifle with his feelings. It was therefore flung into the fire at once. The second had every appearance of being a feminine emanation; but from the miserable spelling, and the wretched composition, it was as clear as the most obvious mathematical proposition, that the writer could not be a person of any education whatever; while there were some expressions in the epistle, which conclusively showed that she must be a woman of an

essentially vulgar mind. The third letter was written in an elegant lady-like hand, and altogether proved itself to be the production of a cultivated mind. It was signed "Matilda," and talked emphatically of the importance of the strictest secrecy being observed; as, though her fortune was entirely at her own disposal, she was unwilling that any of her friends should ever know she had resorted to such a step as answering an advertisement for a wife. Joseph was delighted with this letter; and already regarded the fair writer as his wife-elect. He replied to her note without a moment's delay; expressing his conviction that, on a better acquaintance with each other, they would respectively find that they possessed that community of feeling and similarity of tastes so necessary to matrimonial bliss. To this sentiment "Matilda" responded the moment she received the "J. J." letter; assuring her unknown lover, and, she trusted, destined husband, that she was convinced they were formed for each other's



each other, than they could do by letter; and when the necessary arrangements for their marriage could be made. Joseph was pleased with the suggestion; because, in the first place, it betokened confidence in her own person, principles, and pecuniary possessions; and, in the second, because it showed that she was in earnest in the negotiation that had been going on between them. The only question was, how could he see her in his faded clothing? To have an interview with her—and the first interview, too—in a suit of apparel which, from the wear and tear it had undergone, was fitter for the locality of Rag Fair than lady's eyes, was out of the question. It might prove fatal to his hopes—might in a moment blast all his fondly-cherished prospects of future happiness. Not an instant was to be lost. " Matilda " was burning with impatience personally to see her lover, whom hitherto she had only seen in imagination. And if she were much longer denied the gratification, it was impossible to say what would



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on a Wednesday; and he proposed Friday. "Matilda" said she had made a previous promise to spend Friday and Saturday with a lady friend, and thought it better not to excite the suspicions of her friends by breaking her promise; but any day, any hour, any place, next week, which Joseph might name, would suit her. Eager for the interview, now that he was in a condition to be seen, Joseph named a confectioner's shop in the Strand, as the place of meeting, and a particular hour on Monday, as the time. "Matilda" wrote him back, that the appointment was in every respect to her mind, and that she would be at the place, "punctual as lover to the moment sworn." It ought to be here remarked, that the lovers had previously agreed between themselves as to the distinctive marks by which they should know each other when they met.

The interval appeared an age to Joseph. He spent it in meditating on what he should do, and how he should spend his time, when he

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cause his feelings were not of a kind to admit of description. The hour, though sluggish in its advances, did at length arrive. Joseph was in the confectioner's shop the moment St. Martin's clock struck the appointed time. As he could not mention the nature of his errand, he wished to convey the idea that he had dropped in for the purpose of taking some refreshment. With the view of strengthening this impression, he commenced ordering and eating sweetmeats with a princely liberality. He momentarily expected the object of his affections; he could not say the delight of his eyes, as he had not yet been privileged to obtain even a glance of her. Still, there was no appearance of "Matilda." He continued to hope that she would "be presently." Meanwhile, he persevered in the work of stuffing himself with sponge-cakes and other sweetmeats, until he ran a risk of sharing the fate of the frog in the fable; though not exactly from the same cause. A full hour—and it was the longest

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themselves to his excited mind as the probable cause of the non-fulfilment of "Matilda's" engagement. She may have been suddenly seized with illness; she may have met with some accident; she may have been induced, by some half-moral, half-physical-force agency, of which he was ignorant, to protract her visit for a few days longer at the house of her lady friend, where she was to have spent the Friday and Saturday; or, worst of all, her relations may have discovered the correspondence that had taken place between her and himself, and, to prevent the marriage, may have caused her to be put out of the way.

Such were some of Joseph's fears and conjectures, as he returned home. On reaching his miserable room in the upper story of the house in which he lived, he found a letter lying on the table. It was from "Matilda." He eagerly snatched it up, broke open the seal, and read the contents. It explained all in a few words. It was as follows:—

"*Monday Morning.*

"Dear Sir—You will no doubt be surprised at finding that I have not kept my appointment with you this morning. The reason is that, before this note can reach you, I shall be the wife of another. I am sorry that matters should have proceeded so far between us; but, be assured that, when we commenced our correspondence, I not only had not the remotest idea of being married to him who, within two hours from this date, will lead me to the hymeneal altar, but did not even know

Was Joseph alive or dead—asleep or awake—in his senses or out of them—when he read this letter? Some one else might have answered the questions, but he could not. He went out, and came in again in a few minutes, paced the room to and fro, lay down on his bed and rose up. His landlady was alarmed at his agitated manner, but did not know whether or not she ought to interfere. He remained in his apartment until dark, and then walking down-stairs with a bundle under his arm, paid his landlady a week's lodgings, which happened to be due that very day. In doing this he exchanged not a word with her. He then hurriedly quitted the place. He did not return; indeed, she scarcely expected he would. She made sure, in her own mind, that he had proceeded forthwith to some place for the purpose of committing suicide. She deeply regretted that she had not followed him, and given information to the first policeman she saw, in order that he might be prevented from laying violent hands on him-

CHAPTER XIII.

Efforts of congregational associations to ameliorate the condition of the suffering poor—State of the population in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane—An instance given of Christian benevolence—A distressed family—A stranger.

CONNECTED with every place of worship in the metropolis, where the congregation is large, and the doctrines preached are evangelical, there is, as mentioned at length in the author's "Lights and Shadows of London Life," a society or association having for its special object the administration of temporal relief, in conjunction with spiritual advice, to the poorer inhabitants of the district in which the church or chapel is situated. Few persons have any idea of the great amount of good which is effected by means of this comparatively unknown instrumentality. The author testifies to facts which have come

under his own observation, when he says, that thousands of persons in the most extreme indigence, who, in all probability, must otherwise have perished from want of the necessaries of life, have, through the agency in question, had their immediate necessities supplied, and received continued assistance until either some permanent provision has been made for them, or they have been put in the way of making provision for themselves. Persons, too, labouring under dangerous maladies, often, through

and, to the religious mind the grand recommendation, of the associations in question, consists in the invariable connexion which exists between the temporal relief administered, and the spiritual advice given. The well-being of the soul is, indeed, the principal object sought to be gained. The supply of temporal wants, though important, and to be, in the estimation of every benevolent mind, desired on its own account, is regarded, compared with spiritual benefit, as of subordinate importance. Philosophy, however, teaches, and experience confirms the language of philosophy, that no means are so effectual for reaching the hearts of those who are unconcerned about divine things, as those which seek to reach them through the medium of their temporal interests. When the visitors of these societies go into the cellars and garrets of the poorer districts of the metropolis, with not only the Bible, or religious tracts, in their pockets, but the accents of temporal sympathy on their lips, and the fruits of charity in their



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lent in a system of faith which disposes those who have embraced it, not only to spend as much as they can spare of their worldly substance, consistently with the claims which their own families have upon them, in relieving the necessities of others—even of those who are hostile to their religious views—but also to forego the pleasures of society, in order that they may personally visit the abodes of the destitute, and seek out the haunts of the wretched and forlorn. Many a poor miserable infidel has asked himself, when his wants have been ministered to by the hand of Christian beneficence—"Has infidelity ever sent its emissaries in the character of messengers of mercy to me; seeking me out in my miserable hovel, whispering into my ear words of tenderness, affectionately grasping my shrivelled hand, and supplying my bodily wants?" The answer to the question invariably is, "Never." Infidelity does nothing of the kind. It has been reserved for Christianity to do this. The

vented his calling on Joseph immediately after Mr. Lovegood's death. When he did call, he found, in answer to inquiries he made, that Joseph had lost his situation, and had left his former lodging. He anxiously inquired of his late landlady whether she could inform him to what place Joseph had gone. She could not give him the desired information. The result, therefore, of the call being so unsatisfactory, as to hold out no hope of his ever being able to ascertain whither Joseph had now repaired, Mr. Freeling had well-nigh ceased to think of him.

Perhaps there are few places in London in which its poorer population are more densely crowded together, than in that part of Gray's Inn Lane, which is opposite the eastern end of Gray's Inn Hall. There, whole families of five, six, seven, eight, and sometimes nine, are crowded into small rooms, varying from twelve to fourteen feet square. In many of the houses, there are eight or ten of these rooms, each

tenanted by its own family. How human beings can contrive to breathe in such places—especially as the adjoining courts and alleys, and, indeed, the locality altogether, are ever filled with a confined and impure atmosphere—is one of those mysteries which are so numerous in the economy of metropolitan life. It need scarcely be mentioned, that this deplorable want of accommodation is accompanied, in the majority of cases, by all the wretchedness arising from extreme destitution. Nothing, indeed, as will at once occur to the mind of the reader, but the most abject poverty could ever induce human beings thus to herd together, like so many pigs, in such small confined apartments—apartments so small and confined, as scarcely to admit of their moving about at all, when the whole family are "at home." The aspect of wretchedness which these hovels exhibit, and the aspect of misery which the inmates themselves present, admits not of description. It is not even to be conceived. It is a thing which,

to be realized by the mind, must be seen by the eye.

To visit, as frequently as possible, the unfortunate creatures dragging out a wretched existence in this locality, was one of the benevolent objects which Mr. Freeling had proposed to himself for some years past. One particular house he had not visited for ten weeks. The day, indeed, on which he had last visited the families in it, was that on which he had made the fruitless inquiry after Joseph Jenkins. One of the families occupied a wretched room in the top of the house. The eldest of four children, a girl twelve years of age, was then complaining of illness; but was not confined to bed—if, indeed, it be not a misnomer to call by that name the small quantity of straw, covered over with a mass of rags, which lay in a corner. On revisiting the family, Mr. Freeling found the young creature unable any longer to move about. She was in the last stage of consumption. It was the winter season; the day was

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fering much from the effects of a neglected confinement. And now, to all the other afflictive dispensations of Providence, was added the hopeless condition in which, as regarded her bodily health, their eldest daughter was placed. The prospective loss of their daughter, a very interesting and dutiful girl, pressed the more heavily on the parents, inasmuch as she had reached that age in which she was beginning to be of great assistance to her mother. Still they were wonderfully resigned to the painful event which they knew to be at hand. Mr. Freeling imagined he saw in both a subduedness of spirit and mildness of manner which he had not observed in any of his previous visits. And this struck him as more remarkable, because they were now in more trying circumstances than any in which he had ever seen them before. He was about to make an allusion to the circumstance, with the view of ascertaining whether the conclusion to which he had come was or was not correct, when the

father remarked—"Ah, sir, we shall ever have cause to bless God, in more senses than one, for having sent you here."

"None would be more happy than myself, were that the case," said Mr. Freeling.

"It *is* the case, sir. You have been the means of not only often relieving our temporal wants, but of doing us spiritual good."

"I am delighted to hear it: would you be kind enough to tell me in what way?"

"You remember the last visit you kindly paid us."

"I do," replied Mr. Freeling: "it was about ten weeks ago."

"And you remember that, on that occasion, you particularly addressed yourself to Sarah, our eldest daughter, then slightly complaining of illness, but not supposing herself, nor being supposed by us, to be seriously ill."

"I remember it quite well. I remember also the substance of my observations to her."

"And that you put into her hand a tract,

entitled 'The Uncertainty of Life—The Certainty of Death.'"

"I have a distinct recollection of the circumstance. That tract has been blessed for the conversion of many."

"It has, in conjunction with your remarks and prayer on the occasion, been blessed for her conversion. She is now sensible that she is dying; but, relying on the finished work of her Redeemer, is calm and composed in the prospect of the solemn event that is before her."

The full amount of the joy which Mr. Freeling experienced on hearing this, can only be conceived by a Christian mind. A conversation of a very serious character—too serious, indeed, for the pages of a work principally devoted to light literature—ensued between Mr. Freeling and the dying daughter. The result of that conversation was, to leave a decided conviction on Mr. Freeling's mind, not only that the dying girl had been truly converted, but that impressions which promised to termi-

account of the stranger in the back room; for he has been very ill for the last few days."

The mother of the dying girl, to whom this was addressed, expressed herself to the same effect.

The party of whom they were speaking was a young man, seemingly about thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, who had taken, some time previously, at a shilling a-week, the back garret of the house. There was a great deal of mystery about him. He was reserved in his manner, never exchanging more than two or three common-place phrases with the other persons living in the house. And yet all who saw him felt interested in him. He never went out in the day-time; but generally quitted his wretched abode, for about an hour after it had become dark. For the last three days he had not risen from his miserable pallet, consisting of some shavings of wood thrown down in a corner of the room, and imperfectly kept together by two broken chairs. On inquiry, it was found that he was very unwell; his illness being

brought on by the want of the necessaries of life, and the cold to which he had been exposed in the garret in which he had shut himself up.

The father of the family just visited by Mr. Freeling, mentioned to the sick person that that gentleman had kindly promised to call next day with a medical man to see his daughter; adding, that, if agreeable, he would ask the doctor to see him. The sick man assented, and after a few words more the other asked him if he would accept of a slice of bread and a cup of coffee, which they had been able to procure through the benevolence of the gentleman who had visited them. The sick stranger, who had eaten nothing for the last three days, with the exception of a fragment of a penny roll, gladly and gratefully said he would. The cup of coffee and slice of bread were brought to him: it need not be added how great was the zest with which he partook of them. The other then inquired, whether there was anything else he could do for him.

"Nothing," was the answer.

"If you feel worse in the course of the night, will you call?"

"I will."

"Then good night."

"Good night."

homeliest kind, constitutes an era. Far more of that humanity and kindliness which ennoble and adorn our species, is to be found in the cellars and garrets of Drury Lane or Bethnal Green, than in the magnificent mansions which rear their heads in Berkeley or Belgrave Square. And wherever there is *heart*, there will always be happiness. In many a breast which never knew any better covering than that afforded by tattered clothes of the coarsest material, there dwell a much greater amount and far higher order of bliss, than tenant the aristocratic bosom which is encased in silks and satins. It is not in the outward appearance, that we are to seek for the evidence of human happiness. The great Author of our being has mercifully made our happiness here, to consist immeasurably more in the habitual state of the heart, than in any of the outward accidents of life.

The assistance which Mr. Freeling had given, on the previous night, to the family referred to

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of this family. Leaving the poor mother—to use his own homely, but expressive phraseology —" in the head of the children," he went out. To do what? To try to get some provisions for them? No; he had given over all idea of that. He had already exhausted all his ingenuity in the attempt to procure employment, or any temporary supply for the wants of his family. Why then go out? Because—and let the author here repeat what he has before remarked, that he is drawing no imaginary picture—because the cries of his children for food were too much for his feelings. He quitted the house, that he might be beyond the reach of their voice.

Just as he had got to the outside, he was met by Mr. Freeling and his medical friend. " I am sorry," remarked Mr. Freeling, " that I have not been able to call on you earlier: the cause of my being so late is, that my medical friend had other previous appointments, too urgent to be postponed for an hour. How is your daughter?"

"She is much in the same state, sir, as you saw her yesterday."

"And where are you going just now?" inquired Mr. Freeling.

"I'll go back with you, sir, if you please."

"That is not necessary, if you were going on any business of importance," observed Mr. Freeling.

"No, sir, I was not going on any particular business."

"Were you going out with a view of doing something for your family?"

."No, sir, I was not."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Because if you were, you had better not go back with us. We can go up-stairs ourselves."

"No, sir, I was not. I was only going out"—here his feelings quite overcame him—"that I might be out of the hearing of the cries of my children."

Both Mr. Freeling and his medical friend were deeply touched by this brief sentence. They concurred in saying, that no representation of extreme distress, short and simple as the sentence was, ever appeared to them so full of expression. An hour's detail of the wretchedness of the poor man's family, could not have conveyed a better idea of the extremity of that wretchedness.

All three then went up-stairs. The medical gentleman saw the dying daughter. The image of death was, indeed, so legibly impressed on her pale, emaciated countenance, that it needed neither medical skill, nor the putting of any questions to her as to the symptoms of her malady, to lead to the conclusion that she was on the verge of the grave.

The physician asked for a pen and ink to write some prescription—not in the vain hope of assisting in her recovery, but with the view of lessening the pain caused by her fever and almost unintermitting cough, and of otherwise

smoothing, as far as might be, the few remaining stages of her journey to the tomb.

There was neither pen, ink, nor paper, in the desolate abode. "But, sir," said the father of the family, "I will run out and fetch them for you."

"Oh, no," replied the medical man, drawing out a letter from his pocket, and tearing off a portion of the sheet on which there was no writing, "I will make this do." He had previously had a pencil in his hand.

"The stranger in the next room has a pen

"Do you know nothing at all of him?"

"Nothing beyond this—that he came about ten weeks ago, in a state of great destitution, and has very rarely quitted his bed during the day, but has been in the habit of going out for an hour or two after dark."

"Do you know his name?"

"We do not, sir; he is very reserved, rarely speaking to us, except in answer to any question put to him. But we are sure he has been in better circumstances: there was something very genteel about his manner when he first came."

"Do you think he would be willing to see me?" inquired Mr. Freeling.

"I do not know, sir; but he has great need of the doctor, for he has been very ill for the last few days."

"You had better step in and see him," suggested Mr. Freeling, addressing himself to his medical friend.

The other at once assented, Mr. Freeling remaining to converse with the dying girl on

subjects connected with that eternal world into which she was about to be ushered.

The medical gentleman accordingly entered the apartment in which the sick stranger was lying; and, accustomed though he was, like all physicians and surgeons practising in poor neighbourhoods, to witness scenes of destitution and misery of which the bulk of mankind have no conception, he had never seen anything equal to what he now beheld. The place had a most dismal, as well as destitute, appearance. The window was not large; while fronting, and within two yards of it, there was a damp, gloomy wall, belonging to an adjoining house. Little light, therefore, could, under any circumstances, be admitted into this hole—for it deserved no better name—but that little was, on this occasion, rendered, by accidental circumstances, still less. In the first place, there was not a whole pane of glass in the window. Some of the broken panes were covered over with patches of brown paper; and a few rags had

been stuffed in the others. Then, again, this particular day not only happened to be one of rain and wind, but it had rained and blown a strong cold gale all the previous night and that morning. The consequence was, that the paper-tinkering had been broken, and the rags which were intended to keep out the wind and rain at other places, were, in every instance with one exception, blown inside. Thus exposed to the wind and rain—for the tenant of the place was too enfeebled to sit up in his bed, far less to rise and attempt re-stopping up the holes—the latter was, as a matter of course, blown into the miserable apartment in copious quantities. The place on which the sick man lay, without any elevation from the floor at all, and without anything but a quantity of carpenters' shavings beneath him and an old piece of carpet and a fragment of a blanket above him; this place was close to the wall, and within two or three feet of the window. The wall was damp at any time, but was doubly so at the present

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where Mr. Freeling was now kneeling at the bedside of the dying girl. There was a small remnant of one there, in the purchase of which the last halfpenny the parents could command had been expended the previous evening, lest their daughter should expire in the course of the night, and they be deprived of the melancholy gratification of witnessing her last look. She had spent a very bad night, and the candle was consequently burned to the socket. A mere fragment of the wick was all that remained. It was so small that it could neither give an adequate light, nor could it last more than a minute or two at most. The medical gentleman therefore sent out for a candle with a penny of his own. On its being lighted, it was with great difficulty, in consequence of the gusts of wind which came whistling into the place through the broken panes, that it could be kept burning. The doctor sat down beside the sick man, on a piece of wood which had been a chair, but, deprived of its back, had now

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"Have you been long in this cold and unhealthy place?"

"Not very long, sir, and yet much too long," was the answer.

"Some months?"

"No, sir, not months; but I have been here about ten weeks."

"That is too long; indeed, ten hours would be so; for the place is not fit for a beast, far less for a human being, to live in."

"I was well aware of that, sir, when I took it; but I could not help myself."

"Then you have been in better circumstances than your living in this place would imply," remarked the medical gentleman.

"Ah, yes, sir; and I have my own folly to blame for the great change which has taken place in my position in society. Bad company, sir, has been my ruin."

"Oh, I see how it is; you have been led away, by acquaintances, to the gambling-table."

"No, sir; that is not it. I never was in a

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Here the unfortunate man put his hand to his forehead, which he pressed with great force. A pause of some seconds ensued.

"Do any of your friends know of your present position?" inquired the doctor.

"I hardly know, sir, if I have any friends, in the proper acceptation of the word—alive. Of this I am certain, that he who was emphatically and especially my friend is dead."

"Well, but there are some of your acquaintances alive; and surely no one who knew you before could be aware of your present situation without wishing to assist you."

"My acquaintances were chiefly, almost exclusively, literary men; and they, as a class, are not remarkable for their disposition to assist one another in the hour of need."

"May I take the liberty of asking whether you yourself are a literary man?" said the medical gentleman.

"I *was* a literary man; I am nothing now," was the reply.

which expressed the tumultuous emotions which agitated his bosom. "No, sir; that is not it."

Again he looked at Mr. Freeling, and again he covered his face with the blanket.

"Do you know me?" inquired Mr. Freeling, surprised at the eagerness of his gaze.

"I think I do—Mr. Freeling?"

Both gentlemen were struck with astonishment at the recognition.

"I have no recollection of having seen you before," remarked Mr. Freeling.

"We have met in Mr. Lovegood's house," said the other.

Mr. Freeling looked in the sick man's face as he spoke, to see if he could recognise him; but he could not.

"I do not remember to have ever seen you before," repeated Mr. Freeling.

"I am not surprised at that; I am so altered."

"How long ago may it be since we met?"

"Not eighteen months."

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to be that night removed to another place; but a person was immediately got to wait on him during the night. A fire was lighted in the room; a board was put up in the window, to prevent the entrance of farther rain or cold; blankets and a pillow were procured; and such little luxuries as were suitable to one in his situation were brought to him. The medical gentleman, after prescribing certain medicines for Joseph, was obliged to leave, for a short time, to see other patients. Mr. Freeling, in the meantime, remained with Joseph; the latter communicating to him the painful particulars of his recent unfortunate history. In a few hours the medical man returned, and already discovered symptoms of a decided improvement in the state of Joseph's health.

Mr. Freeling and his medical friend then quitted Joseph's apartment for the night. Before leaving the house, they administered to the necessities of the family so often already referred to, living on the same floor with him. The

CHAPTER XV.

Death of the girl referred to in the previous chapter— seph's gradual recovery—Becomes a changed man.

At an early hour on the following mornii Mr. Freeling and his medical friend called inquire both for Joseph and the dying gi They found the latter dead: she had expir about four in the morning, rejoicing in the ho of a happy hereafter, and uttering, as long she was able to articulate, expressions of than fulness to the Association through whose insti mentality she had been brought to a knowled of the truth. The parents were wholly resign to the bereavement they had sustained. Pc and destitute as they were, they now fe

ing he might require; adding, that he would be security for Joseph's duly paying the amount of the bill.

As Joseph progressed towards convalescence, his mind was unceasingly occupied with the wonderful interposition which had been made on his behalf. A few hours more, and he would have been beyond the reach of medical skill. His own judgment fully assented to the truth of what Mr. Freeling earnestly sought to impress on him—namely, that the hand of Providence had been most clearly put forth for his deliverance from the grave. Mr. Freeling entreated him to lose sight of the instrumentality through which he had been rescued from death, and to give to Him who reigns on earth as well as in heaven, the gratitude due for so wondrous an interposition. Joseph's heart, as well as his judgment, responded to this. His mind was now occupied with religious considerations, to the exclusion of all others. The recollection of religious truths which had repeatedly fallen

from Mr. Lovegood's lips, and which had ever since been absent from his mind, now revived with a marvellous vividness and power. On these things Joseph reflected and pondered, until his mind experienced a thorough change. He now became a believer in Christianity with his heart, as he had, for some time past, given the assent of his judgment to the justice of its claims to the character of a divine revelation. He was struck with the difference there is between the two kinds of belief: the one was cold, cheerless, inoperative; the other filled his mind with unspeakable joy, and produced an entire change in his conduct.

CHAPTER XVI.

Something retrospective—Joseph's recovery—Joins a Christian congregation—His happy frame of mind—Obtains a situation—Marries—Becomes a partner—The conclusion.

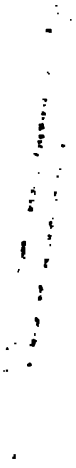
BEFORE proceeding farther with Joseph's history, we must go back, for a few moments, to that dark and eventful portion of it in which he met with his matrimonial disappointment. We followed him to the door of his landlady's house in the alley leading from Drury Lane, and there lost sight of him. When he reached Drury Lane, he hesitated, for a moment, as to which way he should go; for he had no definite place in his view, nor any intelligible reason for quitting his lodgings, other than that he fancied that the landlady or somebody else in the house might possibly be aware of the mortifying circum-

stance which had occurred. It is curious how we are always apt to imagine, whenever an incident of an unpleasant nature occurs to us, that it will be sure to be known to others, even though a moment's consideration would satisfy us that, if we only kept our own secrets, nobody else could possibly learn them. The correspondence which had taken place between him and "Matilda" could never, in the nature of things, have been known to any one else, if he only chose to preserve the secret; for "Matilda" could not divulge it without making herself

in the excitement of the moment, that everybody who knew him would know what had occurred. Under this impression, therefore, he hastily tied up a few tattered articles of clothing in a pocket handkerchief, hurried down-stairs, paid his landlady, and rushed out of the house and out of the alley—literally not knowing where he meant to go. On reaching Drury Lane, as already mentioned, he hesitated, for a moment, as to what direction he should take, and then proceeded towards Holborn. On reaching it, he was again as bewildered as before, as to whether he should proceed in an eastward or westward course, or whether he ought not to cross over to Museum Street. He decided on the latter direction, though why he did so he could not tell. He then turned off at Great Russell Street towards Tottenham Court Road, and thence loiteringly proceeded in the direction of the New Road. On reaching the latter place, he took the road leading to Camden Town; still not knowing where he was going, or why

posed, the inspector discharged him without bringing him before the magistrate at Hatton Garden Office. This was very fortunate for Joseph; for, had he been brought there, it is probable some of the reporters attending for morning papers there, would have known him. On being let out of the station-house in the morning, he proceeded in the direction of Gray's Inn Road, where he entered a coffee-house, and had some refreshment. There he remained for three hours; and on leaving, he took the direction of Holborn. On passing one of the densely populated alleys opposite Gray's Inn, it occurred to him, that not only must lodgings be cheap in such a neighbourhood, but that there he would run no risk of ever being discovered by any one who knew him.

All hopes of recovering his lost position in society, or even of earning for himself the humblest subsistence, had now entirely vanished from his mind. When he entered the miserable place in which he was so providentially dis-



but, as before mentioned, for the providential interposition on his behalf, he could not have survived many days.

We now return to Joseph, where we left him in the comfortable lodgings provided for him by Mr. Freeling. He was now so far recovered as to be able to walk about his room for two or three hours at a time. In a fortnight more his health was sufficiently restored to allow of his going out when the weather was fine. Every day, and every hour of the day, during the progress of his recovery, was his mind filled with gratitude and wonder, as he looked back on the singular circumstances under which he had been snatched from the grave. And the more he thought on the subject, the deeper did he feel the obligations under which he lay, to consecrate the remainder of his life to the service of Him who had interposed, in so wonderful a manner, on his behalf. As the first step towards this, he resolved to connect himself with a Christian congregation; first in the capacity of

before. Everything was new to him; he felt as if he were in another world. Passages of Scripture which had formerly fallen listlessly on his ear, were now clothed with a meaning, importance, and power, which he felt it impossible to describe. Formerly he had felt no interest in the sermon; now every word seemed as if it had been intended exclusively for himself. Formerly it had been a task, a punishment, to spend two hours in a place of worship; now it was an unspeakable delight.

But we must not enter into the subject religiously, as this does not profess to be a religious work. In the course of six weeks from the time of Joseph's first Sabbath out, he became a member of the church to which we refer.

On his entire recovery, Mr. Freeling procured for him a situation in a mercantile house of the highest respectability, at a salary of £150 a-year. This was not half so much as he had earned during the period he had held his newspaper engagements; but with his altered views

succeeded in getting constant employment for the husband, at a much higher rate of wages than he had ever before received. The family were by this means enabled to take two apartments in a respectable neighbourhood, instead of the miserable hole they occupied when he and they got acquainted. Of this family it is not necessary to say more, than that the father and mother by this time furnished, by their conduct, the most conclusive evidence, so far as the mind of man is competent to form a judgment in such matters, of a completely spiritual change; while the excellent example they set their children, and the great pains they took in instilling the principles of vital religion into their minds, justify the hope that they also are destined to embrace, if they have not already embraced, the same saving and sanctifying faith as that which is now the happiness of their parents.

Joseph, for a little time, felt a certain degree of irksomeness in his new situation. Mercan-

tile matters appeared strange to him; but all unpleasantness of feeling was got over in the space of a few months. The exceeding kindness of those above him, and especially of the most active partner in the firm, greatly conduced to this result. That partner not only, when in the counting-house, treated Joseph as if on a footing of perfect equality with him, but often invited him to partake of the hospitalities of his table. Nor was this all; all the family treated Joseph with the greatest respect, and evinced a decided partiality for his company. This was not to be wondered at; for his manners, which, as remarked in the first chapter of the first volume, were naturally pleasing, had been made much more so by the purifying and amiable tendencies of the Christian faith. He possessed great conversational powers, and his personal appearance was prepossessing. If to these qualities, personal and mental, be superadded his superior intellectual acquirements, need we be surprised that the eldest

daughter of his employer and friend—she being a young woman of religious principles, and passionately fond of literary pursuits—formed an ardent attachment to him. His only apprehension was, that the young lady's parents might deem it presumption in him, considering recent circumstances, to aspire to her hand. He expressed his fears. She assured him they were groundless.

"Are you certain?" he eagerly asked, afraid lest she should only be fondly inferring the feelings of her parents from her own.

"I am quite sure, Joseph."

"I am afraid you are only *hoping*, or persuading yourself, they will concur in our union."

"Oh, no, it is not hope or belief only; it is certainty."

"Have you expressly asked their consent?"

"I have."

"And have they given it?"

"They have."

"And may I formally venture to ask you of them?"

"You may, whenever convenient to yourself, with the certainty of receiving the most cordial concurrence of both to our union."

Joseph, that very evening, intimated his intentions respecting their daughter to the parents. The result was as he had been led to expect. They severally expressed their perfect concurrence in the proposed union of their daughter with Joseph; adding the expression of a hope, that they would find the connexion productive

hensions being thus found to be groundless, he expressed to his bride-elect his wish that their marriage should take place as soon as might be agreeable to her. To this wish she returned a ready response; for it was one which she equally felt with himself.

In a few weeks more, Joseph was a married man, receiving with his wife, not only virtue and beauty, but a handsome sum of money. Need it be added that, after his wife's fortune came into his hands, one of the very first things he did was, to pay all his former debts, amounting to upwards of 400*l.*

Most works of the nature of the present, end with the marriage of the hero. We shall not deviate, to any great extent, from the orthodox rule. The only farther demand we shall make on our readers' attention will be, to accompany us through two pages more. Soon after his marriage, Joseph was received as a partner into the firm; one of the other two partners, in addition to his father-in-law, having retired

from business. The house, in a few months more, opened up a branch establishment in one of the large manufacturing towns, the *entire* management of which establishment was confided to Joseph. And he having devoted his attention to mercantile matters ever since he had been connected with them, and all his transactions being guided by strictly religious principles, the branch business soon became one of great profit, and is still continuing to flourish under his auspices.

Can it be necessary to add that, with the altered views he now entertained, it was his earnest and unceasing desire to undo, as far as he could, the injury to morals and vital religion which he had done to both during the thoughtless period of his life. He felt that, in this respect, a weighty responsibility rested on him. He accordingly resolved to devote whatever spare time he could command—and he contrives to command a great deal—to the promotion of pious and benevolent objects. Every religious

and charitable institution in the place has, ever since his settlement in it, found in him a zealous supporter. And in his conversation with those whom he meets with in the intercourse of private life, as well as at public meetings held for religious purposes, he dwells emphatically on the wondrous exhibition of divine sovereignty made in the change which his views have undergone. He not only contrasts his bright and blessed prospects in reference to the future, with his gloomy forebodings and awful apprehensions before experiencing that change, but expatiates with rapture on the advantages, even in a temporal sense, which he has derived from his transformation of character. His mind, amid all the changes of life, is composed and peaceful. All is sunshine around him. He could not before have believed it possible, that so much happiness as he enjoys could be possessed on earth. If, as was remarked in a previous chapter, the inscription on his forehead ought, while living in his unrenewed

